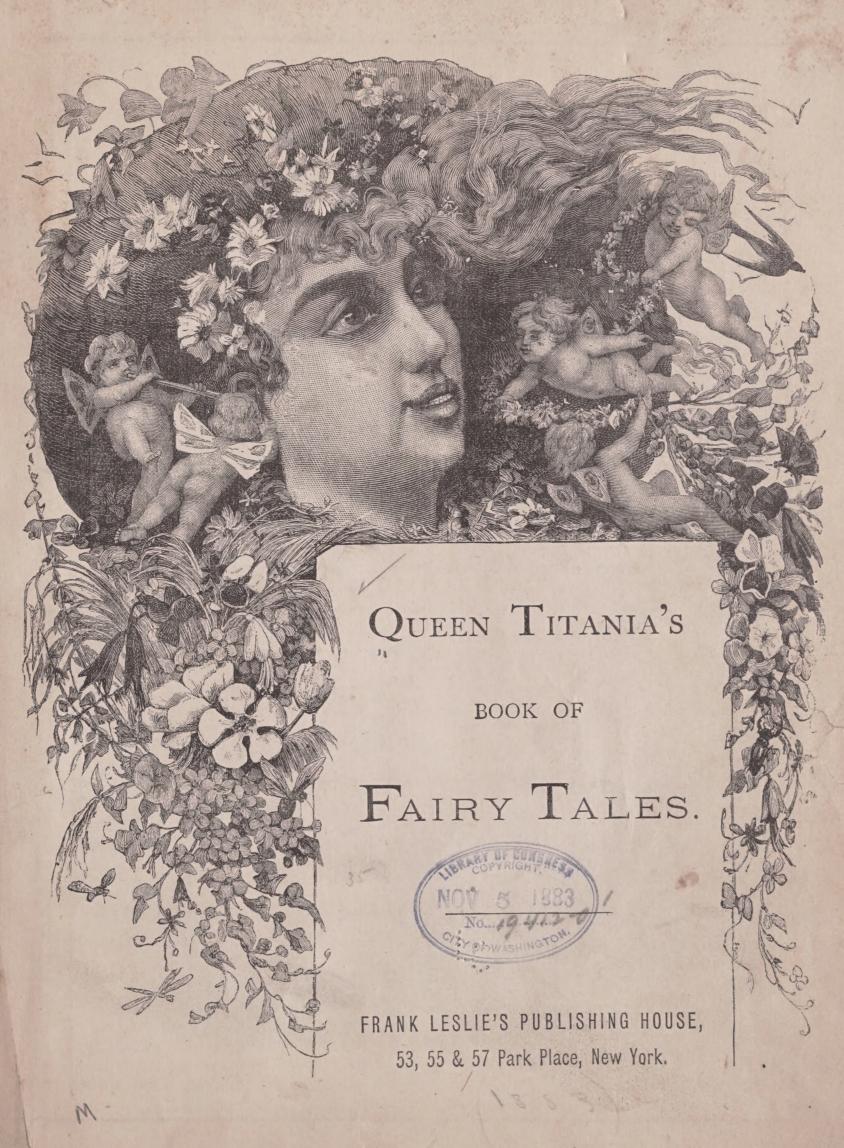


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# QUEEN TITANIA'S BOOK FAIRY TALES.



THE THREE MAGIC WELLS.—"CARRIE SAW HER OWN FACE REFLECTED IN THE WATER."
SEE NEXT PAGE.

## THE FAIRY REVEL.

THROUGH the forest, by the river, Lo! the fairy torches quiver; Oberon in state is sitting. Darting fireflies round him flitting; By his side His fairy bride, And the nightingale is singing; And the lily-bells are ringing; Fairy trumpets gayly pealing; Fairy music softly stealing Underneath the night-blue ceiling, Patened with gold stars a-shining Through the moss-set branches twining; Leaf and stem with lamps aglow Leaf and stem with lamps aglow,
That the glittering glow-worms show.
Acorn-cup with nectar filled,
Takes the Elf-king in his hand;
Greets he first his queen self-willed,
Greets he next the fairy band;
Drinks he, "To each mortal lover!"
"Fairy subjects, prove your power;
Round the magic circles hover,
Lend enchantment to each flower: Lend enchantment to each flower; Give the lover courage true, That his heart no more despair; Dry the maiden's eyes of blue, Wrinkles smooth from foreheads fair. Fairy subjects, prove your might In the rare midsummer night."

### THE THREE MAGIC WELLS.

ARRIE ROE was the pet of the household, and, as she was often told, was "as pretty as a picture."

If my opinion had been asked, I should have

said she was as lovely as a fairy dream.

She had deep blue eyes, a fair white skin, and long, golden hair that hung in ringlets over her plump little neck and shoulders; her features were well formed; she was sprightly, graceful,

and-beautiful.

Perhaps she would not have found out, at such a tender age, that she was so lovely, if thoughtless persons had not, at least fifty times a day, reminded her of the fact; as it was, however, Carrie, when only eight years old, would often spend an hour before the mirror, twisting her head on one side. and then on the other, as you have seen a cunning little canary-bird do-twining a curl around her finger, or smoothing a ribbon on her dress—until. at last, she became quite in love with herself, and wasted much time that might have been devoted to study or healthful play.

Carrie's father lived in a large city, was very wealthy, and indulged his only child in almost every reasonable wish. Her mother was blind to any imperfection in her, so she was obliged to learn from another source how foolish it is to be

vain of a pretty face.

How she learned this, you will see in another

part of this story.

One day, in June, Mr. Roe came in from his office, and said he had just received a letter from his brother, who had a fine residence in the country, inviting him to bring Mrs. Roe and Carrie to spend the Summer months away from the hot

bricks and dusty streets, among the green fields

and shady leaves of Brookville.

Carrie was very much pleased with the idea of going to the country, and, when her father and mother decided to accept the invitation, she skipped about and clapped her hands with delight.

Soon everything was ready for the journey, and Carrie found herself, one bright morning, speeding along over the iron rails toward the home of

Carrie had four cousins, Willie, Mattie, Bertie and May, who gave her a hearty welcome, and took her to see the rabbits, the chickens, a little pond of gold-fish, a pet fawn in the park near the house, and many other things, with which she was very much pleased, and for two or three days she quite forgot her silly habit of spending so much time before the glass.

After that time, however, when many of the places of interest had been visited, Carrie often found herself before the mirror, and she noticed that the sun had browned her fair face, and here and there on her hands were little scratches, made

by the briers.

"Come, Carrie," said Cousin Willie, one morning, "we are all going into the woods to pick berries; we shall take a lunch, and have a jolly time -just like a picnic."

Carrie thought of her face, and how brown it might get; her delicate hands, how they would look all covered with scratches, and replied:

"I don't want to go into the woods to-day."
"Oh, do come," urged Willie. "Why don't you want to? Are you afraid of bears and lions and tigers?"

"No, Cousin Will, I do not believe there are any bears or lions or tigers there, but I don't care

about going."

Carrie blushed a little as she said this, for she felt a little ashamed of her pride, but did not want to confess the true reason for wishing to remain

"Well," said Willie, "it is not very far away that we are going, and, if you change your mind, you can find us on the other side of the great hill."

And away he ran.

Carrie saw the merry, bright-eyed children, as they started for the woods with their lunch-baskets and baskets for berries, and felt sorry she had not gone with them—then, thinking of what Willie had said, decided to get ready and follow them.

It took some time to find mamma, and prepar for a day in the woods—so, when Carrie was read the picnic party were out of sight. But Carr thought she knew the way, and started after them

with a light heart.

As she walked up the hillside path, she saw, but a little way off, a lake, and on its surface blossomed

many beautiful water-lilies.

"Oh, I must have a lily!" said Carrie to herself, as she ran to the bank of the lake. She reached far out for the beautiful flower, and, as she did so, saw her own face reflected in the water.

This was a new and pleasant surprise, so she stopped to admire herself again, without noticing the slippery place her feet were in, until she lost

her balance, and fell plump into the water.

Then came a dizzy feeling, great bubbles arose all around her, and, as each bubble burst, out jumped a little water sprite-and, altogether, they carried the little girl down, down-past lily-roots, fishes of strange colors and shapes, odd-looking grasses, through dark-blue waters, to the home of the water-sprites!

A strange place was the home of the watersprites; and at first Carrie was much frightened, until one, who appeared to have command over the

rest, said to an attendant:

"Bring in the mortal you have captured, and

drive all fear from her mind."

Then Carrie saw what a beautiful place she was in, and what comical little companions she had. It made her laugh until her face was very red, for the little sprites, no larger than her hand, were running, jumping and dancing about in the funniest manner; and one little fellow—as fat as an oyster, and about as large as some Carrie had seen -made the oddest kind of faces, and jumped about in perfect glee.

They could all talk so that she could understand them, and all were anxious to show her the curious sights in their abode. She was led through long walks paved with bright pebbles, with borders of many-colored sea-weed; and saw, looking through the window of the palace, the sprites darting through the water, sitting on the back of a fish,

or gliding along in a silver-like shell.

They took her to one part of their garden, where she saw three wells, in which a bright light shone; and, turning to the fat little sprite, she asked:

"What are those wells for?"

"Well, don't you know that?" said the little fellow, shaking his fat sides with laughter. "Why, those are the magic wells!"
"Magic wells!" exclaimed Carrie, in surprise.

"What is in them?"

"Look in and see," returned the sprite, with a

broad grin on his face.

"Why, I see my own face, just as I do in the mirrors at home," said Carrie, as she stopped to take a long look at herself.

"Pretty picture, isn't it?" asked the sprite, with

another comical laugh.

Carrie blushed, but turned away, without answering, to look into a second well, and asked:

"What is in this one?"

"Oh, that one will show you how you look to

her people."

She looked in the second well, but saw a little e looking somewhat like her own, but it had a very silly and vain expression, and she wondered if she really did look like that to other people.

"There is one more well to look in," said the elf, skipping toward the last one in the row; "and I want to tell you something about this. It is different from the rest, and will show you what is your greatest fault, if you have any (with another grin). You must take one of those round white pebbles, and drop it in the well; then, when the water gets smooth, you will see something written there. Look."

Carrie looked, and saw nothing; but she dropped the pebble in as directed, and watched the water until it became smooth, when she could read, in large letters:

"Vanity! You are in love with your own

Now Carrie blushed very deeply, and the sprite laughed very loudly, turned heels over head, and shook himself almost to pieces.

The three magic wells made our little girl think how foolish she had been, and how much precious time she had wasted looking at her face in the

glass.

As she turned from the well, her ear caught the sound of music; and soon a band of water-sprites marched toward her, playing on sea-shells, which gave forth softer and sweeter strains of music than she had ever before heard. Then the whole place seemed alive with the little beings; and the one who seemed to be in command of the others asked Carrie to take a seat they had built for her of beautiful shells and soft moss, and tell them something about her home and the people above the water.

So she sat down on the mossy throne, and answered a great many questions that were asked by the merry sprites, who had wonderful things to show those who visited them, but appeared to know

but little of the world above the water.

"You have pleased us very much, and we thank you for the stories of the wonders to be seen in your strange land; and we will show you, before leaving, how we enjoy ourselves," said the chief.

Then the music sounded a lively strain, and the merry sprites commenced dancing in their strange, fantastic way, while Carrie looked on with wonder

and delight.

After their dancing and plays, they all marched into a large hall, where a feast of good things was spread on several long tables, and their visitor found out that even water-sprites do not live on air; but their dishes were so small that she was helped a great many times by a great many little sprites, who appeared delighted with the honor of bringing nice things to their guest.

When the feast was over, they marched into another large, beautiful hall, where they had more music; and then the chief of the water sprites came

toward Carrie to say farewell.

"Before I say good-by," he commenced, "I want to thank you for your visit to us, although brought without your consent. You have told us many interesting things, and I would gladly give you some beautiful presents to take home; but any of our bright gifts would fade and vanish if carried above the water. However, I will tell you of something that may benefit you very much. Down by the bank of the little brook that runs past the garden of your uncle, there is a modest little violet blooming: it is blue, fragrant, and beautiful; take it, and press it in some book that you often look in, and when you see its modest face, think of the visit to the water-sprites, the magic wells, and never forget that to be vain of a pretty face is wicked and foolish. Good-by."

Then all shouted, "Good-by! Good-by!" and Carrie found herself floating toward the surface of



THE FAIRY REVEL .- SEE PAGE 10.

the lake, as she thought, but opened her eyes to find father, mother, uncle, auntie, cousins and the doctor around a bed on which she lay, weak and almost lifeless.

Every one who knew her noticed a great change after this event—how thoughtful she was of others; and her face became more beautiful than ever, for it was marked by kindness, and vanity



MATTIE WERNER'S PERPLEXITY. — "HE PRESENTED TO THE ASTONISHED KING HIS OWN SON AND DAUGHTER."
SEE NEXT PAGE.

She had been rescued from drowning by some kind men who were at work near the lake into which she had fallen, and taken to her uncle's house, where, after kind nursing, she became well in a few days.

and selfishness were no more to be seen there. She found many violets by the brook, and saved some, as directed by the sprites, and was better and wiser for her vision of a visit to the home of the water-sprites and the Three Magic Wells.

### MATTIE WERNER'S PERPLEXITY.

MATTIE WERNER was not the wisest monarch in the world, else he would have known better than to have incensed his powerful neighbor, Wilhada, whose territories and subjects were far superior, both in quality and numbers, to his own. Wilhada had two children, a boy and a girl, who, report said, were very quarrelsome and troublesome, and Mattie Werner, in a thoughtless moment, remarked:

"Were I the father of two such young wretches, I would either kill them or myself, and that forth-

Royalty is always surrounded by spies; one of the disagreeable inevitables of greatness is treachery; and, as a matter of course, this speech reached the ears of the individual most concerned,

as soon as possible after its delivery.

"Um-me!" he murmured, fiercely. "So Mattie Werner thinks it proper that either my children or myself should leave this world immediately! This suggestion may be very well meant, but as I don't propose to follow it, I'll make him eat his own words."

So he gathered his armies together, and, thoroughly equipped with everything necessary (in those days) for hard fighting, marched into the

enemy's country.

Mattie Werner knew that it was of no earthly use to attempt to resist the mighty forces thus marshaled against him, but he fought bravely notwithstanding, and only after a desperate struggle was overpowered and taken prisoner.

After a few days' confinement, he was taken into Wilhada's presence, there to answer the

charges entered against him.

"Now," thought Wilhada, "we will see what material my neighbor is made of. If he is cowardly, and attempts to lie out of this thing, I'll make short work of him; but if he sticks to his text like a man, he shall have at least one chance of his life."

So, with a very threatening scowl, he asked: "Mattie Werner, did you say what has been attributed to you about myself and family?"

"Yes, sir," answered his prisoner, briefly. Wilhada's face relaxed for a moment, then, with the same severity, he asked:

"But why did you say so? None of us had ever injured you."

"No, sir," said the other, answering to this interrogative assertion. "But persons very often say a thing in haste which they repent at leisure. My tongue is never very guarded, and your children's behavior had incensed me that day."
Wilhada pondered a moment. That his child-

ren were not perfect, none knew better than himself, but no parent likes to be reminded of the shortcomings of his own offspring. After a little

deliberation, he said, however:

"Well, Mattie Werner, I will give you a month in which to show me one good boy or girl. If, at the end of that period, you do not succeed in producing what I desire, you must die. My childdren's inferiority must be proven!"

Mattie was himself a bachelor, and, being consequently unused to children's ways, imagined it would be a comparatively easy task to act upon Wilhada's suggestion—or, rather, command—so he started off in search of a perfect child.

Over hills, dales, and seas he traveled, and, at last, weary and discouraged, returned to his native land, the night before his month of grace

expired.

He had journeyed among children of all kinds, conditions and nations; had viewed the youth of Africa, China, Hindostan, France, Germany, America, and of about every country under the sun, and finally returned home with the firm con-

viction that on the morrow he must die.

"It is no use," he murmured, sadly, as the shores of King Wilhada hove in sight. "I must be reconciled to the inevitable. I have tested the negro infant, and found him lazy; have tried the Chinese children, and discovered them to be dirty; the Hindoo youth is revengeful; the French, deceitful; the Germans, profane; the Americans, selfish—and, according to all accounts, I, myself, could not have been much in my earlier days. What shall I do?"

Suddenly a bright thought occurred to him. Wilhada had not ordered him to procure a perfect child, only a good one. He thought he could satisfy the old monarch. So, on the morrow he

repaired, bright and early, to the palace.
"Well, Mattie Werner," said Wilhada, with dignity. "Has your journey proved successful, and have you found in the course of your travels

one good child?"

"Yes, sire," was the composed reply. "I can present you to-day, not only with one, but with two good children;" and, approaching closer, he presented to the astonished sovereign his own son and daughter, saying, as he did so: "I have searched thoroughly, and, although having seen many of the kind desired by your majesty, found none superior to those at home. My speech was made without knowledge, and thus I confess my wrong. Wickedness and mischief are utterly different."

Of course, Wilhada could not deny the goodness of his own flesh and blood, even had he possessed any desire in that direction; and, to tell the truth, his parental pride was so pleased, that he immediately reinstated Mattie Werner in all his former riches and dignity, and they lived near and dear neighbors ever after.

# THE FAIRY TANG WANG.

ITTLE Emma was a very wild, talkative little piece. Her tongue went all day, and so did her little feet and her little fingers, and somehow or other they always contrived to be in mischief. She broke her own toys before she had them a week, and was always up to some caper that ended in ruin to some of the nice things in her mother's

At last it was determined to buy her no more,

and her broken things soon lost all attraction for her, and she had nothing left but one beautiful wax doll that her mother had laid away and allowed her to use only once in a while, when she was a very good girl indeed, and that, I am sorry to say, was very seldom.

She was very careless, as a matter of course, and although she was now growing up, would not learn to put things in their places, but would leave anything and everything around on the floors, on the chairs, anywhere. Her mother talked in vain.

One day, when she had been a pretty good girl, her mother let her enjoy her doll for a time, and as Miss Doll was a fine lady, she went into the parlor with her. But she soon got tired of her doll, and taking off her scarf, made it into a long cord, and tying one end to the door-knob, began to wind herself up and then unwind.

Round, and round, and round she went, till she got dizzy and went too far, and plump she came against a small lacquered table, covered with choice

Over went the table, and the carpet was strewn with broken china, glass, marble, alabaster, and

The crash brought in her mother, who, sadly distressed at little Emma's sad capers, sent her up to

her room for the rest of the day.

Just as this accident happened, the fairy, Tang Wang, a funny little Chinese fairy, and an old

friend of Emma's mother, came in.

She shook her head, and comical she did look in her pointed Chinese hat, with feet about the size of a head of a pin, and long, loose Chinese sleeves.

Her hair was done up in one long plait, which hung down behind, and ended in a bell made of a single diamond, and the braid at the head was encircled with pearls.

She stood thinking a moment, and seeing the wax doll which Emma had left carelessly on the

"We must punish Emma, and try to cure her." So with that she took up the beautiful doll and threw it into the grate, where in a moment it was burned up to a cinder.

The next day Emma mades o many promises that she would be a better child that her mother agreed to try her. So off she ran to get her fine

doll, and let her mother put it up.

But, to her dismay, no doll was to be found. It had vanished. No one had seen it. Mother and daughter were alike puzzled.

It was clearly a punishment, and Emma now turned over a new leaf and became a neat, quiet,

obedient little girl.

About a month after her reformation the fairy once more called to visit her mother, and little Emma was presented to the fairy Tang Wang as a little lady who had given up all her bad habits.

"In that case," said the fairy, "I think she can soon have her doll again."

"Oh, fairy, do you know anything about my doll ?"

Off ran the little fairy to the parlor, followed by Emma and her mother, their eyes wide with won-

The fairy Tang Wang looked into the grate. up and down, and at last seemed to spy what she wanted, and having got the tongs, took out a shriveled cinder.

"There's your doll," said she.

Emma's face looked very blank as she gazed at the little black lump. Her eyes filled with tears, and her heart was so full that she could not speak.

"It does not look much like it now," said the fairy, "and your trial is not yet over. There are still three days left. If you persevere in being a good girl these three days, your doll shall be restored finer than ever."

Emma now brightened up. She took up the coal carefully, and took it to her room, and with this before her eyes to remind her of her duty, she

behaved like a little angel.

When she woke on the third day the fairy was standing by her bedside, and the coal lay on the counterpane. The fairy touched the coal with a little ivory wand, and Emma clasped once more in her arms her doll, ten times more beautiful than she had ever beheld it.

She promised the fairy Tang Wang never to forget her good resolution, and she kept her word

most faithfully.

### FINETTE CENDRON.

THERE was a king and a queen who had managed their affairs very badly. They were driven out of their kingdom; they sold their crowns to support themselves, then their wardrobes, their linen, their lace, and all their furniture, piece by piece.

When they had disposed of nearly everything, the king said to the queen:

"We are out of our country, and have no longer any property. We must do something to get a living for ourselves and our poor children. Consider a little what we can do, for up to this time I have known no trade but a king's, which is a very agreeable one."

The queen had much good sense; she asked for eight days to think the matter over. At the end

of that time she said to the king:

"Sire, we must not make ourselves unhappy. You have only to make nets, with which you may catch both fowl and fish. As the lines wear out, I will spin to make new ones. With respect to our three daughters, they are downright idle girls, who still think themselves fine ladies, and would fain live in that style without work. We must take them to such a distance—such a distance that they can never find their way back again; for it will be impossible for us to keep them as fine as they would like to be."

The king began to weep when he found he must separate himself from his children. He was a kind father; but the queen was mistress. He said

"Get up early to-morrow morning, and take your three daughters wherever you think fit.'

While they were thus plotting together, the Princess Finette, who was the youngest daughter,

listened at the keyhole, and when she discovered the design of her father and mother, she set off as fast as she could for a great grotto, at a considerable distance from where she lived, and which She commenced her journey gayly enough; but the further she went the more weary she grew. The soles of her shoes were worn completely through, and her pretty little feet became so sore



THE FAIRY TANG WANG.— TAKING OFF HER SCARF AND TYING ONE END TO THE DOOR-ENOB, SHE BEGAN TO WIND HERSELF UP AND THEN UNWIND."— SEE PAGE 15.

was the abode of the fairy Meluche, who was her godmother.

Finette had taken with her two pounds of fresh butter, some eggs, some milk, and some flour, to make a nice cake for her godmother, in order that she might be well received by her.

that it was sad to see them. She was quite exhausted; she sat down on the grass, and began to cry

A beautiful Spanish horse came by, saddled and bridled. There were more diamonds on his housings than would purchase three cities; and when

he saw the princess he stopped, and began to graze quietly beside her.

Bending his knees, he appeared to pay homage to her, upon which, taking him by the bridle—"Gentle Hobby," said she, "wouldst thou kindly bear me to my fairy godmother's? Thou wouldst do me great service, for I am so weary that I feel

ready to die; but if thou wilt assist me on this occasion, I will give thee good oats and good hay, and a litter of fresh straw to lie upon."

The horse bent himself almost to the ground, and young Finette jumping on him, he galloped off with her as lightly as a bird.

He stopped at the entrance of the grotto, as if he had known where he was to go to; and, in fact, he knew well enough, for it was Meluche herself, who, having foreseen her god-daughter's visit, had sent the fine horse for her.

As soon as Finette entered the grotto, she made profound three courtesies to her godmother, and took the hem of her gown and kissed it, and then said to her:

"Good-day, godmother. How do you do? I have brought you some milk, butter, flour, and eggs, to make a cake with."

"You are wel-

come, Finette," said the fairy. "Come hither,

that I may embrace you."

She kissed her twice, at which Finette was greatly delighted, for Madame Meluche was not

one of those fairies you might find by the dozen.
"Come, goddaughter," said she, "you shall be
my little lady's-maid. Take down my hair and
comb it." The princess took her hair down, and combed it as cleverly as possible.

"I know well enough," said Meluche, "what brought you hither. You overheard the king and queen consulting how they might lose you, and you would avoid this misfortune. Here, you have only to take this skein of thread-it will never break. Fasten one end of it to the door of your house, and keep the other end in your hand;

when the queen leaves you you will easily find your way back by following the thread."

The princess thanked her godmother, who gave her a bagfull of fine dresses, all of gold and silver. She embraced her, placed her again on the pretty horse, and in two or three minutes he carried Finette to the door of their majesties' cottage.

"My little friend," said Finette to the horse, "you are very handsome and clever. Your speed is as great as the sun's. I thank you for your service. Return to the place you came from."

She entered the house softly, and hiding her bag under her bolster, went to bed without appearing to know anything that had taken place.

At break of day the king awoke his wife.

"Come, come, madame," said for your jour-ney."

She got up directly, took her thick shoes, a short petticoat, a white jacket, and a stick. She summoned her eldest daughter, who was named Fleur d'Amour; her second, who was named Belle-de-Nuit, and her third, named Fine-Oreille, whom they familiarly called Finette.

"I have been thinking all last night," said the queen, "that we ought to go and see my sister. She will entertain us capitally. We may feast and



FINETTE CENDRON. "GOOD-DAY, GODMOTHER! I HAVE BROUGHT YOU SOME BUTTER, MILK, FLOUR AND EGGS, TO MAKE A CAKE WITH."

laugh as much as we like there." Fleur d'Amour, who was in despair at living in a desert, said to her mother:

"Let us go, madame, wherever you please, provided I may walk somewhere; I don't care."

The two others said as much. They took leave

of the king, and all four set off together.

They went so far—so far that Fine-Oreille was much afraid her thread would not be long enough, for they had gone nearly a thousand leagues. She walked always behind the others, drawing the thread cleverly through the thickets.

When the queen imagined that her daughters could not find the way back, she entered a thick

wood, and said to them:

"Sleep, my little lambs; I will be like the shepherdess, who watches over her flock for fear the wolf should devour them."

They laid themselves down on the grass and

went to sleep.

The queen left them there, believing she should never see them again.

Finette had shut her eyes, but had not gone to

sleep.

"If I were an ill-natured girl." said she to herself, "I should go home directly, and leave my sisters to die here, for they beat me and scratch me till the blood comes. But, notwithstanding all their malice, I will not abandon them."

She aroused them, and told them the whole story. They began to cry, and begged her to take them with her, promising that they would give her beautiful dolls, a child's set of silver plate, and

all their other toys and sweetmeats.
"I am quite sure you will do no such thing," said Finette; "but I will behave as a good sister

should, for all that."

And so saying she rose, and followed the clew with the two princesses, so that they reached home almost as soon as the queen.

Whilst they were at the door, they heard the

king say:

"It gives me the heartache to see you come back alone,"

"Pshaw!" said the queen, "our daughters

were too great an incumbrance to us."

"But," said the king, "if you had brought back my Finette, I might have consoled myself for the loss of the others, for they loved nothing and nobody."

At that moment the princesses knocked at the

door-rap, rap.

"Who is there?" said the king.

"Your three daughters," they replied. "Fleur d'Amour, Belle-de-Nuit, and Fine-Oreille."

The queen began to tremble.

"Don't open the door," she exclaimed. "It must be their ghosts, for it is impossible they could find their way back alive."

The king, who was as great a coward as his

wife, called out:

"It is false; you are not my daughters."

But Fine-Oreille, who was a shrewd girl, said to him:

"Papa, I will stoop down, and do you look at me through the hole made for the cat to come through, and if I am not Finette, I consent to be whipped."

The king looked as she told him to do, and as soon as he recognized her, he opened the door.

The queen pretended to be delighted to see them again, and said that she had forgotten something, and had come to fetch it; but that most assuredly she should return to them. They pretended to believe her, and went to a snug little hayloft in which they always slept.

"Now, sisters," said Finette, "you promised

me a doll; give it me."

"Thou may'st wait for it long enough, little rogue," said they. "Thou art the cause of the king's caring so little for us;" and thereupon, snatching up their distaffs, they beat her as if she had been so much mortar.

When they had beaten her as much as they chose, they let her go to bed; but as she was covered with wounds and bruises, she could not sleep, and she heard the queen say to the king:

"I will take them in another direction, much further, and I am confident they will never re-

turn."

When Finette heard this plot, she rose very softly, to go and see her godmother again. She went into the hen-yard, and took two hens and a cock, and wrung their necks, also two little rabbits that the queen was fattening upon cabbages, to make a feast of on the next occasion.

She put them all into a basket, and set off; but she had not gone a league, groping her way, and quaking with fear, when the Spanish horse came up at a gallop, snorting and neighing. She thought it was all over with her—that some soldiers were about to seize her. When she saw the beautiful horse alone, she jumped upon him, delighted to travel so comfortably, and arrived almost immediately at her godmother's.

After the usual ceremonies, she presented her with the hens, the cock and the rabbits, and begged the assistance of her good advice, the queen having sworn she would lead them to the

end of the world.

Meluche told her goddaughter not to afflict her-

self, and gave her a sack full of ashes.

"Carry this sack before you," said she, "and shake it as you go along. You will walk on the ashes, and when you wish to return you will have only to follow your footmarks; but do not bring your sisters back with you. They are too malicious; and if you do bring them back, I will never see you again."

Finette took leave of her, taking away by her order thirty or forty millions of diamonds in a little box, which she put in her pocket. The horse was ready in waiting, and carried her home

as before.

At daybreak the queen called the princesses.

They came to her, and she said to them:

"The king is not very well; I dreamed last night that I ought to go and gather for him some flowers and herbs in a certain country where they grow in great perfection. They will completely renovate him; therefore, let us go there directly."

Fleur d'Amour and Belle-de-Nuit, who never

thought their mother intended to lose them again, were much grieved at these tidings.

Go, however, they must; and so far did they go, that never before had any one made so long a

journey.

Finette, who never said a word, kept behind, and shook her sack of ashes with such wonderful skill that neither the wind nor the rain affected them.

The queen, being perfectly persuaded that they could not find their way back again, and observing one evening that her three daughters were fast asleep, took the opportunity of leaving them and returned home.

As soon as it was light, and Finette found her

mother was gone, she awoke her sisters.
"We are alone," said she; "the queen has left

Fleur d'Amour and Belle-de-Nuit began to cry; they tore their hair, and beat their own faces with their fists, exclaiming:

"Alas! what shall become of us?"

Finette was the best-hearted girl in the world;

she had compassion again on her sisters.

"See now to what I expose myself," said she to them; "for when my godmother furnished me with means to return, she forbade me to show you the way, and told me that if I disobeyed her, she would never see me more."

Belle-de-Nuit threw herself on Finette's neck, Fleur d'Amour did the same, kissing her so affectionately, that it required nothing more to bring them all three back together to the king and the

queen.

Their majesties were greatly surprised at the return of the princesses. They talked about it all night long, and the youngest, who was not called Fine-Oreille for nothing, heard them concoct a new plot, and arrange that the next morning the queen should again take them on a journey. She ran to awake her sisters.

"Alas!" said she to them, "we are lost. The queen is determined to lead us into some wilderness, and leave us there. For your sakes I have offended my godmother; I dare not go to her for advice, as I used to do."

They were in sad trouble; and said one to an-

"What shall we do, sister—what shall we do!"

At length Belle-de-Nuit said to the two others: "Why should we worry ourselves? Old Merluche has not got all the wit in the world-some other folks may have a little. We have only to take plenty of peas with us, and drop them all along the road as we go, and we shall be sure to trace our way back."

Fleur d'Amour thought the idea admirable. They loaded themselves with peas, filling all their pockets; but Fine-Oreille took, instead of peas, her fine clothes and diamonds, and as soon as the

queen called them they were ready to go.

Their cruel mother had told them that she was going to take them to a court where there were three handsome princes waiting to marry them. The queen walked first, so the daughters dropped their peas unperceived, making sure that they

could find their way home again. During the darkness of the night the queen stole away, leaving her daughters, as she thought, to perish.

When they awoke in the morning, what was their anguish to find that the pigeons had eaten up all the peas, leaving no trace of their way back ?

In their despair, they sat down and wept bitterly. But hunger soon compelled them to wander about to find food, and for several days they lived upon berries and roots, almost famished to death.

One morning a parroquet flew into the lap of Finette, and dropped an acorn into her hand,

"If you set this in the earth immediately, it will be a great tree to-morrow. You must then climb up, and you will see a way of escape."

So Finette did as the bird had told her, and, sure enough, next morning, when they awoke, they found one of the tallest oaks they had ever

So they all climbed up to the top, and saw that at the distance of about a mile there was a magnifi-

Their delight was unbounded, and hastily descending the tree they walked toward the stately palace.

When they reached it they knocked at the gate, which was opened by one of the most hideous ogresses ever seen.

She was as black as jet, and had but one eye, which was in the middle of her forehead. She

was at least fifteen feet high.

Their hearts sank within them, and the two elder sisters prepared to run away, but the ogress soon caught them in her hands, and dragged them into the courtyard.

She then told them that the castle belonged to a terrible ogre, and that she was his wife. She also said that he lived upon young women, and that he thought no more of eating half a dozen for dinner than a man would think of eating half a dozen eggs; but she told them that if they would do as she bade them she would hide them, and keep them till they were plumper, when, as a great favor, she would eat them herself, and that she would kill them very tenderly.

So she locked them up in a chamber on the north side of the castle. True to her word, she brought them a very bounteous repast, and left

them to repose for the night.

The next morning they talked over their terrible condition, and, opening the window, thought how they might escape; but it was at least one hundred feet from the ground, and an attempt to get down would involve certain destruction.

While they were sitting in the most disconsolate condition possible, the little parroquet flew into the room, and dropped an acorn into the lap of Finette, telling her that if she would drop it out of the window on the ground beneath, the little bird would scratch a hole, and cover it with mould.

"It will grow up in the night to the height of this window, and then you and your sisters must escape down it, before the ogre and his wife are

up; and if you walk for two miles you will come to the palace of a great king, who has three sons, all young and handsome, and all unmarried."

As soon as it was dawn, they found the tree was several feet above the window. So they descended of glass, so that in the daytime the bright blue

in perfect safety, while the ogre and his wife were fast asleep. When they got out of the wood which surrounded the ogre's castle, they beheld the king's palace full in sight.

They were welcomed by the good king and queen, introwho duced the three princesses to their sons, the three princes.

Finette then told the royal group.

When Finette had finished her story, it was discovered that the king, in whose palace they were so generously received, was the very same who had conquered her father and dispossessed him of his kingdom.

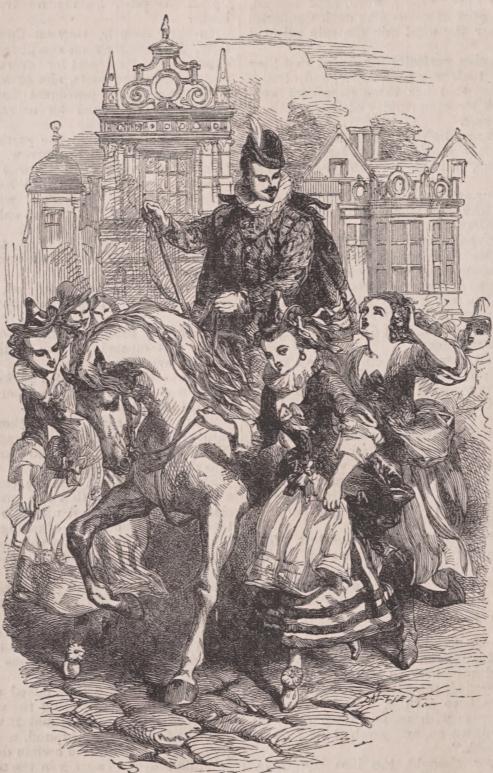
The eldest son, who was heir to throne, fell so desperately in love with Finette, that he offered her his hand, and persuaded his father 'to re-

store the kingdom he had wrested from the dethroned monarch.

An embassy was sent to where the exiled parents were, inviting them to be present at the triple marriages, and an army was sent against the ogre, who was killed in the battle, and the castle was razed to the ground.

### RUBYTHROAT.

TTACHED to Hertha Mynier's home there was a beautiful chamber, completely formed



FINETTE CENDRON. - THE PRINCE WITH FINETTE'S SISTERS.

sky was visible through the transparent roof, and in the evening the stars peeped through it, and sent down long, quivering rays of light on the myriads of flowers contained in the There room. were other things than flowers there, for brilliant birds fiitted restlessly hither and thither, and in a fine, large marble basin there swam several goldfish, glistening in the clear water and these were great pets of Hertha's, who used daily to feed them with crumbs of fine, white bread.

She loved the birds, and flowers also. and when she came tripping in with her little basket of wheat on her arm, whirr! scarlet, and black, and green, and gold wings would rush from every part of the chamber, to flutter round her, and pick

up the plump grains as she scattered them on the marble floor; and as she never hurt them, they loved her dearly, and those who could sing would amuse her by telling long tales of the faroff countries from which they came.

The flowers turned to her when she approached them, and even the tall, proud, white lily nodded



FINETTE CENDRON. - THE OGRE'S CASTLE.

her stately head graciously to the smiling little lady, who often presented her with fine, cool water when she was drooping with thirst-so you can imagine that Hertha ought to have been a very happy little girl indeed; and, doubtless, so she would have been, but for one sad fault she had, and one which frequently caused great unhappiness, both to herself and the kind aunt with whom she lived.

She was very disobedient, and fancied that she was far wiser than other people; which used to lead her into much annoyance and trouble, besides obscuring, to a great extent, her many other

good qualities.

Besides her favorites in the glass chamber, Hertha had a beautiful white kitten of whom she was very fond, and who was called Silverbell, because she had round her neck a little bell of silver, attached to a scarlet collar, and which tinkled gayly as she scampered about after her young mistress.

While Silverbell remained a tiny kitten, Hertha carried her every day into the glass chamber; but one afternoon, when she became older and stronger, Hertha found her holding one of the brilliantly winged birds in her white paws, while she slyly prepared to eat him—he trembling and vainly endeavoring to escape.

Hertha immediately took the bird from her, and madame, her aunt, directed that Silverbell should never again be allowed to enter the glass

chamber.

For some time Hertha took care to obey, much to Silverbell's displeasure, who would follow her to the door, mewing loudly when she found it closed against her; and Hertha often said to her-

"I am sure, if I held Silverbell tightly in my arms, I might carry her into the glass chamber; and my aunt would never know anything about

But she was afraid that the kitten might escape, and for this reason only had never disobeyed the

command of her aunt.

One day her aunt entered the glass chamber, holding in her hand a small cage of fine gold wire, which contained the loveliest little bird Hertha had ever seen. It was not much larger than a butterfly, and had a beautiful scarlet breast, and fine, shining wings, like silk. Its long, slender bill was like polished ebony; and, with a frightened air, it crouched in a corner of its cage, glancing round with small, clear eyes, like diamondsand Hertha cried:

"Oh, aunt, what a lovely little creature!"
"Yes," said Madame Mynier. "It is a humming-bird, and, as a living specimen, is very diffi-cult to obtain. We must be extremely careful of our prisoner. I shall endeavor to tame it, and then it may fly at liberty amongst the flowers."

Hertha watched with delight while the cage was hung in the midst of a group of sweet-scented flowers, after doing which, her aunt remarked:

"Be sure and do not let Silverbell in on any account, as she would frighten little Rubythroat to death.

"I will remember, aunt," said Hertha-and, no doubt, at the moment she determined to do so, and for a week Silverbell was excluded as carefully

as ever from the glass chamber.
At the end of that time, Madame Mynier went from home, and to Hertha was left the exclusive care of the birds and flowers; and in attending to them, and playing with her doll, the time passed

merrily to the little girl.

Rubythroat daily became something less shy, and he would dart his long bill into the cups of flowers which she put into his cage, and sip the golden drops of honey from them with great relish; and when the other birds fluttered round his cage to examine the tiny stranger, he found courage to look at them quite boldly; and every day Hertha became fonder of him.

"What a pity it is," she said to herself, one evening, as she walked along the passage leading to the glass chamber, "that I cannot take Silverbell in with me, and show her my pretty Ruby-

throat !"

As she said this, she heard a light pit-patting on the soft carpet of the corridor, and looking round, she beheld Silverbell bounding after her.

"Go back, Silverbell!" cried Hertha, shaking

her hand at her.

But Silverbell shook her head at her, and urred, as much as to say:

'No, no, my little mistress; you do not mean that, I'm sure.

Hertha stood considering for a moment, and

then said: "Well, aunt is away, and I will watch to see that you behave properly; and, after all, I don't

know why aunt should be so particular. You know better now than to kill the pretty birdsdon't you, Silverbell?"

Silverbell looked so innocent and demure, that Hertha opened the door at once and went in, Silverbell trotting soberly beside her, and not even winking at the birds, which flew away startled at her approach.

Hertha could not help feeling uncomfortable, knowing that she was disobeying her aunt's commands; but she soon forgot her uneasiness, as she fed the goldfish, and scattered wheat to the birds; Silverbell sitting quietly looking on beside her as she did so.

"Now, Silverbell," she said, when all this was done, "come and see my pretty Rubythroat."

Silverbell looked on, very much interested, while Hertha plucked some flowers, and proceeded to open the door of the cage in order to put them

Rubythroat fluttered in his cage, poising himself over the bright-hued blossoms, and Hertha was so much engaged in admiring him, that she carelessly let the tiny door swing wide open, and out flew Rubythroat and darted away among the flowers.

An exclamation of dismay burst from Hertha, and springing after the escaped prisoner she endeavored to recapture him; but he was too quick for her, and flashed like a crimson flame from one flower to another, hovering for an instant over

each. The sun was just setting, and after some moments' chase, Hertha stopped, tired out, and ready to cry with fright and vexation, as she watched him flitting so gayly about.

After some time, Rubythroat looked round, and seeing the open country through the transparent walls, he dashed himself against the unseen obstacle, and fell stunned and bruised on the marble floor.

Hertha sprang forward to lift him up, when something white bounded past her, and she saw with horror the treacherous Silverbell seize Rubythroat in her white jaws, and proceed to toss him about, putting him from side to side with her white, velvety paws.

"Oh, wicked, bad Silverbell!" cried Hertha, as she slapped her with hearty goodwill. "My poor, dear Rubythroat! Oh, what will aunt say?"

Silverbell stole away, looking very guilty, and casting longing glances at Rubythroat, while Hertha lifted bim from the ground, and burst into a passion of tears as she perceived that he was quite dead.

On his crimson breast there was a deeper crimson stain, where Silverbell's sharp claws had torn him, and one of his tiny wings hung down, limp and broken, his clear ear eyes were quite dim, and his beak was open, as though gasping for air.

Hertha sat down, holding him in her hand, and crying bitterly, both with grief for the loss of her favorite, and terror at the anger she knew her

aunt would feel at her disobedience.

"Oh," she said, "if I had only not allowed that bad Silverbell in, this would never have happened! Wicked, naughty Silverbell! I will never love you again!"

"I think, Hertha, that you are much naughtier than Silverbell," said a clear voice, quite close to

the little girl.

Hertha started, and looked round, but she could

see nothing, and the voice spoke again: "Don't you see me? Look up here."

Hertha now perceived that the voice came from the direction of the tall white lily, and in some alarm she looked that way, and beheld a little figure sitting balanced on the edge of the cup of the lily, and regarding her with great sternness. She was dressed in white and green, and had long, glistening wings, as white as silver, while in her hand she held a miniature lily.

"Yes, indeed," she said, nodding; "I think

you are a very naughty little girl!"

Hertha looked at poor, dead Rubythroat, and could not help thinking so too; but she said nothing, and the fairy of the lily continued:

"It is the nature of Silverbell to eat birds, and therefore she is not to be blamed, and if you had not disobeyed your aunt by bringing her into the glass chamber, this misfortune could not have occurred, as you very well know.

Hertha was surprised at the little fairy's accurate knowledge of the affair, and somewhat fright-

ened, as well, at her stern looks.

As she looked at the fairy, the latter spread her bright wings, and fluttered down quite close to the little girl, who shrank back as she ap-

proached.

"Don't be alarmed, Hertha," said the fairy, as she gracefully folded her wings; "I am not angry, but excessively sorry that a little girl should behave more foolishly than a senseless kitten; especially as you have often shown kindness to my tall white lily, and as I have seen how careful you are of my friends, the goldfishes, and of those noisy birds. If I thought you a really cruel child, I should not be here now, you may be sure."

Hertha smiled through her tears at this, and the

fairy resumed :

"If you will make me a solemn promise never to disobey your aunt again, I will instantly restore Rubythroat to life."

Hertha clasped her hands, as she exclaimed: "Oh, dear little fairy! I never will be disobe-

dient again.'

The fairy looked at her earnestly, saying:

"I am sure you will keep your promise, Hertha -and if you do, this will have been a fortunate circumstance, as it will have taught you the necessity of obeying those who are older and wiser than yourself."

As she said this she flew on Hertha's lap, where Rubythroat still lay, and tapping him on the head with a tiny lily she held in her hand, she

"Rubythroat, Rubythroat! fly into your cage!" Rubythroat opened his bright eyes again, and stretched his wings as though he had just awak-

ened from a nap.

Hertha held her breath in an ecstasy of joy, as, brilliant as ever, he darted away into the cageand did not know how to express her gratitude to the fairy. who was again poised on the edge of the lily, regarding her with a benevolent smile, and who, as she was about to speak, interrupted her, saying:

"I cannot promise ever again to come to your assistance if you remain a disobedient child; but if you do not, we may often meet again; and, so, farewell, dear Hertha, until that time

comes."

"Adieu, dear little fairy !" cried Hertha, as she disappeared into the lily, which closed its snowy petals after her with a musical sound.

WHETHER Hertha ever saw the fairy again I do not know; but it is very probable she did, as she became a very obedient little girl, and fairies are sure never to forget their promises, in which they set a very good example to many people who are not fairies.

# BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

HERE was once a rich merchant who had six children, three boys and three girls. The youngest daughter was so beautiful that every one called her Little Beauty, which made her sisters extremely jealous.

By a series of accidents, the merchant suddenly lost his whole fortune. Having nothing left but a small cottage in the country, he said to his daughters:

"My children, we must now go and live in the

this they soon found themselves mistaken, for their money was all that their lovers desired.

The family had lived in this manner about a year, when the merchant received a letter which informed him that one of his richest vessels, which



RUBYTHROAT.--" THE FAIRY FLEW ON HERTHA'S LAP, WHERE RUBYTHROAT STILL LAY.-- SEE PAGE 20.

cottage, and try to get a subsistence by labor, for we have no other means of support left."

The two eldest replied that they knew not how to work, and would not leave town, and added that they had lovers enough who would be glad to marry turn, son them, though they had now no fortune. But in trinkets.

he thought was lost, had just arrived in the port. When they found this news made it necessary for him to go to the ship, the two eldest daughters begged he would not fail to bring them, on his return, some new dresses, caps, rings, and all sorts of trinkets.

"And you, Beauty," said her father—"you do not ask for anything; but what shall I bring you, my child?"

"Since you are so kind as to think of me, my dear father," Beauty replied, "I should like you to bring me a pretty rose, for we have none in our

garden."

She named this from a singular wish that came into her mind to possess

The merchant set out on his journey; but on his arrival at the port some dishonest persons went to law with him about the merchandise; so, after a great deal of trouble, he returned home nearly as poor as he set out.

When within a few miles of home, his road led through a thick forest, and he had the misfortune to lose himself.

Night being come, he imagined that he should die of cold or hunger.

All at once the wearied merchant, happening to look down an avenue, discovered a light, but it seemed at a great distance. He pursued his way toward it, and found that it came from a splendid palace.

He quickened his horse's pace,

and soon arrived at the gates, which he opened. To his surprise, the outer yards were empty.

He entered the house, and pursued his way to a large hall in which there was a good fire, and a table plentifully provided with the most delicate dishes.

He waited a considerable time, and still nobody came; at length the merchant, overcome with hun-

ger and thirst, helped himself to a chicken and a few glasses of wine.

Taking courage, and looking a little further about him, he opened a door at the extremity of the hall, and entered an apartment where there was an excellent bed, and, being quite overcome with

fatigue, he got into it.

It was ten o'clock next morning before he thought of rising. He returned to the hall where he had supped, and there found a breakfast already prepared.

"Truly, my goodfairy," said the merchant, aloud, "I am extremely indebted to you for your kindness."

He then sat down, and made a hearty meal. As he passed out under one of the arbors, which was loaded with most beautiful roses, he suddenly recollected the request Beauty had made, and felt pleased at being able to gather a bunch of them to carry home.

The merchant had scarcely touched the rose-bush before he heard a most horrible noise, and at the same moment saw a hideous beast approaching him.

"Ungrateful man!" said the

man!" said the beast, in a terrible voice, "I saved your life by receiving you into my palace, and in return you steal my roses, which I value more than all my other possessions. You know not that with your life alone you can atone for your fault! Prepare, then, to meet your fate, for you shall die in a quarter of an hour!"

The merchant fell on his knees, and clasping his



BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.—" BEFORE HE HAD TIME TO COUNT THREE, THE ANIMAL HAD RISEN IN THE AIR WITH HIM." SEE PAGE 23.

hands, said: "My lord, I humbly entreat your pardon. I did not think it could offend you to gather a rose for one of my daughters who desired to have one."

"I am not a lord, but a beast," replied the monster. "You say, however, that you have daughters. I can pardon you, but only on one condition, and that is, that one of your daughters shall come hither and die in your place. If she should refuse, swear to me that you will yourself return within three months."

The tender-hearted merchant had no intention to let one of his daughters die in his stead; but he thought that by seeming to accept the beast's condition, he should at least have the pleasure of embracing his dear children once more before he met

his unfortunate fate.

He accordingly swore, and the beast told him he

might go when he pleased.

"But," added he, "it is not my intention that you should go empty-handed. Go back into the chamber in which you slept, where you will find an empty chest; fill it with whatever you like best, and I will get it conveyed to your own house."

The beast, having said this, went away. merchant returned to the chamber where he had slept, and found a great quantity of pieces of gold.

Having filled his chest with it to the very brim, he locked it. As he went out of the palace he saw a horse standing before the door.

He mounted him, and, before he had time to count three, the animal had risen into the air with him, and they soon reached the merchant's house.

He held in his hand the bunch of roses. Calling

his youngest daughter to him, he said:

"Take these roses, Beauty; but little do you think what they have cost your unhappy father."

He then gave an account of what happened at the palace of the beast. When he had finished, Beauty said, determinedly:

"I shall not cause the death of my father, but will give myself up to the beast, and thus save his life, and prove my love for him."

The merchant endeavored in vain to reason with

Beauty, for she was determined to go.

He was so afflicted with the idea of losing his dear child, that he never once thought of the chest he had filled with gold; but, retiring to his chamber at night, to his great surprise, he perceived it standing by his bedside.

He told Beauty of his secret, and bade her treasure up the riches against the time she and her

father should be absent.

When the three months were expired, the merchant and Beauty prepared to set out for the palace of the beast.

They reached the palace in a few hours. The merchant with his daughter, proceeded to the large hall, where they found a table magnificently provided with every delicacy, and with two covers laid

They sat down to the table, and had scarcely finished their supper when they heard a hissing noise, and the good old man began to bid his poor child farewell, for he knew it was the beast coming to them.

Beauty, on seeing the hideous form of the ugly monster, could not help being terrified.

The monster having asked her if she came will-

ingly, she tremblingly replied: "Yes."

"Good man," he said to the father, "you may leave the palace to-morrow morning, and take care to return to it no more. Good-night, Beauty." "Good-night, Beast," she answered, and the

monster then withdrew.

The merchant and Beauty now bade each other a sorrowful good-night, and went to bed. During the night Beauty had a dream which somewhat comforted her, for she dreamed that a little lady approached her, who said:

"I am much pleased, Beauty, at the generous affection you have shown in being willing to give your own life to save your father's, and you shall

not go unrewarded."

Beauty, as soon as she arose, related this dream to her father; but though it afforded both some comfort, yet the merchant could not take leave of his darling child without shedding the bitterest

Beauty soon resolved not to make her unhappy situation worse by useless sorrow.

She took a view of the palace, and was much de-

lighted with its beauty.

But what was her surprise, on coming to a large and splendid suite of rooms, to find written over the door of the principal entrance, "Beauty's apartments.'

She opened it hastily, and was dazzled at the splendor of everything it contained; but what excited her wonder more than all was a large library filled with books and pieces of music. She opened the library, and saw a book on

which was written, in letters of gold:

'Beauteous lady, dry your tears; Here's no cause for sighs or fears: Command as freely as you may, Compliance still shall mark your sway."

Beauty began to think that the beast was very kind to her.

Supper-time came, and as she was going to place herself at the table, she heard the noise of the

He came and sat by the table, looking at her. Beauty was greatly frightened, but the beast only said to her:

"Pray, do not let me interrupt your eating; and be sure you do not want for anything, for all you see is yours, and I shall be extremely sorry if you are not happy."

"You are very good," replied Beauty. "I must confess that I think very highly of your disposi-

tion."

Beauty supped with an excellent appetite, and had nearly got the better of her dread of the monster, when he said to her:

"Beauty, will you be my wife?"

She remained for a few minutes without answering, for she was afraid of putting him in a passion by refusing. At last she replied: "I cannot, Beast."

The beast made no reply, but sighed deeply.

Beauty, who trembled excessively at such an unlooked-for occurrence, was soon relieved of her terror, for he said, in a melancholy tone, "Adieu, Beauty!" and left her.

Beauty, finding herself alone, began to feel the greatest compassion for the unfortunate beast.

"Alas!" said she, "what a great pity it is he should be so very frightful—he is so good-tempered and kind."

Beauty lived three months in this place very contentedly. The beast visited her every evening, and she, perceiving in him new virtues, instead of dreading the time of his coming, was continually looking at her watch, to see if it was time for him to come.

There was but one thing that made her uneasy—which was, that the beast, before he retired, constantly asked her if she would be his wife, and appeared extremely unhappy at her refusal.

Beauty one day said to him:

"You distress me exceedingly, Beast, in obliging me to refuse you so often. I shall always be your friend. Try to be satisfied."

"That I must be," replied the beast; "but I love you exceedingly. However, if you cannot consent

to marry me, promise never to leave me."

"I would willingly promise not to leave you entirely," said she, "but I have such a desire to see my father, that, if you refuse me the pleasure, I shall die of grief."

"Rather would I die myself, Beauty," replied he, "than cause you any affliction. I will send you to your father's cottage; you shall stay there, and

your poor beast shall die of grief."

"No," said Beauty, weeping, "I love you too much to be the cause of your death; I will promise to return in a week, if you will permit me to see my dear father."

"You shall find yourself with him to-morrow morning, but remember your promise," answered he. "When you wish to return, you have only to put your ring on a table when you go to bed. Adieu, Beauty!"

When she awoke in the morning, she found her-

self in her father's cottage.

The merchant on beholding his daughter was

ready to die with joy.

They embraced again and again; and Beauty, seeing her box of clothes lying by the bedside, thanked the beast, in her mind, for his attention.

Beauty's sisters, hearing of her return, paid her a visit, but were ready to burst with envy when they saw her look so beautiful. The kindness she had shown them did not produce any effect, for their jealousy increased when she told them how happily she had lived with the beast.

They agreed to try and keep her home beyond the week allotted by the beast, in order to have her

punished by the monster.

When the week was ended, her sisters pretended so much affliction at her leaving them, that she consented to stay another week; though she could not help reproaching herself for the unhappiness she well knew she must occasion her poor beast thereby. The tenth night of her being at the cottage, she dreamed she was in the garden of the palace, and that the beast was expiring on a grass-plot, and in a dying voice reproached her with ingratitude.

She awoke in the greatest agitation, and burst

into tears.

"Am I not very wicked," said she, "to act so unkindly to a beast who has treated me with so much kindness? I do not love him, but I feel for him the sincerest friendship, esteem, and gratitude. He must not be unhappy on my account."

She immediately arose, put her ring on the table, went to bed again, and was soon fast asleep.

In the morning she with joy found herself in the palace of the beast.

She dressed herself with great care and elegance, and thought she had never passed so long a day.

At length the clock struck nine, but no beast appeared.

She then imagined she had been the cause of his death.

She ran from room to room, calling, in the ut-most despair, upon his name.

After seeking him in vain some time, she remembered her dream, and ran toward the grass-plot.

There she saw him extended senseless, and, to all

appearance, dead.

She threw herself upon his body, thinking nothing of his ugliness; and finding his heart beat, ran and fetched some water from a spring a short distance off, and threw it on his face.

He opened his eyes, and said:

"Beauty, you have forgotten your promise. My grief for your loss made me resolve to starve myself to death; but at least I shall die content, since I have had the pleasure of seeing you once more."

"No, my dear beast," returned she, "you must not die, but live to become my husband, for, from

this moment, I swear to be only yours.'

Scarcely had she pronounced these words before the palace was suddenly illuminated, and music, fireworks, and all other kinds of amusements, announced the most splendid rejoicings.

What was her amazement to see, all at once, at her side the handsomest prince that was ever seen, who thanked her, with the utmost tenderness, for having broken his enchantment.

Though this handsome prince was deserving of her whole attention, she could not refrain from ask-

ing him what had become of the beast.

"You see him, Beauty, at your side," answered the prince. "A wicked fairy had condemned me to wear the form of a beast, till a young lady, both virtuous and modest, should freely consent to marry me; and had forbidden me, on pain of death, to declare who I was. You alone have had the generosity to judge of me by the goodness of my heart; and, in offering you my crown, the recompense falls indefinitely short of what I owe you for your kindness."

Beauty and the prince proceeded together to the palace, where, to her astonishment, she found her father and all her family, who had been conveyed there by the beautiful lady she had seen in her

dream.

This lady was a great fairy.

After blessing Beauty, she turned to her sisters and said:

"As for you, ladies, I have long been witness to the envy and malice of your hearts. You shall become two statues, and shall be fixed at the gate of ers that grew there. She loved beautiful things,

your sister's pal-You will there witness the happiness your sister has acquired through the love and respect which she has shown for her parent, and by her meekness and industry. This will be a sufficient punishment for you; and there you will remain till repentance shall change your dispositions, and you are sensible of your many faults."

At the same instant the fairy with a stroke of her wand, transported all who were present to the dominions of the young prince's, where he was received by his subjects with the greatest demonstrations of joy. He married Beauty, and passed with her a long and happy life.

Beauty's father lived happily with them for some time, and died at a good old age.

Her brothers assisted the king in the administration of justice, and by their

moderation and wisdom became universally respected.

Her sisters, after continuing in their mortifying situation for several years, were restored by the good fairy—who thought they were sufficiently punished—to their original shape, and by their good conduct in after years, fully atoned for their past follies.

## THE FLOWER FAIRIES.

ITTLE Dora, one Summer evening, was walking in her papa's fine garden, enjoying the sight and the perfume of the many beautiful flow-

nearly all children do; and now she walked slowly down the wide centre avenue, looking first on this side, then on that, and quite un-able to make up her mind as to which of all the bright flowers was prettiest.

Presently she came to the iron gate at the end of the walk. This gate opened upon a grassy lane at the back of the garden, into which the gar-dener was accustomed to wheel weeds aud other rubbish.

A little, dirty, ragged girl, of about Dora's own age, was standing outside this gate, eagerly peering through at the flowers, and thrusting her little pale face as far as she could between the iron bars, in order to have a better view.

could not bear the sight of poor people. She had been taught by her foolish nurse to despise poverty, and to pride herself upon her own fine

Now, Dora

clothes, and her papa's handsome house and carriage and garden. She had even objected to having these fine clothes made by poor seamstresses, living in poor lodgings.

So, when she saw the little barefoot girl looking in at the gate, she thought it very impertinent. "Go away!" she exclaimed, waving her hand haughtily.



BEAUTY AND THE BEAST .- " SHE THOUGHT NOTHING OF HIS UGLINESS, BUT BROUGHT SOME WATER AND THREW IT ON HIS FACE."

But the child only looked at her and her blue lk dress in wondering admiration.

"Go away, I say!" cried Dora, again, angrily.

"I wonder what makes them so bright and silk dress in wondering admiration.



THE FLOWER FAIRIES .- VIOLETTA AND LILIAN.

And this time she was obeyed, the little girl | fresh-looking," said Dora, aloud. "I suppose it moving off like one accustomed to being driven | was the rain last night." about in that style.

bout in that style.

"Ha, ha!" rang out a clear, musical little voice,
And then Dora stopped where several bright close to her—"ha, ha, ha !"

Dora started, and looked around. And then she saw a sight which took away her breath with

In the heart of a newly blown rose sat a tiny, tiny figure, all dressed in a damask robe of some fine gossamer tissue, with clasps of something finer and brighter than gold. She had dark, curling hair, and bright, dark eyes, and pink cheeks, and red lips; and in her left hand held a palette and brush, bright with all sorts of rose-tints.

"Ha, ha!" repeated the little creature, laughing merrily, and glancing rather scornfully at Dora. "It was the rain last night. What think

you of that, my sisters?"

Then, Dora, looking about in bewildered astonishment, beheld three or four other little figures scattered among the flowers, each with a tiny palette and brush in her hands, busily painting

the newly blown petals.

They were all of the same size, but each was dressed differently from the others, and in colors resembling those of the flowers in which she was engaged. One, looking out from a tulip, had on a shining dress, striped in every gay hue, the skirt shaped like the cup of a tulip. Another, perched on a hyacinth, was dressed in blue; and still another, half hidden in a cluster of primroses,

wore a delicate yellow robe.

But the prettiest of all, Dora thought, were the two nearest her, and a little apart from the rest. One, a bright-faced little creature, plump and smiling, wore a rich, purple robe of what seemed the finest velvet, with gold-colored overskirt. She had these colors upon her palette, and was perched on a violet, balancing herself lightly on one foot, while she reached up to another blossom, lightly touching it here and there with her tiny brush. Her neighbor, reposing in a white lily-bell, was a slender, graceful little sylph, with golden hair of marvelous fineness, soft, dove-like eyes, and the fairest and loveliest complexion that was ever seen. Her dress was a simple one of pure white, that shimmered with a fine, satiny lustre, resembling snowflakes, and was confined about the waist by a girdle that seemed made of dewdrops.

All this strange company turned and looked at Dora, as she stood motionless with amazement.

"Go away!" said the gay little lady in the tulip, with a haughty curl of her lip. "Go away! How dare you intrude upon us?"
"No, no! let her stay!" said the one in the rose; "she amuses me."

"But she is so coarse," said the other, surveying Dora disdainfully. "Look at her rough skin, and her dress - actually made of silkworms' saliva!" And she shuddered.

"And her parasol, too, with a frame made of

fish-bone !"

"And the handle, of elephant's teeth!"

And then they laughed merrily.

Poor Dora looked down in dismay upon the

things she had been so proud of.

"Was there ever such a coarse skin?" resumed the lady of the tulip. "And her hands are so dirty. Come away, my sisters. I can't bear to be near such people." And in a moment away they had flown—all but

the two in the lily and the violet.

"Come hither!" said the purple-robed sylph, beckoning to Dora, and smiling pleasantly. "Do you know who we are?"

"No, ma'am," said Dora, humbly; for she felt mortified at the remarks just made about her.

"We are fairies," said the little speaker-"Flower Fairies, whose business it is to paint the opening blossoms. I am Violetta, and my sister, here, is Lilian."

She held up her palette, and showed it to Dora; and then she dipped her brush first into a drop of dew, and then in the purple color on the palette, and with it lightly touched a violet-blossom. And it was surprising with what a fresh, rich color the flower seemed at once to glow.

"Where do you get your beautiful paints?"

asked Dora, in admiration.

"Don't you see?" she answered.

And Dora, looking close, saw a very, very slender purple thread, much finer than any cobweb, luminous and transparent, falling directly upon the palette, as if shot down from the sky.

"From the light, little one," said the violet fairy, nodding her head—"and from the dew.

These make our flower-colors.'

All this time the fairy in white had been touching the long, graceful stamens of the lily with a fine gold-dust powder, glancing, now and then, thoughtfully at Dora.

"Oh," said Dora, clasping her hands in admira-

tion, "how I wish I were a fairy!"

Violetta laughed; but her fair sister turned, and fixed her soft, dove-eyes upon the child.

"Would you like to be one of us?" she asked. "Yes, ma'am; that is"—said she, hesitating— "for a little while."

"For how long?"

"About—about fifteen minutes," said Dora, at a venture.

Not that she exactly knew what fifteen minutes were; but she was accustomed to hear this period of time quoted, as a reasonable one in general, for almost anything in particular.

Very well," said Lilian. "Give me your

hand."

Dora stretched out her hand-how coarse and clumsy she now thought it looked !-to meet the tiny one of the fairy. But by the time the two had touched, Dora's hand had shrunk up to the size of that of her small companion, and Dora's body had diminished to the proportions of a good-sized bumble-bee; and Dora found herself standing on the edge of the lily-blossom, trembling and tottering in her efforts not to fall, while Violetta supported her on one side, and Lilian on the other.

"But I have no wings," said Dora, seeing exquisite transparent plumes unfolding from the

shoulders of her companions.

"Those we cannot give you," said the lilyfairy, gently. "Only a true fairy may have

Then she leaned forward, and they all three floated lightly off the lily-blossom—she and Violetta holding Dora, with their arms around her waist, while hers rested upon their shoulders.

Away, away, on the clear Summer air they flew-now rising, now falling, with a thrilling, elastic motion, that almost intexicated the little head unaccustomed to it, until at length, hovering for a moment, they sank softly, and floated into an open window, in which stood a box of violets, and lilies-of-the-valley.

"It is part of our work to-day," whispered "And we love to paint these flowers."

While they painted, Dora looked around. It was a small room, very poor and bare, but very neat. A sick woman lay propped on a bed, and near her sat a young woman, with a pale,

patient face, busily sewing. "Do you think you could eat a little now,

mother?" said the girl.

"I'll try, dear. I wish I had something nice for a change," she added, with a half-sigh. "I feel as if a little chicken-broth would do me good, and just now I was dreaming of being in a field full of strawberries. I almost wish I hadn't had that dream, for it has set me longing for them so, and I know we cannot afford such things."

"Dear mother, if you will wait a little, I will see what I can bring you nice. I've nearly finished my work, and presently will take it home

to Mrs. Marshall, and get the money."

Dora started when she heard this name. It was her mother's; and when she looked at the work, she saw that it was a braided dress for herself that her mother had bought only a day or two

This young woman must be Miss Burton, the poor seamstress whom nurse had taught her to

despise.

"How much will you get for it?" asked the mother, anxiously.

"Two dollars."

"Two dollars for four days' work! That is too

"I know it. But if I asked more for my work, I should not be able to get any. And now, mother, I will put the flowers by your bed, so that you can look at them, and smell their sweet, fresh breath while I am away. It will do you good."

"Yes; it always does me good. Bless the flow-

ers."

The girl went to the window, and bent over the violets and the lilies. She put her finger gently under the blossoms, and lifted them, so she could see all the beauties hidden away in their

"They are so lovely!" she murmured. "What has heaven given us so beautiful as flowers? I think, mother, these look brighter and fresher this evening than I have ever before seen them. Perhaps it is the reflection of the rosy light in the

"Ha, ha!" laughed Violetta, softly. And the

fair lily-fairy smiled.

"Come," whispered Violetta—"we have other work to do."

"Only a few more touches," answered Lilian,

hastily powdering the hearts of the lily-bells with her bright, golden dust. "It is so pleasant to see them pleased. There; I am ready.'

And again twining their arms about Dora, away

Over breezy groves, and pleasant green fields, where clover-blossoms and buttercups grew, round the suburbs of the city, and then back again to dingy, narrow, heated streets.
"Why do you come here?" said Dora, wonder-

"Why not stay in the beautiful country,

where it is fresh and sweet?"

"Because we think of others besides ourselves," replied Violetta, looking gravely into Dora's eyes.

And Dora blushed, and was silent.

When they again stopped, it was in the damp, filthy back-yard of an old tumble-down tenementhouse. Here, on the roof of a wood-shed, where it could catch a little sunlight and be out of harm's way, stood a battered tin cup, containing a sickly looking violet.

"Here," said the purple fairy, cheerfully-"here is my work for the present, and I shall take extra pains with it, I assure you."

Dora watched in wondering admiration as the pale, drooping flowers brightened into life and beauty beneath the touches of the dew-and-light-

laden pencil.

Just as Violetta drew back a little, to poise her pretty head on one side, and gaze criticisingly at her work, a ragged little girl ran out of a cellardoor, crying bitterly, and rubbing her bare arms, on which could be seen the cruel marks of a rod.

"She has no mother, poor thing!" whispered Violetta; while Lilian looked on the tearful face

with eyes of tender pity.

Dora's heart smote her. This was the very child that she had so haughtily ordered away from the

garden-gate a little while before.

The child dried her eyes, and, climbing on an old barrel, reached down the violets from the wood-shed. It was very pleasant, and yet very sad, to see how her little face brightened at sight of the blooming blossoms.

"How they have grown!" she said to herself; "and what lovely colors they are! I never saw

anything half so beautiful!"

She smelled them, and touched her lips lightly to them, holding the old tin can caressingly close to her breast.

"Mother told me that God gave us the flowers to make us good and happy," she murmured.

"Zou, Maggie!" screamed a shrill voice from the cellar; and the child hastily replaced her treasure, and ran in.

"There!" said Violetta; "isn't it something worth working for, to make a little unfortunate

like that happy for one moment?"
"Oh!" said Dora, her eyes full of tears, "if only I were a fairy, and could do what you do!"

"You may do more," said Lilian, gently and

"Yes, more," echoed Violetta, cheerfully. "Come, sister, let us go. Good-by, little one; your fifteen minutes are ended."

But Dora clasped her hands.
"Tell me!" she cried, imploringly—"tell me first what I can do to make poor people happy," "Think!" said the lily-fairy, softly, as she seemed to melt away from Dora's sight—"think!"

And the next moment Dora found herself stand-

Maggie's great, blue eyes grew very big, indeed.

"Ain't you the little girl I saw walking in the pretty garden just now?" she inquired. "Then I can show you the house. It is only four squares from here."



THE FLOWER FAIRIES .- "THEY ALL THREE FLOATED LIGHTLY OFF THE LILY-BLOSSOM.

ing where they had left her, no longer a tiny sprite, but herself again.

She looked around in great bewilderment and some alarm. How could she find her way home??

Just then Maggie came out of the cellar, with a shawl over her head, and a basket on her arm.

"Oh!" said Dora; "little girl, can you help me to find my way home? I am lost."

"Where are you going?" asked Dora, as they walked along together.

"Aunt Becky sent me to try and beg some supper."

"Is she your real aunt?"

"No. But she took me to work for her when my mother died."

"Do you like her?"



PUSS IN BOOTS .- ", WHAT DO YOU WANT HERE?" DEMANDED THE OGRE," - SEE NEXT PAGE.

"She won't let any one like her. There, yonder's your house."

"Come in," said Dora, "and I will give you

some supper."

She not only saw her eat a plentiful supper, but had her basket well filled, and then took her into the garden, and gathered for her such a glorious bouquet as Maggie had never before seen. And then she bade her be sure and come back in the morning. For Dora had such a nice little plan in her head concerning Maggie: and now she ran back into the house to speak to her papa

In the hall, as she entered, she found Miss Burton, with the braided dress that she had just finished. Dora spoke very civilly to her, and then ran to ask her mamma to please give Miss Burton more money for her work, which her mother did, saying it was fully worth more, only it was the usual charge with poor seamstresses.

And then Dora persuaded her mother to go to the pantry, and put up some cold fowl, and jelly, and other nice things, such as the poor sick woman could relish; while she herself ran into the garden and gathered a nice bowl of the largest and ripest

strawberries she could find.

And her heart felt glad within her when she saw the quick flush of pleasure in Miss Burton's face, and the half-tear in her eyes, as she thanked her and her mamma, and said how much good the nice things would do her own sick mother at

Dora's papa consented to his little girl's plan, pleased to see that she was feeling kindly and un-

selfishly at last.

So Maggie came to live at the great house, to do very light work, and learn to sew and read, and help Dora walk her baby brother in the beautiful garden in the bright Summer mornings and even-

ings.

I think there was never a happier little maid than Maggie, unless it was Dora, in seeing her so happy, and thinking it was her own doing. She made many other poor people happy, for the lesson taught her by the fairies was never in all her after life forgotten.

# PUSS IN BOOTS.

ANY hundreds of years ago, in a certain town, in a certain country, there lived an old miller and his three sons. The reputation of the old man had spread for miles round, so that the people came from all parts to have their wheat ground, knowing that, if they did so, they would receive their full measure of flour in place of the grain they had intrusted to him. Under these circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that the old miller became very rich.

Of his three sons, the two eldest helped him in the mill, but the youngest, who had a soul above converting corn into flour, incurred his father's heavy displeasure, by refusing to settle down to a miller's life, and expressing a wish to see the famous things that were to be seen in the far-off cities of the world.

The old man, however, would not hear of such a thing; and as his son was too dutiful to leave home without his father's consent, the result was that the young man spent his time in roaming about the woods, in search of adventures or the pursuit of any wild idea that might enter his head.

At last a time came when the poor old miller felt that his days were rapidly shortening, and that it would be advisable for him to make some disposition of his vast riches; so he called together his two eldest sons to consult with them about it.

"The old mill," began the miller, "which was my father's before me, I have made up my mind to leave to you, John, you being my eldest son. The house near the mill, on my death will become Reuben's, and the rest of my property will be equally divided between you, after having deducted therefrom three thousand pounds for your youngest brother's legacy."

"Three thousand pounds!" cried the brothers, simultaneously. "Three thousand pounds for that ne'er-do-well! What will he do with three

thousand pounds, I should like to know?"
"He will have nothing else," replied their

"No, I should think not!" replied the brothers. "And what will he do with that, if ever he gets it? Get rid of it in a few months among his boon companions, for we know not what sort of company he keeps; and there will be the precious gold that you have been saving all your life squandered on a set of idle fellows, who would only abuse you because you hadn't left your son more.'

"Then what would you advise me to do with

it?" asked the old man, meekly. He was rather afraid of his two hard-working,

industrious sons.

"It is very plain," replied they, "that the best use you could make of it would be to leave it equally between us, so that we might extend the business, and use it in a way that would do credit to you."

"But, then, what is to become of that poor

boy?"
"Poor boy, indeed!" exclaimed the indignant brothers. "Take our advice and leave him nothing at all, and when he finds that he must work or starve, he'll soon leave his present vagabond life, and become an honest, industrious man."

The miller was very much struck with this speech, and thinking that these two had the welfare of their young brother really at heart, he de-

termined to be guided by their advice.

So he made a will, leaving everything he possessed to his two eldest sons. I said everything, but he made one reservation in favor of his youngest child.

He felt that he must leave him some legacy, if it were only to show that he had regarded him not altogether harshly in his latter moments, so he added a few words to his will, by which he left him. an old cat.

By-and-by the old man died, and his youngest son, who was much affected by his loss, and never doubting that his father had left him the means, resolved to settle down henceforth to the life he so much disliked, but which he knew would have pleased the old man more than anything else.

The day arrived when the will was to be read, and I leave you to imagine the delight of those unnatural brothers and the dejection of the poor destitute one, when they discovered the strange legacy their father had left him.

They called it a capital joke, and told him to be

off with it as soon as he could.

It was in vain he offered to become their servant, if they would allow him to stay in the old home.

No! go he must, and so taking up the old tomcat, which was the only thing he possessed in the world, he quitted the mill-house in search of his

He walked many miles without stopping, and at last, being thoroughly worn out, he sat down

beneath a tree to rest.

It was not long before he fell asleep, and when he again awoke he was not a little surprised to hear Mr. Tom quietly purring a beautiful song to

"Ah, poor creature!" he exclaimed, "you have little need to sing, with such a miserable wretch for a master. You had better seek yourself some food, unless you would rather starve."

"I know all your misfortunes," replied Puss, sympathizingly, "and if you will only give me

permission I will make your fortune.'

"Holloa! what have we here?" cried the young man, in surprise. "A talking cat, I declare!"

"I come," replied Puss, with pardonable pride, "of an illustrious family, and I think I may say that I have inherited most of the talents of my ancestors. Your father knew this when he left me to you, and I am not sure that he didn't leave you a better legacy than either of your two brothers. If you will only let me, I promise to make your fortune in a very short time."

"How?" inquired Puss's master.

"That I can't tell you. You must wait and see; but you must make me a present to start with, and then I shall be all right."

"What may that be?" asked his master.
"A new pair of boots. I should prefer the best

and most fashionable that you can get."

"A modest request, truly," laughed the young man. "Do you know that it would take all the money I have in the world to buy you such a pair as you describe?"

"I know all that," replied Puss, "and all I can

say is, that it will be well laid out.

"Well, I will take your word for it," replied his

master, "and we will go and buy them."

So the boots were bought. They were as splendid a pair as you might wish to see, and really gave Mr. Tom quite a dignified appearance.

Puss trotted into the wood and laid some snares, before retiring to rest that night, and having found a nice sheltered spot, and recommended his master to follow his example, he curled himself comfortably up and went to sleep.

The next morning he found some fine birds in his snares, so slinging them over his shoulder, he

marched off to the King's palace and presented them for his Majesty's breakfast with his master's most loyal respects.

At night he again set his snares, and the next

morning left a beautiful hare at the palace.

He did this regularly for some time.

One morning the King's servant asked Puss to whom his Majesty was indebted for so many fine

"To the Marquis of Carabas," replied Puss, promptly, who had been anticipating the question.

"His Majesty commands me to say that you are to inform your noble master of the pleasure with which his Master has eaten the game," said the servant, and Puss took his departure very well pleased.

The next morning the King himself seized hold

of Puss.

"I am anxious to know personally so good and loyal a subject," said he. "Pray, can you tell me where the Marquis's estates are situated?"

"Your Majesty has given me a difficult question to answer," replied Puss, "for my lord's lands are so extensive that I don't know which part of them to direct you to."

"Indeed," replied the King. "In what direc-

tion do they lie?"

Puss waved his paw in the direction of the for-

"I shall come and see him!" exclaimed the King.

Puss started off at the fastest pace he could muster, and, running up against his master, ex-

claimed, excitedly: "Pull off your clothes quick—as quick as you can, master—and jump into the water; pull them

off, I say—pray be quick, or it will be too late!"
"But——" protested the bewildered master.
"Don't waste time, pray," urged Puss, anxiously, "but pull off your clothes and jump in."

The young man did so wonderingly. Pussy then

took his clothes and hid them.

At this moment a carriage surrounded by attendants on horseback came in sight.

Then Puss ran wildly to and fro on the banks of

the stream, calling out loudly:

"Thieves! thieves! Some one has stolen the Marquis's clothes! Thieves!"

The King hearing the cries, sent one of his attendants on before to ask what was the matter, he

himself following in his carriage.

He of course immediately recognized his old friend the cat, and asked him the cause of his dis-

"Ah, your Majesty," replied Puss, "my master came here to bathe, and some rascal has run away with his clothes."

"Is that all?" replied the King. "That is but a small matter."

And turning to his attendants, the King ordered them to bring the Marquis a complete suit.

The servants hastened to obey the monarch's orders, and soon returned bringing with them everything that the Marquis could possibly desire, and of the most gorgeous description; so that our hero presently found himself possessed of a finer ward-



PUSS IN BOOTS - THE MONARCH'S DAUGHTER.

robe than he had ever seen before. As soon as the Marquis was thus attired, Puss conducted him into the presence of the King, and said:

"May it please your Majesty, this is my master,

the Marquis of Carabas."

"Ah, my dear Marquis," replied the King, "I

am greatly pleased to see you. It is a pleasure I have been promising myself for some time past, for really your snipes and partridges are the finest birds I have seen for many years. Bythe-by, will you take a drive with us, and allow me to introduce you to my daughter, the Princess Royal? This is a very fine piece of country; your estate, I suppose?"

"Ahem-" be-

gan the Marquis.
"Yes, it is," broke
in Puss. "The fact of the matter is, my master's estate is so large that he scarcely knows where it ends."

"Ha. ha!" laughed the King; "fortunate dog.

" Perhaps, lord, you will like me to show his Majesty's coachman the way to your castle, where his Grace and the Princess would take a little refreshment," said Pussy.

"What do you mean ?" asked the master, angrily, but Tom was already out of hearing, bidding the coachman to follow him wherever he went.

He accordingly started off at a good round pace, taking care to keep a pretty good way on ahead.

Now Puss well knew that the land over which they were passing belonged to a terrible wizard, who besides being a wizard was also an ogre—that is to say, he was in the habit of devouring with great relish any man, woman, or child he could get safely within his clutches.

He was in the habit, failing any other supply,



THE MISCHIEVOUS ELVES.

of sending for some unfortunate tenant or laborer, who had happened to offend him, and once lodged within his castle walls, there was but a poor chance indeed left him of escape.

All this information Puss had taken great pains to gain, therefore it must be admitted that the game he was playing was rather a strange and de-

cidedly a venturesome one.

As they went on, Puss still keeping a good way on ahead, the country gradually became clearer and clearer of trees, and they presently came to meadows and fields, where laborers were busily plying their scythes.

Puss, rushing into the midst of them as they bent

over their work, exclaimed

"Your master is coming in a state carriage, and he has the King with him. He bids me command you to bow yourselves down to the ground before him when he approaches, on pain of instant death; and if his Majesty the King asks who employs you, you are to say, 'Our good and kind master, the most noble Marquis of Carabas.' See, he is coming now."

As the King's carriage drew near, the laborers one and all took their sickles from out the grass, and prostrated themselves almost to the ground be-

"Your people seem to do you great homage,"

said the King, with evident pleasure. "They do," replied the Marquis.

"What a splendid old estate!" exclaimed the "I should think your tenantry considered themselves lucky, to live and labor in such a lovely place and under such a master.'

"They would be brutes if they didn't," murmured the Princess, on whom the pseudo Marquis

had made a decided impression.

They came to more laborers and more still, and still all fell down before the Marquis with the utmost respect, to the utter bewilderment of the Marquis himself, who of course knew nothing of Puss's

magic injunction.

How it would all end Puss's master was afraid even to think, for he felt sure that sooner or later there would be an ignominious exposure; but with a sort of latent faith in Mr. Tom's talents, he made no effort to undeceive the King, but determined to let himself be guided entirely by circumstances.

Gradually the surrounding scenery became wild

and desolate.

They passed from cultivated fields to bits of thickly-wooded forest, through which the carriage could with difficulty pass, and again emerged on a wild, desolate-looking tract of land.

Hilly peaks greeted the eye on every side, while the ear was saluted by sounds of machinery and

busy life.

Hither and thither heavy wagons drawn by many

horses toiled up and down the steep hills.

"My good man," said Puss, addressing a man in charge of a wagon, who was leading his horses along with frantic "whoa-up's" and gesticulations,

you seem to have a hard time of it."
"You're right there," replied the man; "mining's hard work for man and beast, especially here-

abouts."

Crafty Puss had gained the knowledge he sought, so running along to where the grimy miners were swarming about like bees round a hive, he exclaimed:

"Your master and the King approach. He bids me tell you, if you value your lives, fall down before him as he passes; and if the King asks you who you work for, you shall say, 'For our good and kind master, the most noble Marquis of Cara-

The King's carriage toiled slowly up the difficult steeps, and as it approached the men fell down be-

fore it, as they had been directed.

"My good men," said the monarch, addressing the miners, "you seem to have a good master, for though you work so hard, I see no sign of dissatisfaction among you. Who is it that you work for?"

"Our good and kind master, the most noble

Marquis of Carabas."

The King seemed delighted with this answer; and if before he had any doubts of his new friend

the Marquis, they were all dispersed now.

They soon left the mining district and came to a part of the Marquis's vast territory from whence they espied, situated on a wooded eminence, and peeping out here and there among the trees, a magnificent castle.

Puss bolted up the hill, at the top of which the castle was situated, spurning trees, hedges, and

The carriage, meanwhile, toiled along the road,

which wound round and round it.

"Now I must be careful how I proceed here," thought Puss. "A single mistake may spoil everything."
At the pace he went, he soon reached the castle

door.

Here he gave a tremendous rat-tat-tat-tat, and was answered by a terrible-looking servant.

"I want to see your master," said Puss, without

The servant conducted him into a beautifullyfitted banqueting-hall, where, seated at a table, he perceived a stout, fierce-looking individual, whom he immediately recognized as the wizard.

Numerous servants were waiting on him while he partook of meat, which was carved from whole ani-

mals placed on the board.

At his elbow stood an immense goblet, into which blood-red wine was being poured by one of the ogre's servants.

The dish which most attracted Puss's attention was one placed in the middle of the table, consist-

ing of tender young babies.

This dish, which would seem to have been a favorite one with the master of the house-for it occupied the place of honor-so excited Puss's anger and disgust, that he would fain have turned tail and run out of the castle, had not his master's interests been at stake in the game he was playing. "What do you want here?" thundered the ogre,

when he perceived Puss bowing and scraping be-

fore him.

"I come," replied Puss, "from a distant land, where men say that this beautiful and famous castle is inhabited by one of the most clever and famous of men. So much have I heard about your extraordinary genius, that I could not rest until I came to pay my respectful homage to so wonderful a

"Indeed!" replied the wizard, gruffly, but nevertheless not a little gratified by Puss's well-timed flattery. "You haven't heard far wrong, for

the matter of that."

"They tell me," replied Puss, "that you are able, without the slightest difficulty, to convert yourself into any form you please."

"They tell you the truth," replied the wizard, "as I will show you. Name any animal you can think of, and I will immediately convert myself into it."

"Would it be possible for you to turn into an

elephant?" asked Puss.

"Of course it would," replied the wizard,

And as he spoke, his body began to swell and his skin assume a dark appearance, and in a few seconds Puss was confronted by an enormous ele-

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Puss, in an amazed tone-"wonderful, indeed! Now what I should like to see would be for that huge animal to turn

in as short a time into a little mouse."

"Nothing easier," replied the wizard, speaking

through the mouth of the elephant.

As he spoke, his immense form began sensibly

to diminish.

Smaller and smaller he became, so quickly that in no more than two minutes a little mouse was frisking about on the floor where the elephant had

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Puss, making a spring at the mouse, and fixing his claws in the creature's

back.

The mouse uttered a few faint squeaks, which made no impression whatever on Puss, who, in less time than it takes to tell, bolted the wonderful wizard with as much relish as the monster himself was in the habit of dispatching one of his cannibal feasts.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" cried the delighted servants. "That's a good deed done, and cleverly

done it was."

Puss turned toward them, and bidding them cease their joyful demonstrations, said:

"I have ridded you of a tyrannical master, have

I not?"

"You have! you have!" they cried. with one

accord.

"And I am going to do still more for you," replied Puss; "I am going to give you a good, kind master, who will pay you good wages and treat you kindly. He is, now that your former master is dead, the owner of all these estates, and he is now coming with the King and the Princess to review his property. Fly about and lose no time in preparing the best banquet you can muster at so short a notice, for their reception, and when they arrive mind you welcome your new master, the Marquis of Carabas."

The servants hastened to obey Puss's commands, and when the royal carriage arrived at the grand

entrance, the servants were waiting to welcome their new master and his royal guests.

Our hero, following Puss, led the way into the banqueting-hall, where a sumptuous repast was laid

"My dear Marquis," exclaimed his Highness, "what a splendid castle! Your ancestors were barons at some period of the family history, I should say."

"A fine castle, truly," replied the Marquis; "it

only wants one thing to make it perfect."
"And what is that?" inquired the King.

"A mistress," replied the Marquis.

Here the young man sighed and stole a timid look at the Princess, and the Princess sighed and stole a timid look at the Marquis.

"Well, my dear," said the King, "you seem to have taken a fancy to our friend here. Am I

right?"

The Princess looked at her father and smiled, and then giving him a sly look, called him a "dear duck of a papa."

The King evidently knew what that meant, and

turning to the Marquis, said:

"You hear what the Princess says. You have my permission to win her, if you can, and I don't think you will find much difficulty in doing so."

To tell you the whole story quickly, the Marquis was recognized by the willing tenantry as their new master, and soon after he had taken up his abode at the castle he brought home his bride, the lovely Princess.

Puss was rewarded for his valuable services by silken cushions to lie upon and all sorts of delicacies to eat, and to the day of his death he remained his master's most confidential adviser.

In the course of time the Marquis had a little son, and his mother being the only child, the little fellow, as will be clearly seen, was heir to the throne of his august grandfather.

#### THE RAIN - BELLE.

T was a hot, sweltering day in July. The had not been a drop of rain during all that time.

Farmer F--was growing wealthy; the harvest was plentiful, and his profit was great. But poor Widow Stine, who owned a few acres of barren

land, was daily growing poorer and poorer.

Farmer F—— had a beautiful daughter, Maria by name. Widow Stine had a son named Andreas. These two loved each other dearly; but the dearth of rain having reduced Widow Stine to utter poverty, Farmer F— would not give his daughter in marriage to her son.

One day Widow Stine called on Farmer F-,

and complained to him of her misery.
"The Rain-Belle is asleep." she said. "If she only could be awakened, we would have plenty of rain."

"What stuff you are talking! There's no such person as the Rain-Belle," answered the farmer rather gruffly.



THE ISLE OF PALMS .- SEE POEM ON PAGE 43.

"I believe in her power," said the widow, "and I hope I may succeed in waking her."
"If you succeed," rejoined the farmer, "I'll

"If you succeed," rejoined the farmer, "I'll give you my daughter in marriage to my son, and thus make you wealthy."

Rain-Belle could only be awakened by a song, 1

the words of which were unknown to Widow Stine.

She had paid a visit to Maria one day, and was talking to her about the hot weather and the Rain-Belle. She wished she knew the verses that had to be sung, and she was sure she would succeed in awakening her. But Maria was also ignorant



THE RAIN-BELLE, - MARIE AT THE SPRING.

of the rhyme. While they were thus in consulta-

tion, Andreas appeared. He looked very mournful. "Mother," he said, "what do you think? While I was looking about me in the fields, I noticed that our bucket, containing all the water we had, was spilled, and all the sheep dying from thirst. I was wondering who had been the cause of all this mischief, when, looking around, I beheld a red dwarf, who, whenever he stroked his beard, caused sparks to fly around."

"That was Fire-Bob, Rain-Belle's enemy," said

his mother.

"Well," continued Andreas, "while I was closely watching him (without, however, being seen myself), I noticed his lips moving, and, listening closely, I heard him sing:

> "The woods are hot, The springs are dry, And Fire-Bob Is merry and spry. Darling, beware,
> Or, without delay,
> Mother will come,
> And take you away."

"That is the Rain-Belle's song!" joyfully exclaimed his mother. "Now we are saved."

"But, mother," Maria remarked, sorrowfully.

"we do not know where to find the Rain-Belle."
"Don't we, though!" said Andreas. "I've found that out, too. While I was standing there looking at the dwarf, I saw him approach me. I stood still, and he came up.

"'You would like to find the Rain-Belle very much, wouldn't you?" he asked.

"' How do you know that?' I said.

"' 'My little finger told me so,' he answered.

"But nothing can tell you where she livesalthough your little finger seems to be very smart.

"'You are so stupid, Andreas,' he continued, 'that even though I did tell you that she lived in the large forest, you wouldn't know that there was a large pasture behind that forest.'

"Pretending to be very ignorant, I rejoined:

'You are right-I wouldn't know that.'

"'And if I told you that behind the forest there was a large pasture, you wouldn't know that there were steps leading to the Rain-Belle's home.'

"'You are right again; for I thought one could walk straight into the place without any

trouble.'

"'And even though you were in there, you wouldn't know that she could be awakened only by a virgin.

"'So, though I wished to awaken her, I would find it impossible,' I muttered; and, seeming very

sorry, I withdrew.
"I had scarcely left him before he laughed most hideously, exclaiming:

"'Wouldn't he like to know the Rain-Belle's

song?' and danced around for a long time." When Andreas had finished his story, Maria ex-

claimed, in glee:

"We will go to the Rain-Belle to-morrow. Oh, I am so happy now! It will surely rain when she

is awakened, and then there will be a wedding, too."

And she commenced singing:

"The woods are hot, The springs are dry, And Fire-Bob Is merry and spry. Darling, beware, Or, without delay, Mother will come, And take you away."

Early the next morning Maria and her lover set out on their journey to the Rain-Belle's home.

They wandered through the forest to the pasture. The sun was shining very hot, but they kept on bravely until they reached the stony descent.

Andreas descended slowly, leading Maria behind him. Deeper and deeper they went down, until

Maria, getting alarmed, exclaimed:

"We shall never get out of this dismal place!" But she was mistaken; the steps led out into an open waste. The hot sand scorched their feet. At a distance they beheld a dried-up brook.

"You must travel alone now, Marie," said Andreas, "until you come to the Belle's home."

And, standing still, he bade her go forward. Maria proceeded on her way. After a while she came to a spot where, in a large aperture which had once been filled with water, she saw a huge bird drooping its wings and blinking with its eyes.

Not stopping to take notice of anything around her, she walked on. At every step she took, the atmosphere seemed to grow hotter and hotter.

Finally, looking straight before her, her eyes met a large stone wall, on the surface of which the sun's perpendicular rays were reflected.

Standing for a moment undecided what to do, she turned around, and lo! there lay a beautiful

woman reclining on the ground, seemingly dead. For a moment, Maria hesitated; but at length, mustering up courage, she went up to the figure, and kneeling down beside it, put her lips close to its ear, and spoke distinctly:

> "The woods are hot, The springs are dry, And Fire-Bob Is merry and spry."

Maria had just sung one verse when she saw the lips of the woman move. She continued:

> " Darling, beware, Or, without delay, Mother will come, And take you away."

A loud noise, resembling thunder, was heard above, and suddenly the Rain-Belle stood upright before her.

"What do you want?" asked the lovely woman,

in a pleasant voice.

"You have been asleep so long," said Marie, "and have left us without rain. I have come to wake you. You are not angry?"

"No, my child," she answered. "You are right. I have slept very long, and Fire-Bob had almost been victorious. Take this pitcher and go to the spring. There you will find the key with which the spring must be unlocked. Then rain will descend from the clouds."

"But where is the spring?" asked Maria.

"Behold yonder castle; enter by that open gate. There, lying on the ground, you will find the key to unlock the spring. But before you reach the castle you will pass a brook. Fill your pitcher

with water from that brook."

Maria took the pitcher, and proceeded in the direction pointed out to her. She reached the brook. The water was very low, and the sand near by was very hot. Maria felt her feet burn-ing, but she kept on without fear. Presently she saw a hideous red hand emerge from the sand, and she started back involuntarily.

"Shut your eyes, and keep on," she heard the

Rain-Belle whisper.

Maria obeyed. At last she felt the refreshing water cool her heated feet, and she was wading in the brook. She stopped and filled her pitcher with

The castle-gate was soon reached, and she en-On the stone floor she saw a key lying; it was bright and glistening. She bent down to pick it up, but, with a shriek, she let it drop again. The yellow color of the key was not, as Maria had supposed, the color of gold, but had been caused by the brilliancy of the sun's rays.

Maria took her pitcher, and poured some of the water upon the key. After the hissing sound had ceased, she seized it, and unlocked the spring.

The water gushed forth freely.

Maria looked around this stony castle, and, to her great surprise, saw the same womanly form, lying upon the stone floor of the castle.

"Are you the Rain-Belle?" she asked, amazed.
"Who else should I be?" was the reply.

"What makes you look so merry now? You

seemed very sad before."

"I am happy that some kind virgin has come to awaken me," she replied. "My dear child, clap your hands, and the rain will descend.'

Maria obeyed, and the clouds above, which she had considered to be spider-webs, separated, and

the rain descended gently.

Maria, thanking the Belle over and over again, said she had to depart now to meet her lover, who was waiting for her. The Belle accompanied her back.

Wherever they trod, plants and flowers sprang up from under their feet. Everything seemed re-

freshed.

Suddenly Maria heard loud groans, and inquired

after the cause.

"That is Fire-Bob's voice," the Belle replied-

"he is swearing at the rain."

When Maria reached the spot where the dried brook had been, but where cooling water was now flowing, the Belle spoke to her.

"Call your lover, and get into this boat with him. It will carry you home, and will save you the trouble of mounting those winding stairs." With these words the Rain-Belle vanished.

When Maria and Andreas reached home, they found the village completely changed. Widow Stine was merry now, for her barren fields had become fertile. She was wealthy, too; and all through the rain.

Farmer F-- lost all his hay, which was washed away by the rain; but he did not grumble, for he

was to have a rich son-in-law.

A month after, there was a wedding; and while the bride was standing before the hymeneal altar, on a lovely Summer's day, raindrops fell gently from the clouds, and she whispered to Andreas, in a sweet and lovely voice:

"This is the Rain-Belle's blessing."

#### THE ISLE OF PALMS.

A ND would'st thou think it hard to dwell, Alone within some sylvan cell, Some fragrant arch of flowers,
Raised like a queen with gracious smile,
In the midst of this her subject isle, This labyrinth of bowers Could the fair earth, and fairer skies, Clouds, breezes, fountains, groves, To banish from thy heart suffice All thought of deeper loves? Or would'st thou pine thy life away, To kiss once more the blessed ray That shines in human eyes? What though the clustering roses came Like restless gleams of magic flame, As if they loved thy feet; To win thee like a Summer sprite, With purest touches of delight, To the Fairy Queen's retreat! Oh! they would bloom and wither, too, And melt their pearls of radiant dew, Without one look from thee; What pleasure could that beauty give, Which, of all mortal things that live, None but thyself may see?
And where are the birds that cheered thine eyes, With wings and crests of rainbow dyes, That wont for aye to glide
Like sunbeams through the shady bowers,
Charming away the happy hours
With songs of love or pride?
Soon, soon thou hat'st this Paradise;
It goods the could hath find It seems the soul hath fled
That made it fairer than the skies,
And a joyful beauty shed
O'er the tremor of the circling wave,
That now with restless means and sighs
Sounds like the dirge-song of the dead,
Dim breaking round a grave Dim breaking round a grave.

# HERR WINCHEN'S AVENCERS.

ERR WINCHEN sat in his library on the

10th of June, 181-.

The windows were opened to admit the soft and balmy air of the bright morning; through them came the sounds of happy children at play without; the merry carol of the wild birds, plainly heard from the tall lindens that lined the roadside, incited to vociferous rivalry a tame canary in a cage on the window-ledge; in the kitchen the housemaids worked busily to the music of their own



THE RAIN-BELLE. — MARIE AND ANDREAS ON THEIR WAY TO THE RAIN-BELLE'S HOME. — SEE PAGE 39.



HERR WINCHEN'S AVENGERS.—"6 GOOD-BY, FATHER, KATRINA SAID; BE SURE AND BRING ME SOMETHING FROM TOWN. HER FATHER CHUCKLED MISCHIEVOUSLY."

cheerful voices; everything betokened peace and happiness; everything but the Herr himself.

He looked careworn and sorrowful; trouble filled his eyes, and his brow was wrinkled by deepest thought.

He heard not the noisy mirth of his children; the musical war of the wild birds and the canary

fell unheeded on his ears.

And good reason had Herr Winchen for appearing so harassed, for at six o'clock of the coming afternoon he must furnish an inexorable creditor with the sum of five hundred guilders, and how to

get it he did not know.

He was not a poor man; he lived in the house and on the estate that the Winchens had inhabited for a long series of years. He kept servants, horses, and (somewhat rare luxury in those days), a carriage for his wife. He had been very well-todo in years past; but, although he could make money, he could not keep it.

A large and growing family made demands on his purse that his moderate income could ill sustain; and in a moment of fancied need he had borrowed five hundred guilders of the rich old Coun-

selor Guildenstern.

He had one hope of being able to repay the money when it became due—an old widow lady, a baroness by rank, but not over-rich, owed him six hundred guilders. As she lived in Bremen, about three leagues from Herr Winchen's mansion, he had determined to go thither, and, if possible, get enough to repay his debt; and he was now awaiting his horse for that purpose.

The door behind him opened softly, and a woman's face appeared—a kind, pleasant face, such as it seemed natural you should say "mother" to.

It was his wife, and now she came in, and laying her hand on his shoulder, bent down and kissed

him, and said:

"Why so sorrowful, Wilhelm? Surely a few hundred guilders should not so disquiet thee. Madame Detmer will repay thee, be sure; and then Herr Guildenstern will have no terrors for

"Thou art ever ready to console the fainthearted, Margaret," he answered, returning her caress. "But I know that you, in spite of your hopeful words, have a fear in your heart, as I have. Should I not be able to obtain the money, how shall I satisfy the counselor? But we must hope for the best. A short ride will solve the problem; and I will, God willing, be back here to supper, with the money that is to free us from debt. I hope the forest road is clear of the fallen boughs and deep gulches that are left by the Winter's storms, else will it be but a rough and uncomfortable ride to Bremen."

A sudden, indefinable terror smote the heart of Madame Winchen at these words. She hesitated a

moment, then said:

"Wilhelm, why go yourself to Bremen? Why not send Jacob, the groom?—or let young Carl Anrich, our daughter Katharina's betrothed, undertake this adventure for you? He is young and strong, and would gladly go, did you but ask him."

"No, no, wife; there is too much at stake to intrust it with any other than myself; besides, should any one but me apply to Madame Detmer for the money, she would most probably refuse it him; so be of good cheer; I will be back to supper at the stroke of five."

So saying, he kissed her tenderly, and then went out into the court, where a blooming girl of seventeen Summers was stroking the smooth face of a large black horse, who proudly bowed his great head in acknowledgment of his young mistress's

It was Herr Winchen's daughter, Katharina, and she went to her father and kissed him warmly, say-

ing:
"And are you going, father? Good-by, then, and be sure and bring me something from town. It is a long time since you went there, and I very much want a pair of earrings."

Her father chuckled mischievously, as he re-

"Ah, young miss! you want earrings, eh? Then why do you not ask Carl for them? or has the time

for asking him not yet arrived?"

And laughing again at the blushes he had called to Katharina's cheek the mounted his horse and rode out of the courtyard, nodding gayly to two boys of eight and ten years, and crying to them as he went

"Good-by, children! Be good boys until thy

father returns, and get into no mischief."

The road to Bremen proved better than Herr Winchen had feared, and he soon arrived at his destination.

Riding to a good inn, he had his horse put up, and ordered a good dinner; then, losing no time, went in fear and trembling to the house of the Baroness Detmer.

To his great surprise and joy, she paid the whole of her debt without any demur, and he returned to the inn, greatly elated, and feeling once more a free man.

He sat down to a good dinner, at which the landlord himself waited on him; for Herr Winchen was a man of some note—a landowner, and, moreover, always had a kind word and cheery smile for all.

But soon Herr Winchen, feeling at peace and charitably inclined toward all men, called for an extra bottle, and said, in his most cordial tones:

"Come, good landlord, drink with me. I am alone, and enjoy company; so fill up, man, and drink to the good health and prosperity of the Baroness Detmer?"

"The Baroness Detmer?" quoth the landlord, surprised; "and wherefore the baroness, good

Herr?"

"Why? Why, man," replied Herr Winchen, "she saved me to-day from the bailiffs."

And seeing the landlord's look of astonishment, he explained the matter in a few words, and, con-

cluding, rapped his breast and said:

"And here, meinherr, in a broad money-belt, are six hundred good guilders; and to-night, at six, five hundred of them go to the Counselor Guildenstern, and I am once more a free man! so let us drink a parting glass to the baroness, and

then I will go, for I have some little presents to buy for my children, and must be home by five of the clock."

And, standing, they drank to the baroness, and then, while his horse was being prepared, Herr Winchen went out and bought his presents, and then mounting, bade good-by to his host, and was riding off, when the landlord stopped him and said:

"Are you armed, Herr Winchen? Men carry not six hundred guilders about with them without

such precautions."

At these words two ill-favored men who were standing in the inn-yard, glanced quickly at each other, and then at Herr Winchen, who answered,

laughing:

"No, meinherr; I carry no arms. These are not the days of Black Ronald and his men; and though I do take the forest road, yet I have no fears other than of my horse's breaking his legs, for the way is not over-smooth; so good-by, and prosperity be with you."

And he rode out of the inn-yard, and turned his

horse's head toward his home.

The two men again looked meaningly at each other, then turned quickly about, and, taking the same direction as Herr Winchen, were soon lost to view in the narrow streets.

\* \* \* \* \* \*

An open, grassy glade, surrounded by deep woods; across it, the ill-defined forest road, like a narrow brown ribbon on green velvet; to the left, close by the road, a little pool lined with sedges; to the right, almost hidden in the foliage of the trees, a small, half-ruined hut; and over all the blue yault of heaven.

Two men were conversing in the hut—tall, powerful men, low-browed, black-bearded, villainous-

looking.

They were unarmed, but there were two heavy, freshly-cut bludgeons standing in a corner, that would have made terrible weapons in strong hands.

"Thousand thunders!" exclaimed one. "What a run the old fool gave us, to get here before him!"

"Yes, Herman," replied the other; "but six hundred guilders are worth running for. We

might have run further, and fared worse."

"Fared worse!" growled the one addressed as Herman; "we have not yet gained our prize; and should Winchen take it into his head to pursue the road that branches off at the great rock, our hurry will come to naught. Besides, he is strong and well-mounted; and his horse, should his master escape the first blow, would soon carry him out of our reach. Therefore, reckon not without thy host, friend Rudolph; as I said before, we have not yet gained our prize."

"Thou art always grumbling, Herman!" angrily retorted the other. "Thy croaking would throw cold water on any enterprise; but thou shalt see how easy will be our task. A couple of blows from this stout stick"—picking up and brandishing one of the cudgels that stood in the corner—"would crush the skull of an ox; and what man ever stood

before a blow of my arm, fairly delivered? No; by the cross of St. Andrew, the money is as surely ours as though we were now counting it! But hark! I hear the step of his horse ringing on the stony path above! No time is to be lost! Prepare for action, and fail not to strike sure and heavy! You grasp his horse's bridle, and I—But quick! he is here!"

And hastily seizing their bludgeons, and throwing each a fold of their ragged cloaks before their faces, they flung open the door of the hut, and

bounded forth.

Herr Winchen was riding slowly along the path, dreaming not of danger. His thoughts were of his happy home, of his wife and blooming children. He blessed the lucky chance that had put money in Madame Detmer's hands, just at a time when he needed it so sorely; and thought how his wife's pleasant face would lighten up when she saw the shining coin that was to free them from debt and dishonor.

But suddenly the sound of rapid, rushing feet struck on his ears, and he looked up to see the two

robbers running toward him.

Before he could turn his horse's head, one had a firm hold of his rein, while the other lifted a heavy club, and hoarsely exclaimed:

"Thy money, Herr Winchen!"

Winchen could not repress a start at the utterance of his name.

"You know me, then?" asked he.

"Yes," answered the one called Rudolph, "we know thee; and we know, also, that thou hast six hundred guilders about thee. Give us the money, and thou shalt go free; refuse, and thou art a dead man!"

"Not if I can strike a blow!" suddenly shouted Herr Winchen, as, quickly stooping, he snatched the club from Rudolph's hand, and dealt him a

stunning blow on the head.

But almost at the same moment, a heavy body whistled through the air, and Herman's club struck Winchen to the earth, while his horse, released, galloped homeward with a wild snort of affright.

Then both robbers, rushing forward (for Winchen's blow, though heavy, had not disabled Rudolph), raised their clubs and dealt quick and powerful blows upon the bare head of the fallen man; but suddenly, from the woods on one side, came four wild pigeons.

With quick, rushing wings, they, flying low, almost grazed the heads of the robbers, who started

back in terror at the unwonted sound.

Then, slowly lifting his bruised and bloody head, and extending his trembling hand toward the sky Herr Winchen spoke in a hollow voice, weak but terrible:

"Villains! the great God has sent His witnesses to your bloody deed! I die—but those birds shall

avenge me!"

The hands fell heavily back to the earth, a fluttering, long-drawn sigh was heard, and two sightless eyes stared blankly up at the sky, seeming to invoke God's vengeance on the consummators of this horrible deed.

After recovering from their momentary alarm,



MINET BLUE AND LOUVETTE. - "NO SOONER HAD THE HERMIT BEGUN THE CEREMONY, THAN BOTH RECOVERED BEAUTY AND TALENT." - SEE PAGE 50.

the robbers hastily secured the money and fled. At home the good wife waited anxiously her husband's return; a feeling altogether new to her, a sort of ominous foreboding of evil, filled her heart; she laughed once nervously to herself, as the absurdity of her fears presented itself.

The town of Bremen was but a short distance-a two hours' ride; it was true that part of the road lay through a forest, but in those days robbers were not thought of, and other dangers there were none; but in spite of all such arguments, that strange feeling still continued; and finally, tired of trying to escape its malign influence, she retired to her chamber, and prayed God to keep her husband from harm.

But scarcely had she concluded, and while still kneeling, the rapid clatter of galloping hoofs across the paved court struck on her ear; they stopped not at the hall-door, as was their wont, but swept

on to the stable, and there stopped.

A sudden chill struck on Madame Winchen's heart. Starting to her feet, she listened eagerly; suddenly came loud calls and exclamations from the stable. She flung open the door, and hastily descending the stairs, went out into the court, and encountered Jacob, the groom, leading to the door his master's horse, his face revealing alarmed astonishment; she passed him, and laid her hand on the pommel of the empty saddle, but started back with a shriek so full of horror and despair that it caused the horse to rear with fright; the next moment she fell to the ground in a swoon, her white hand stained with her husband's blood from the saddle.

Three years have elapsed since the events be-

The police had exhausted their arts to obtain a clew to the murderers of Herr Winchen; but all in vain. The body had been found that evening, lying undisturbed where it had fallen. It was placed in the Winchen family vault, and the perpetrators of the deed remained undiscovered.

In the second year after the murder, Carl Anrich married Katharina Winchen, and, by Madame Winchen's desire, took up his abode in her house.

But Madame Winchen never recovered her old cheerfulness of manner; the occurrences of that fearful day laid her on a fever-bed, from which she arose, months afterward, an altered being. She

never mingled in society, but remained immured in the solitude of her chamber, "waiting," she said, "the vengeance of God on her hus band's murderers," which, she persisted in saying, would come in good time; and it did come, in a strange and wonderful manner.

One day, near the close of the third year after the murder, a policeman was standing alone in the market-place of Bremen, carefully watching and listening to two rough-looking men who were conversing together in a low tone, a little apart—in so low a tone, indeed, that the policeman, though not half-a-dozen steps off, found some difficulty in distinguishing the words of their conversation.

He suspected them of participation in a recent burglary, and was endeavoring to ascertain, by some careless words of theirs, the truth of the matter, and his vigilance was well rewarded.

As a man, looking for a penny, finds a gold piece, so he, looking for a small crime, found a great one.

He bided his time, and listened, one may say, not only with his ears, but with his whole body, to the low, a l m o st undistinguishable, murmurs of the two vagabonds.

And this is what they said, casting, meanwhile, quick and stealthy glances on all sides, like dogs who are engaged about some act that they know, if discovered, will bring down their mas-

ter's vengeance on their heads. How little they imagined retribution was so near.

"Think you yonder policeman can hear us, Her-

man?" spoke the younger of the two men.
"No, Rudolph," answered the other. "He looks bothered because he cannot; and I like to tease the old fox. Go on with thy talk, and mind him not. I will keep an eye on him."

"Well, as I was saying," began Rudolph—then suddenly broke off, to stare in a half-terror at a person walking on the other side of the square.

As the man went out of the market-place, Rudolph grasped the arm of his companion, and whispered, fearfully:

"Ha! for a moment methought I again beheld



LITTLE PRIMROSE. - "SHE TOOK THE BIG BASKET AND A PENNY, AND SET OFF." SEE PAGE 51.

old Wilhelm Winchen! Look you! is it not his shape?"

"Thousand devils—no!" fiercely exclaimed Herman, wrenching his arm from Rudolph's grasp.

Then, suddenly recollecting the policeman, he

lowered his voice, and continued:

"Why, man, what ails thee? The whole day thou hast stopped, and started, and gazed fearfully at things, as though thou sawest a ghost in every man, woman, and child! What has come over thee ?"

"I know not, Herman," Rudolph answered. "I have a certain fear in me to-day; and —"whispering—"I have thought for the last week of old Herr

Winchen."

"Nonsense, man!" growled the other, but looking fearfully about him even as he jeered his companion; "nonsense! thou hast not had enough wine to drown the idle fancies that always filled thy brain. Come with me and drink a flagon of Rhenish, and thou shalt see with clearer eyes, and lose this womanish fear of thine—come on!"

They turned to go; but suddenly, low-flying, with a swift, whirring rush, as they flew three years before in the wood, close to the villains' heads, went four wild pigeons; a moment the air echoed with the sound of their wings—the next they were

"My God!" shrieked Rudolph, starting back in

dismay; "Herr Winchen's avengers!"

The words fell, sudden and quick, on the ears of the policeman. The time for action had come; and the next moment his heavy hands grasped each a shoulder of the murderers, and his gruff voice sounded in their startled ears, saying:
"Surrender! I arrest you for murder!"
Herman violently struck up the hand that held

him and turned to fly, calling on his comrade to do likewise; but suddenly a dozen soldiers, at a whistle from the policeman, advanced from a side street and closed around the three; and, seeing the hopelessness of escape, Herman relinquished his design, and folding his arms, awaited the pleasure of his captors, who soon transferred both the villains to the jail.

Little now remains to be told. Brought before a magistrate, Herman stoutly denied all knowledge of the crime; but Rudolph (whether stung by remorse, or by what other agency can never be known) confessed the whole, implicating Herman; and a short time afterward both suffered the extremest penalty of the law on the same scaffold.

Many people believed that the four white pigeons were good fairies sent to bear witness against a cruel murder; but that they appeared

on both occasions was never disputed.

Three days after the execution of the murderers Madame Winchen died, saying she had lived to see her husband avenged, and did not wish to live

longer.

To this day Carl Anrich, now an old man of seventy years, tells to the wondering and awestruck circle of children and children's children, annually gathered at Christmas in the old Winchen mansion, the story of his father-in-law's murder. and Herr Winchen's avengers.

## MINET BLUE AND LOUVETTE.

OUVETTE was a princess whom an enchanter, whose love she scorned, had punished most curiously. Five days of the week she was fear-fully ugly, and a mere dwarf; on two days, how-ever, she was of ravishing beauty and elegant figure; but with her ugliness she was tender, good, sweet, and amiable, losing all those qualities with the return of her beauty, and becoming silly, disdainful, and insupportable.

In vain she endeavored during her amiable days to win the solid esteem and love of some one; it was all in vain -- her ugliness repelled more in five days than her evil qualities of mind did in

The lovers who adored her beauty during its brief reign shrunk from her during the rest of the week; while those who enjoyed her society with a feeling of some repugnance during her better days could not be won by her beauty to pardon the ab-

surdity that attended her fleeting charms.

In the same land was a prince, who, for rejecting the love of an amorous fairy, had met with a similar chastisement. For two days each week, and these were Louvette's days of beauty, he was a perfect fright to look upon, while during the rest of the week, though retaining the beauty and grace of form and manner that had always been his, his mind was apparently paralyzed, and his conversation, ideas, and thoughts, seemed almost idiotic.

During his two ugly days he was desperately in love with Louvette, who treated him with all the scorn of which she was capable, while, when she recovered her senses and her ugliness, she would have given her very life to have had Minet Blue at her very feet, silly as he was; but he was utterly

indifferent to her.

Yet Louvette fared better than he did. She had lovers plenty, while he was almost deserted by all, till at last Confidente, a young and noble lady, took a sudden interest in him. This excited the jealousy of the other ladies of the court, and all means were resorted to in order to keep them asunder and effect a breach of the rising friendship or love. Yet their plans signally failed, driving them to despair.

As a last recourse, they drew Louvette into the plot, and got her to play the part of a jealous rival. She played it well. She sought Minet Blue's company on all occasions; she eclipsed Confidente entirely, and at last—such is often fate—became deeply in love with him in reality. His ugliness began to decrease in the electric light of love, and in the same ratio her repulsive looks became more

tolerable in his eyes.

One day he was attacked in the forest by rob-ers. He defended himself bravely, and drove them off, but received a wound in his left hand from a poisoned arrow. On reaching a hermit's hut, he showed the wound to the solitary, who told him it would be fatal, if some one would not. at the risk of life, suck the venom from the wound.

Hearing of Minet Blue's peril in the forest, Louvette had hastened to the spot, with an old forester and his wife as guides, and finding him wounded, soon learned his danger. She at once clasped the hand, and drew forth the poisoned blood.

The prince, more moved and troubled at her noble conduct than at his own danger, regarded her, unable to speak or withhold his tears. Her ugliness had vanished. She had become an angel in his eyes.

So does gratitude beautify the generous. Esteem, pity, gratitude, entered the prince's soul, never to

depart.

Her love for him stood confessed in deeper proof than words, and it was now returned. They asked the holy hermit to unite them in marriage, each expecting death; but no sooner had the hermit begun the ceremony, than both recovered beauty and talents, health and happiness.

True love had cured all.

## LITTLE PRIMROSE.

"To market, to market, to buy a plum-cake;
Home again, home again, not one baked.
To market, to market, to buy a plum bun; Home again, home again, not one done."

LITTLE girl stood all alone, one cold, windy day in Spring, knocking at the door of a farmhouse. She was tidily dressed, except that, instead of hat or bonnet, she wore a pale-yellow handkerchief over her head; and in her hand she held a bunch of primroses, as though she had been wandering through the lanes.

"Whose little girl are you?" said the woman

who opened the door.

The little girl only smiled, and said:

"They told me to come here."

"They told you! Who, in the name of goodness?" said the farmer's wife.

The little girl could not tell; they had said she

was to come here.

"May not I come in?" she said; "it's so cold." "But where on earth do you come from? Can you tell me that?" asked the woman.

"From where the primroses grow," replied the

child, holding up her flowers.

"My patience, child! What's your name, en? Come!"

But that seemed the most puzzling question of all; the little girl could not answer it in the least.

"My patience!" cried the farmer's wife, again. "Husband! girls! here's a child that doesn't know her own name."

Everybody in the house crowded to the door, and everybody began asking the little girl questions at once; which did not make matters any clearer.

"It's all very well," said the farmer's wife, at last, "but I'm not going to have her in, whatever you may say. We have mouths enough to feed already - so there !"

And she looked fiercely at her husband, who, quiet man, had not the slightest intention of pro-

posing such a thing.

"But look you," said a neighbor who happened to be calling, "the child's a rich person's child, or she would surely know what her name is, and where she comes from. There will be a great offering of rewards for her before long, and of course them that kept the child will get the money. I'll take her, if you won't."

But these words had made the farmer's wife change her mind, and she refused to let the little girl go to any one else, and made haste to take

The days went by, and no reward was offered or inquiry made. Then people changed their minds again, and said the little girl was some gypsy's child, and they called her "The little stray," or "The gypsy lass." But some who were of a kinder spirit called her Little Primrose, because of the bunch of primroses she had brought with her, and her primrose-colored handkerchief.

The farmer's wife grumbled a bit, but she did not turn her away, for she had found out by this time what a handy little maiden Little Primrose was. It was a pretty sight to see her sit and sew, the needle flew in and out so nimbly, and the patch was fitted, or the darn made, so knowingly. And as she became bigger, Little Primrose—for so she was commonly called—would sweep the passages, and dust the rooms, and feed the chickens, and fetch the cows, and skim the milk, and

do many other jobs besides.

But though she did her work cheerfully, and was gentle and obedient, the people of the farm were not very fond of the stranger child. They were so different in their tastes. The girls would talk much of dress, and were fond of noisy company and boisterous play, and loud talking and laughing, all things which Little Primrose did not like. And the boys would run after her to pull down her beautiful hair, which fell below her waist, and would call her Gypsy Girl, and names like that. So Little Primrose was much alone.

"Primrose, I hear that your brother is come to see you," said the eldest daughter to her one day, as she was helping to make up the butter.

"You know that I have no brother," replied

Little Primrose.

"I don't know anything of the sort," returned the other. "You may have half a dozen gypsy brothers all about the country. Anyhow, this one is a stray, and without belongings, just like you; only he will never get so good a home as you have got, for he can't work—he is lame, or sick, or something. He lies in the old tool-shed at the entrance to the glen. I wonder you have never been to see him yet."

She spoke laughingly, but Little Primrose determined that she would go. She knew what it was to be alone among strangers, and she felt full

of pity for the little sick boy.

As soon as her work was done, she ran to the shed. There lay a boy who looked a little older

than herself, but so pale and ill, that Little Primrose's eyes filled with tears as she looked at him. Somehow, she had so fully expected to find a little boy, that she did not know what to say to so big a one; but she made up his bed as comfortably as other, and be brother and sister.

that she began to think that boys might not be always rude.

And they agreed that, since they were both alone in the world, they would belong to one an-



THE BLACK CHARGER OF HERNANDO.-" DOÑA TERESA LED THE GALLANT BLACK CHARGER AWAY." - SEE PAGE 59.

she could, and promised to come again and see him, Soon not a day passed that Little Primrose did not run over there, in sunshine or rain, bringing a cup of milk, or anything else that she had been able to save from her share at mealtime; and she found the stranger always so gentle and courteous

"I wish I had a little money," said Little Primrose. "I would buy some medicine for you, to make you well."

"I do not think it is medicine that would cure

me," said the sick boy.

"What, then?"

"Well, I have a strange longing for a cake. The words keep coming to my mind:

> " ' A little white cake My cure would make.'

And sometimes I fancy it must be true, though it

sounds foolish enough."

Little Primrose feared that a cake could never really cure any one; but the next baking-day she said to the farmer's wife:

"Oh, mistress! do make a little cake, just for

once, for the lame boy in the shed."

"Not I," said her mistress; "I have no time

for such nonsense, whatever you may have."
"Then will you let me make it?" said Little

Primrose. "He does want it so."

"No, indeed," said the mistress. "Do you think I can afford to make cakes for beggar-boys, when it's as much as I can do to put bread into our own mouths? Don't let me hear any more of such nonsense, or I shall stop your going to see that boy any more. It's scarcely proper as it is, and I wonder you should like to go tramping off to see nobody knows who, the way you do.'

Little Primrose was afraid to say any more,

but went about her work.

It was a wild, windy day in March, very much like the day on which she had first come knocking at the farm-house door; and when she drove the cows out into the field again after milking, Little Primrose had to stop to twist up her hair that the wind had blown down about her shoulders. While she was doing so she saw an old gentleman passing along the road.

It was strange that he should have ventured so far from the town on such a day as this, for he was scarcely able to battle against the wind; and while she was looking, a gust caught him, and away flew hat and handkerchief, umbrella and specta-

cles, in different directions.

The old gentleman ran after first one and then another, and by the time Little Primrose could get to the place, he was already on his way again. But there was still one thing left, caught fast in the hedge, and, when Little Primrose saw it, she

"Oh! the wind has blown off his hair! How

strong it must be !"

And she clapped her hand to her head, to make sure that her own hair was still safe. In pulling the thing out of the hedge, however, Little Primrose found that it was not his real hair, but a wig, and, much relieved, she set off after the old gen-

tleman, shouting and holding it up.

"Bless me! bless me!" he exclaimed, when she reach d him-"that mine, eh? Dear, dear, so it is! Would not have gone through the town like this, not for any consideration. Head-warmer, you know-cold day," added he, to Little Primrose, who stood holding his gloves and umbrella while he fitted on the wig again. "Good girl, give her a penny if I had one with me. But children nowadays so grand, do not care for pennies, eh!"

"I don't know, sir," replied Little Primrose.

"I never had a penny of my own."

"Bless me, bless me!" cried the old gentleman, again. "Strange child-give her sixpence, eh? There! Spend it in lollypops, eh?—unwholesome stuff!"

And the old gentleman hobbled away, leaving Little Primrose in the middle of the road with

the sixpence in her hand.

What should she do with it? Her great ambition was to have a claspknife to carry in her pecket; should she get that? But no; surely sixpence would buy a cake. She would get a cake for the sick boy next time she went into the town.

The following day was market-day, and the

farmer's wife said to her:

"Primrose, you must go to market. There are several things that I want, and I have not got

time to go myself."

Little Primrose joyfully tied on her kerchief, took the big basket on her arm, and set out. She looked into her pocket several times on the way, to make sure that her sixpence was still there; and as soon as she had done all her other commissions, she went into the great cake-shop in the high street, and said:

'If you please, I want to buy a cake."

"What sort of a cake?" asked the grand lady in curls and flounces behind the counter.

"A plum cake," said Little Primrose, "but only a small one." For she thought that very likely the plums would make it more expensive.

"Dear me," said the shop-woman, after looking round, "there's not one left. We have some baking, though; if you can wait half an hour, there's a batch in the oven at this moment. but we have not one baked."

But Little Primrose could not wait, for her mistress had told her to make haste home, so she was forced to put off buying it till the next marketday.

As she trudged home, her feet seemed to beat in measure to these words, repeated over and over

again:

"To market, to market, to buy a plum cake; Home again, home again, not one baked."

When she went to see the sick boy that evening, she told him about her sixpence, and how she had hoped to bring him home a cake; for they liked to tell one another everything, as people do who are very fond of each other. She should be sure to get it next market-day, she said.

Before the next market-day came, however, a traveling tin-woman visited the farm with pots and saucepans. The farmer's wife went to the door to look at them, and presently called to Little Prim-

"It's her mother come to fetch her," said one of the children.

But her mistress said:

"Primrose, did not you have sixpence given you the other day? You have not spent it yet, have you?-because I very much want this little saucepan, and I have no change in the house. only fivepence; you shall have a penny back, and that is quite enough to spend on rubbish."
"Oh, but, mistress," cried Little Primrose, "I

want to spend it on the lame boy. Do please let

me keep it."

"Always the lame boy!" said her mistress—" as if there were nobody here on whom you might spend it. Now don't be silly, but go and fetch it. Why, you will have the use of the saucepan as well as any one else."

And she never let her alone until the bright silver sixpence was safe in the tin-woman's big pocket, and instead of it poor Little Primrose re-

ceived a dull, dirty-looking penny.

"But never mind," she said to the sick boy, when she told him about it that evening, "a penny will buy a plum bun-and that is a little cake, you know, so perhaps it will do as well."

In a few days there was a fair in the town, and the farmer and his wife and family all put on their smartest clothes to go there. Little Primrose must go, too, to carry the baskets and take home the things that they bought; but she had no smart clothes, and she tied her kerchief over her head, took the big basket and her penny, and set

At last the basket was full of the things that had been bought, and the farmer's wife said:

"Now you may go home, Primrose."

Then Little Primrose ran straight to the cake-shop again. There were plenty of cakes in the window this time, but Little Primrose would not let herself look at them, but walked straight in, and put down her penny on the counter, saying:

"Please to let me have a plum bun."

"I am very sorry," said the shopwoman, "but we have just sold our last. There are some more making at this moment, but not one done. If you will come back in a quarter of an hour, I can let you have one.

"I will wait this time," thought Primrose, "for

I must have my bun."

So she went outside, and leaned against a doorpost to wait, putting down her heavy basket at her feet, and turning her penny over and over in her hand as she stood.

Presently the youngest boy at the farm saw

her, and ran up, crying:

"Oh, Primrose, give me that penny! I do so want to go and look at the peep-show, and I have spent all my money.'

"I cannot give you this penny-it is for the poor sick boy; you would not like to take it away from him. Ask your mother; I dare say she will give you one."

"She won't; she says I've spent money enough," said the boy. "I don't care for the sick boy; I want your penny," and he began to cry,

for he was a spoiled, selfish little fellow.

"Oh, for shame! what an ill-natured little girl, not to give the poor child a penny, when he wants it so much," said a passer-by. "Give the poor little fellow that penny."

The little boy, on hearing this, thinking that every one was sure to be on his side, darted forward, snatched the penny out of Little Primrose's

hand, and ran away.

It was all Little Primrose could do to keep from crying now, especially when a fresh, steamy smell

told her that the newly baked buns were at that moment in the shop. It was not because she had been called hard names, though that was disagreeable enough, but because of the disappointment to the sick boy—and when was she likely to ever get a penny again?

She went slowly homeward, and her feet seemed to beat time as before, only that this time the

"To market, to market, to buy a plum bun; Home again, home again, not one done."

She had turned out of the high road into the lanes, but though there were primroses and violets and many wild Spring flowers all round her, she did not stop to notice them, as usual, but walked straight forward, thinking of her sick friend's disappointment, and wishing that she lived with people who were more kind and considerate.

She was startled out of her brown study by hearing, or thinking she heard, her name called:

"Little Primrose!"

There it was again !—a voice such as you might expect to come from a butterfly or a ladybird, but as clear and distinct as possible. Yet there was no one in sight—no one behind the hedge, no bird in the air above, that could have said it.
"Little Primrose!"

This time her eye fell on the primrose-covered bank, and lo! standing on a large primrose flower she beheld the loveliest little fairy in primrose and dog-violet-colored robes, and with a pair of wings like a May-fly.

"So there was not one done," said the fairy, when she saw that she had caught the little girl's eye. "And the time before it was just the same —there was not one baked. What! you look surprised; but we fairies know everything. Did you

never hear of us before?"

"Yes," said Little Primrose, sitting down beside the plant on which the fairy was balancing herself, with her wings shining in the sunlight. "I have read of you in an old book belonging to my mistress's children. But I thought you lived

in the woods and wilds, where nobody comes."
"We are everywhere," said the fairy, speaking so vehemently, that the primrose nodded beneath her. "In that baker's shop, for example, did you notice a ray of sunlight that streamed in from a back window?"

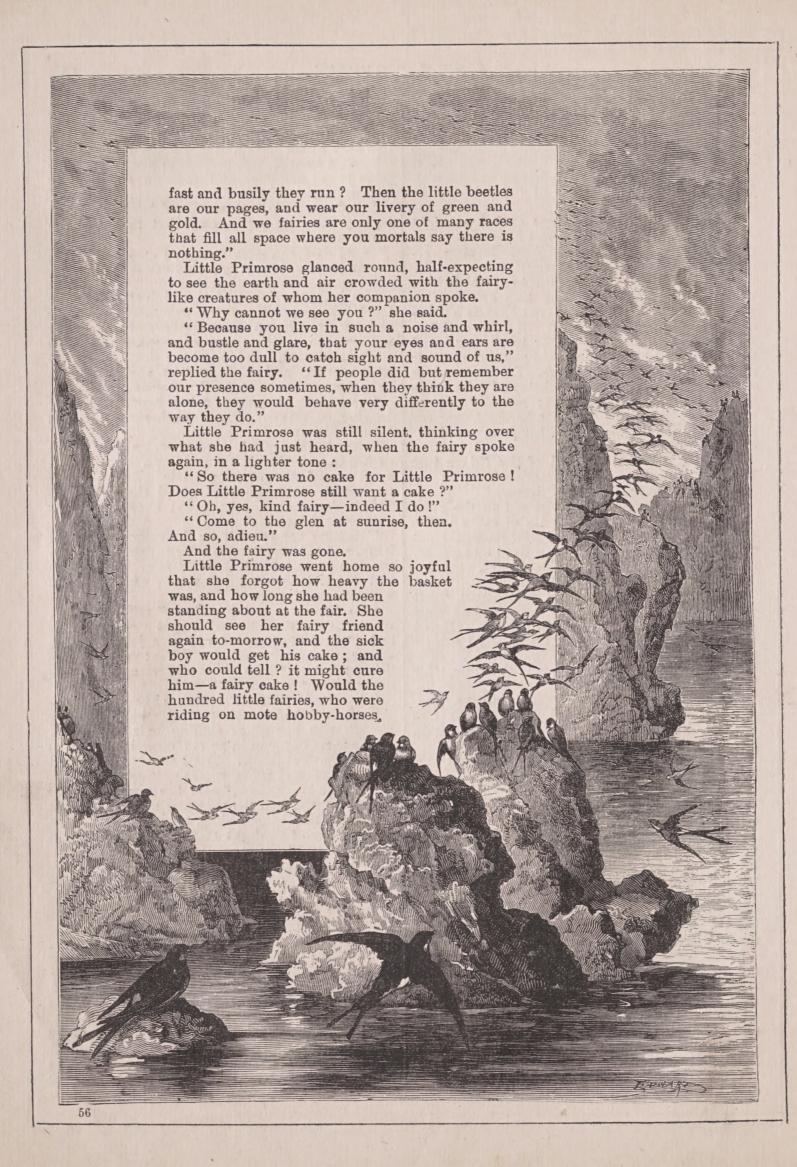
Little Primrose thought she remembered it.

"Do you remember the hundreds of motes dancing in it?" continued the fairy. "Those motes are all our fairy-children's hobby-horses. There must have been a hundred of them at least, playing in that ray when you were in the shop. Oh, we have many ways of knowing all that goes on. You know the little creatures that you mortals call money-spiders?"

"Oh, yes! they are bright-red," said Little

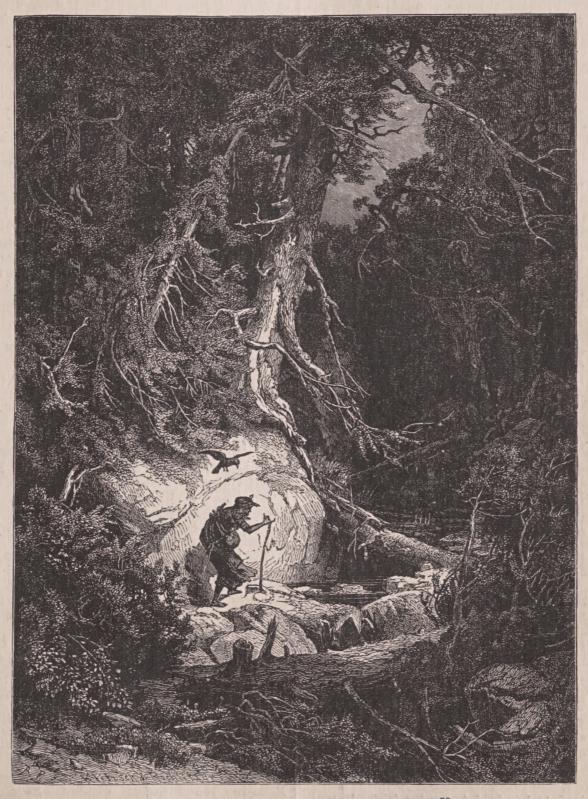
Primrose.

"Just so," replied the fairy. "Did it never strike you as odd that they should be so bright when all other spiders are brown and gray? It is we who have put them into those scarlet coats, for they are our postmen; have you not noticed how



fetch it from the cake-shop, she wondered. Half an hour before sunrise, Little Miss Primrose was up and dressed. She stole out of the sleeping

whence she could look into what was called, from its richness in flowers, the primrose and anemone dell, she stopped, amazed at the scene before her. house, and down to the glen. Every leaf and | The whole place was covered with fairies, all



THE WITCH OF THE GLEN. SEE POEM ON PAGE 59.

blade of grass was heavy with dew, and the little busily at work. In the middle, on a large dock-birds were only just waking up; she could hear leaf, a ring of fairies were kneading and mixing birds were only just waking up; she could hear them chirping their good-morning here and there as she passed.

But when Little Primrose came to a spot from

the cake, while the rest flew to and fro, bringing the materials.

It was made of sweet, powdery pollen, gathered

from a thousand flowers, moistened with the juice of pressed primrose blossoms, and made light by having five hundred white butterflies' eggs put into it, each egg being first beaten up with the yelk and white separate. The fairy egg-beaters quite covered the fallen trunk of a tree as they sat together on it, whipping their eggs until it was time to pour them in.

As the sun rose, the cake was finished, and put into a crystal oven, heated with the first rays of the rising sun, collected from the dewdrops round.

Now Little Primrose's fairy friend had time to

speak to her.

"You were early here," she said; "but since you kept quiet, it is all right. If a word had been spoken, the spell had been broken. Listen,

now."

As she spoke, the sun rose clear above the horizon, so that his whole circle was visible, and at the same moment, the fairies, joining hands in numberless companies, circled in flying rings, round and round the crystal oven, singing while they did so with such sweet fairy music that Little

Primrose stood as one in a dream.

A strange feeling came over her, as though she must have seen and heard them before, in that same place, long ago. She meant to ask her fairy friend whether it could be true that she had done so, but before she had opened her lips the fairies wheeled about in their dance, and came toward her, the foremost bearing the fairy cake, round and white, and sweet-smelling. Next came fairies carrying beautiful robes, of a size to fit the little girl; and lastly, a group of fairies led along four cream colored ponies, harnessed to a chariot made of one large shell of mother-of-pearl, lined with bright-blue cushions.

"Choose, Little Primrose," said her fairy friend. "Will you have the fairy cake, or the beautiful

robes, or the princely chariot?"

Little Primrose looked. The robes were very grand-how her mistress's daughters would admire them! And it would be very charming to drive about in that chariot; she would take the sick boy beside her—there was room. But how much better it would be that he should be made well !-that would be worth more than all those beautiful things.

"I will have the cake, please, kind fairies," she

said, "and thank you for making it."

Instantly the cake was put into her hands, and

fairies, robes, and chariot had disappeared.

Little Primrose turned and ran up the glen, her old brown dress clinging damp about her, and her feet wet through in the long grass. But not for a moment did she repent of her choice.

As she came near the end, she began singing

for joy:

"To fairyland, to fairyland, to see the fairies bake,
Home up the glen, and up the glen, to bring the
fairy cake."

"Look!" she cried, as she danced into the shed, "here is a cake at last—a fairy cake! Eat, eat it, and be cured."

And, while the sick boy took it, she began tell-

ing him of the beautiful sight she had seen, and

of the fairies' dance and song.

But in the middle of her story, Little Primrose stopped short. The cake had indeed done its work !—the sick boy was sick no longer, lame no longer. He was a beautiful prince, with a face glowing with health and happiness, as he threw his arms round Little Primrose, and thanked her for all she had done for him.

"Now the spell is broken," he said-"now I may go back to my own beautiful home, and you shall come with me, Little Primrose, and we will

never part again."

"I!" said Little Primrose, wishing for a moment for one of those grand fairy robes, as she looked down at her shabby frock; "I cannot live with you, prince, in your great palace. I am only a poor little servant-maid."

"Can you remember nothing, then, before you came here?" said the prince. "Think, Little Primrose. Have you forgotten the gardens in which you used to play, and how your father would hold you up to gather the fruits and flowers that were above your reach? or the river on which we sailed together and fed the swans?"

As he spoke, the memory of all her childish life

came back to Little Primrose, and she cried: "I do—I do remember! Where have Where have my thoughts been all this time? But how came I here?"

"A witch who is an enemy to our house did this," replied the prince. "She saw how happy we were together, and for very malice she spirited you away by enchantment into this country."

"Oh! and now I remember," said Little Primrose, "how the fairies found me crying in the glen, and wove me a kerchief from the primrose flowers, because I was bareheaded, and bade me come and knock at the farmhouse-door. And did

the witch do the same to you?" "No; she let me alone," said the boy, "until I set off in search of you, having heard from the fairies of your whereabouts. Then she cast a spell upon me that made me unable to travel any further. But she could not keep us apart, you see, and now it is all right, for her power is at an end. Come, let us thank the fairies for their friendliness.'

As soon as they came outside the shed, the troop of fairies appeared again, and behold, they still had with them the robes and chariot that Little Primrose had refused. A company of them closed round Little Primrose, singing:

"You chose for another, now take for yourself; Come clothe her, come deck her, each fairy elf!"

And the shabby dress was gone, and Little Primrose found herself clothed like a princess, while the fairy kerchief on her head changed into a wreath of unfading primroses.

The prince lifted her up and placed her in the mother-of-pearl chariot, and seated himself at her side. Little Primrose still felt as if it were all a

dream.

"Oh! I must say good-by to them at the farm,"

she exclaimed, as the chariot began to move forward.

But perhaps the prince had his own opinion as to how much the farmer's family deserved at Little Primrose's hands; at any rate, though he turned the cream-colored horses toward the farm, they never stopped to let Little Primrose get out, but passed swiftly on with flowing manes.

All the family came crowding out to admire the beautiful princess, and bowed and courtesied low before her, little thinking that she was the maid-of-all work whom they were accustomed to scold

and order about.

She had only time to fling them a purse of gold that she found in her hand, and then the fairy

steeds whirled the chariot far away.

Past trees and streams and flowery banks they flew, and still the band of fairies flew with them. Strangers who saw them pass perceived only a cloud of dust that hid the beauty of the chariot from their eyes; but the prince and princess saw the glittering robes and wings of their fairy friends, who flew with them all the way until they reached the end of their journey, and were led by their subjects with shouts of joy into their palace home, where they lived happy ever after.

### THE WITCH OF THE GLEN.

ITHERED and aged, Yellow and sere, Crawling on slowly, Lonely and drear On through the wildwood, Silent, alone, Stealthily creeping,
Witch, hag and crone!
Witch, say the timid, Hag, the more bold-Crone, unto Satan, The Evil One, sold! As she plods onward, Bent o'er her staff, Suddenly soundeth A shrill, horrid laugh! And the black raven-Ill-omened bird-Hoarse, wild and shrieking, Is shrinkingly heard By peasants returning Home from the wood, Who cross themselves quickly Fearing no good! Then the fierce raven Whirrs his strong wings, Lights on her shoulder, Dark counsel brings: Brings the black message The old witch doth crave; Malignant, triumphant, She wends to her cave.

### THE BLACK CHARGER OF HERNANDO.

TERNANDO was a poor knight, who had spent all in the service of his country. He had nothing to call his own but his stout armor, his high-couraged black charger, and his bold lance; and with these he was ever in the thickest

of the fray against the Moors. But at last his turn came; and in return for the losses he had caused them, the Moors contrived to surround and

slay him.

Now, when his black charger knew that his master was wounded to death, like a valiant steed, true to his Christian master, he turned and bore him out of the fight to a lonely dell, where a pious hermit might minister the last consolations of religion to his parting soul. But a sordid Moor, seeing the helpless dying man thus borne along, determined to possess himself of his stout armor and his bold black charger.

He followed with fruitless attempts to arrest the gallant beast until it pleased him to stop before the hermit's cell, where it waited patiently while they lifted the sacred burden down—the hermit and the Moor together; for the Moor desired to possess himself of the outer shell of his armor, and the hermit, the inner shell, namely, his body, that the kernel—that is, his soul—might go up holy

and clean, before God.

Then his soul had scarcely passed away, when the Moor stripped him of his armor, and packed it all safely on the back of the black charger, and prepared to lead him home, for he was afraid

himself to mount him.

But the black charger no sooner perceived his dear master's remains safe in the care of the hermit, to bury them, and his armor safe in his own, than he started off at his wildest speed, leaving the Moor who had ventured to lay his infidel hands on the reins, to measure his length in the dust. On and on he went, nor stopped until he reached Hernando's hillside home.

Doña Teresa, his wife, had never ceased every day to look out for her Hernando's return. And when she saw his black charger, bearing his empty armor, she knew at once all that had come to pass; and, like a noble Christian spouse, she had the strength to thank God that her Hernando had spent his life in the service of his religion and his country.

Then she took his precious armor and laid it safely by, and she caressed the gallant black charger, and led him away to his fresh-littered

stall

Then every day she tried the armor on the young Hernando, and made him bestride the black charger, that he might be a valiant slayer of Moors like his father.

Now young Hernando was slight, and young Hernando was pale. And he shrank from the cold, hard armor, and the tall, snorting steed. But his mother Teresa was brave, brave as became a Christian spouse, and she listened not to his fears, but bade him be of good heart, and put his trust in Christ.

And at last the day came when she bade him go forth and do battle to the Moors. Young Hernando's heart beat high, for his spirit indeed was willing, and he burned to add his name to the long traditions of prowess which his mother told him of his house. But his arm was all untried, and he shrank from the thought of pain, for the young, tender flesh was weak.



1. THE ENCHANTED HEN.



2. A LITTLE OLD WOMAN LEANING ON A STAFF.



3. HE INVITED THE OLD WOMAN TO EAT.



4. THERE APPEARED A BEAUTIFUL FAIRY.



5. ON THE FOOT OF JULIETTE'S CRADLE STANDS



6. HE FOUND THAT SHE HAD LAID A LITTLE GOLDEN EGG.



7. THE HEN PRESENTED THE SAME OFFERING EVERY MORNING.



8. EVER ATTENDED BY HER HEN.

THE ENCHANTED HEN .- SEE PAGE 63.



9. JULIETTE RELIEVING THE POOR.



10. WHEN THE PRINCE SAW JULIETTE HE ADMIRED HER BEAUTY.



11. JULIETTE ACCEPTED THE PRINCE'S INVITATION TO RETURN IN THE SAME BOAT WITH HIM.





13. JULIETTE FOUND THAT THE LOWER PART OF HER BODY WAS CHANGED INTO THAT OF A FISH.

THE ENCHANTED HEN .- SEE PAGE 63.

But he would not belie his mother, so he crossed the bold black charger; and the noble charger snorted, when he felt that once more he bore a Christian to the battle.

By night they traveled on, and by day they slept in the shade. In the morning, when the sun began to dawn, they rose, and set out on their way; and, as they crossed a plain, young Hernando saw a tall Moor coming toward him. And his heart smote him for fear; and he would gladly have turned out of the way. But he bethought him it became not a Christian to shrink away before a Moor; so he nerved him with what courage he might, and rode on steadily along his way.

Now, when the bold black charger scented the pagan hound, he snorted, and shook his mane, and darted to the encounter. So young Hernando was borne along, and found himself face to face

with his foe.

Then his father's shield rose to protect him, and the lance lifted up his arm; and the black charger rode at the Moor, and the lance cast him down from his seat. Then the sword leaped from its scabbard, and planting itself in young Hernando's

grasp, struck off the pagan's head.

So Hernando tied the head to his saddle, and bound the body upon its mule. Thus he rode on to the town—to the town of Royal Burgos. And when the people saw him bestriding the bold black charger, the grisly head hanging from his saddle, and the headless body following behind, bound fast to the African mule, they cried:

"All hail to the victor! All hail to young Her-

nando, who conquered the pagan Moor!"

And so they brought him to the king, and his ghastly burden with him, and the headless rider behind. And the king rose and embraced him, and the queen held her out fair, white hand, and gave it the youth to kiss. And she said:

"A youth so comely and valiant should have armor rich and bright, and a steed with a shining

coat.

So she called a page to bring a suit of polished steel, and a horse from the royal stables, and present them to young Hernando. Then they took off his ancient armor, and laid it on the old black charger, and Hernando donned the new, and sprang into the saddle of the horse from the royal stalls.

Now the bold black charger was grieved to be thus set aside, so he snorted, and turned his head and rode back to Doña Teresa. When Doña Teresa saw him ride back with the empty armor, she thought that her son was dead, and rejoiced, as a Christian mother, that the Moors had sent him to glory.

So she laid up the ancient armor, and caressed the bold black charger, and led him to his fresh-

littered stall.

Young Hernando meantime feared, as he sat on the fiery steed; for in his far-off hill-side home he had but that black charger tried. Nor had he learned to handle the weapons they gave him to bear.

But the king, who had seen him come in, bearing along such goodly spoils, took him for a prac-

ticed warrior, and gave him a work to do which needed a valiant heart.

"Now keep this pass," he said; "for the rocks are narrow and high, and one at a time, as the enemy comes, with your sword you will strike them down."

Young Hernando durst not say "Nay"; for his spirit within him was bold, though his young,

tender flesh was weak.

And as he watched there alone, with only the moon for guide—"Oh, had I my old black charger, and my father's armor!" he cried. And the bold black charger felt, as he stood in his faroff stall, that his master's son was in danger, and he snorted to get away. And Doña Teresa knew when she heard him snort and snort there was work to do far away.

So she bound the armor on him, and away he fled like the wind, nor stopped till he reached

Hernando.

"To me! my bold black charger!—to me! 'tis yet in time!"

And he mounted the charger bold, in his father's

armor clad.

Then stealthily came the Moors, all creeping through the pass, and Hernando's lance and Hernando's sword laid them low on the ground that night.

And when the king came up, Hernando sat at

his post, and his prostrate foes around him.

When the king saw he had done so bravely he would have given him a new suit of armor, and a new bright-coated steed. But Hernando said:

"Good king, pray leave me my father's armor and my father's charger bold; for I am but a stripling, and my hand and my arm are weak, but my father's arms and my father's steed alone put the foe to flight."

So the king let him have his will; and as he found him so brave and successful against the Moors, he sent him to carry a message of encouragement to Don Diaz, to whom the Moors had laid

siege.

Now, as he came back from the errand, he was crossing the lonely plain, when anon it was covered with horsemen—Moorish horsemen, arrayed in their might. He knew that his trust was sacred, and he might not endanger the letter he bore by encountering so overpowering a host. But 'twas vain that he tried to turn, for the bold black charger refused; but, as if he had been spurred, with his might he dashed right into the pagan midst.

The lance sprang in Hernando's hand, and pierced through the Moorish king. Then the host, dismayed, exclaimed:

"This one rider alone in his strength, no mortal

man is he; it is one of their Christian saints come

down to scatter the Prophet's band."

So they turned and fled apace, and on the black charger rode behind; and Hernando's lance and Hernando's sword laid low the straggling host.

And such fear had fallen on all the Prophet's children that day, that on bended knee they sent to sue a truce of the Christian king. And to pur-

chase a term of rest, they set all their captives free, and with tribute and with hostages made

peace with the Christian king.

So young Hernando rode home—to his home by the steep hillside. And Doña Teresa came out to greet her boy on his gallant steed. And with her, fair Melisenda walked, who a gentler greeting gave; she was his bride betrothed, and she knew that now peace was made, they would lovingly live together, in that far-off hillside home.

And they stroked the bold black charger, and led him to his fresh-littered stall. And 'tis said that while yet the land was blighted by one strange Moor, that bold black charger never died; but whenever the fight raged high, or the Christian host needed aid, there he bore his rider to turn the day. But where he died, or when he fell, no

mortal ever knew.

### THE ENCHANTED HEN.

THERE was once a poor gardener who pos-sessed nothing but his little garden and the fruits which grew there. His wife had just given birth to a little daughter, and was very ill; but the poor man's poverty prevented him from supplying the wants of his wife and child, and he sat upon a bench outside his cottage-door, with the tears running down his cheeks as he thought of their sufferings.

Suddenly there appeared before him a little old woman, leaning on a staff and carrying a basket on

her arm.

"My good man," she said to him, "will you permit me to sit down beside you upon the bench? I have been traveling for three days, and I am so

tired that I can no longer stand."

"Come into the house, my good woman," replied the gardener. "You will find nothing to eat there; but you will, at least, be under the shelter of a roof, and you can rest your limbs on the straw which serves me as a bed."

"I accept your kind offer," she said, "and I hope your hospitality will meet its reward."

The gardener sadly shook his head, as if he developed it your much and the old women entered.

doubted it very much, and the old woman entered

the cottage.

It contained two rooms. In the first there were only a miserable pallet, on which lay two children; a wooden table, a stool, and a few tin plates and dishes.

The gardener placed a piece of brown bread, a few nuts and a pitcher of fresh water on the table,

and invited the old woman to eat.

"This is all I can offer you," he said. "If I had better, you would be as welcome to it; but the fairies have indeed abandoned us.'

"Why do you complain?" asked the old woman. "You do not know what may yet be in store for you. Lead me to your wife; perhaps I can be of some use to her."

The gardener led the old woman into the other room. It was as dilapidated and wretched as could

be imagined.

Stretched on a few handfuls of straw was a

young woman, with thin, shrunken features, and covered with rags, while beside her lay the newborn child.

The old woman took the child in her arms, wrapped it in linen, and placed it in a pretty little

Then she touched the mother, and the pallet on which she lay, with an ivory wand, and in their place appeared a handsome bed, and a woman clothed in fine garments.

The same transformation took place throughout the whole house; the old furniture became new, the empty wardrobe was instantly filled with fine clothes, the cupboard with provisions, and instead of the old woman with the crutch, there appeared

a beautiful fairy.

"You see," she said to the gardener, "you were wrong to complain of the fairies. To reward you for the hospitality you have offered me, I will take your little child under my protection. You will call her Juliette; and, until she is fifteen years old, she must never enter a boat or cross a river. If she does, she will fall into the power of the fairy Groguenarde, my mortal enemy. On the foot of Juliette's cradle stands a white hen; do not kill her, for your welfare depends on her. I am the fairy Mignonne; and, should you ever need me, call me, and I will come to your assist-

With these words she disappeared, leaving the gardener and his wife filled with gratitude and as-

The next morning, at break of day, the white hen, who had not left Juliette's little cradle, began to cackle, and when the gardener arose, he found that she had laid a little golden egg.

His joy was very great; and as the hen presented him with the same offering every morning, poverty was banished from the little cottage.

Meanwhile Juliette grew up, increasing in beauty every day, and ever attended by her hen.

Each year the fairy Mignonne visited her under her form of an old woman, and instructed her in every accomplishment. She was sweet, charitable to the poor-a favorite with all.

Thanks to the little white hen, Juliette's two brothers had become wealthy farmers, and each of them had married a rich and beautiful girl.

One day, before Juliette had reached her fifteenth year, it was announced that the king's eldest son intended to hunt in the neighboring woods, and that, in his honor, a grand breakfast was to be given at the castle of one of his officers.

As the castle could be reached without crossing any river, the gardener and his family set out to

see the prince and the hunt.

When the prince saw Juliette, he admired her beauty and grace so much that he gave orders that a grand ball should take the place of the hunt. Prince Sincerity danced with Juliette, and was so charmed with his fair companion that he determined she should become his bride.

When the pleasures of the day were over, the prince called his boats, intending to return to the

city by water.

The gardener and his wife were in a distant part

of the grounds, and Juliette, forgetting the caution she had received against trusting herself on the water, accepted the prince's invitation to return in the same boat with him.

No sooner was the young girl in the middle of the stream than a terrible storm arose. The boat capsized, and despite all the efforts made to save her, Juliette disappeared beneath the waters. The river im-



14. YOU HAVE COME INTO THIS ENCHANTED KINGDOM TO SEARCH FOR JULIETTE.

mediately became calm again, and the prince and his attendants sought for Juliette's body, but in vain.

On regaining the bank, from which the unhappy gardener had witnessed the loss of his daughter, the prince learned that Juliette had been warned against embarking on the water.

He already loved the young girl so much that he could not console himself



15. EAGERLY HE SCANNED THE VARIOUS FACES, BUT NONE POSSESSED JULIETTE'S FEATURES.



16. THE HEN UTTERED A CRY OF TRIUMPH AND ALIGHTED ON THE YOUNG GIRL'S HEAD.



17. AND IMMEDIATELY THE WHITE HEN CHANGED INTO A BEAUTIFUL FAIRY.

THE ENCHANTED HEN .- SEE PAGE 63.



CHARLIE AND HIS PET.

for her loss; and, convinced that the fairy Mignonne would not abandon her goddaughter to the wicked fairy Groguenarde, he resolved to set out in search of her.

When he was about to depart, the white hen flew upon his shoulder, and persisted so earnestly in accompanying him, that he could not find it in

his heart to drive her back.

Juliette, when she found herself at the bottom of the river, without power to rise again, expected nothing but death.

At that moment, however, an immense carp

swam toward her, and said:

"We have been long awaiting you. Come with

I will lead you to our queen.'

Juliette obeyed, and her guide soon reached a golden door, which opened at his voice, disclosing a staircase built of coral and shells of every kind.

When they had descended, they found themselves in a large garden filled with marble basins, in which swam fishes of every description, but all possessing human faces.

In the centre of an immense lake, whose marble sides were incrusted with gold, was a huge whale.

This was the queen.

Juliette was received by a dolphin, and led

toward the whale, who said to her:

"Ha, ha! my beauty, you are in my power at last! I told Mignonne that, despite her warnings, you would yet be my captive. You will not be ill-treated here; but, as no human beings are permitted to live in our kingdom, you must, like us, become a fish."

As these words were spoken, Juliette found that the lower portion of her body was changed into that of a fish, and she was then placed in an agate basin, where she commenced to swim as if she had

done nothing else her whole life. Meanwhile, Prince Sincerity had journeyed on until he reached a river, when there arose a cloud which changed into the head and shoulders of a man, with the body of a fish. Addressing the

prince, he said :

"You have come into this enchanted kingdom to search for Juliette. I will permit you to enter; but I warn you that, if you do not recognize the one you seek among all who are here, you will share her fate, and never again return to earth."

The prince hesitated but a moment, and then

boldly replied:

"I will follow you."

The monster immediately took the young prince upon his back, swam through the waters with him, and soon reached --, through which Juliette had entered.

The prince descended the stairs, and soon found himself in the garden filled with lakes and basins.

No sooner had the whale perceived the prince, than she gave utterance to a loud roar of rage, and launched such a stream of water through her nostrils that he was almost drowned.

But the hen flew before him, and, leaving the whale behind, he soon reached the agate basin where Juliette was confined with so many others. He eagerly scanned the different faces, but none possessed Juliette's features. Suddenly the hen uttered a cry of triumph, and lighted on the young girl's head.

Immediately the water vanished from the lakes and basins, strains of music filled the air, and fairies and genii descended from the clouds.

At their voice, the fishes regained their natural forms, and threw themselves at the feet of their liberators.

Mignonne approached the whale, who stood mo-

tionless, as if paralyzed, and said to her:

"Wickedness is a bad counselor. To avenge yourself for the aversion you inspired, you have abused your power to capture victims and subject them to torment. Be punished as you have sinned. Let the monstrous form you assumed to enjoy the anguish of your victims be thine for

Then the fairy Mignonne transported Juliette and the prince to the palace of the king, his father, where the gardener and his wife rejoined

their daughter.

As they were about to lead her home, the fairy

"I have brought you all together that you may celebrate the wedding of Sincerity and Juliette. I give my daughter the Kingdom of Zephyr, and she will have her companions in captivity among her subjects. As for the white hen, she may now resume her ordinary form. She has atoned for her disobedience, and her devotion has rendered her worthy to again take her rank among

And immediately the white hen changed into a beautiful fairy, who departed with the others, after tenderly embracing her former mistress,

Juliette.

# THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

I.-HOW IT ALL BEGAN.

NCE upon a time, my dears—which means, for anything I know to the contrary, the year one thousand, one hundred and one, of the age of this beautiful world—there lived a certain great and glorious king, whose dominions stretched for many miles north, south, east, and west of his palace, and were bounded only by the deep, wide

Now this great king had a beautiful queen to sit at his side; and both of them had, within a little time of their marriage, a sweet little daughter given them to pet and take all possible care of, and everybody sang the praises of this charming tiny princess—first, because she was such a pretty little mite; secondly, because she was heiress to the throne of a great kingdom; and, thirdly, because it pleased the great king and the beautiful queen to hear them.

In those days lived a wonderful and very powerful race of beings called fairies, and these fairies held great control over the destinies of the human

They had a knack of taking unaccountable likes

and dislikes to certain people with whom they took pains to be acquainted. They would attach themselves to the fortunes—good or evil—of such people, and follow them unremittingly to the end of their

Some of the fairies were by nature good—others evil. Happy was he who had a good one at his back, for his life was then sure to be all that mortal man could wish; but unhappy indeed was that one who was followed in his path by a wicked fairy, for nothing but misfortune would then be his lot in this world.

Most of these sprites were very fickle and freakish, using their powers at random, and caring but little for the good or bad results of their waywardness. Some of their doings you shall hear presently.

Of these wonderful beings there were several kinds.

There were the little fairies, who slept in the bells and cups of flowers, and danced in the meadows by moonlight, and I think the queen of fairies must have lived in a violet. There were the goblins, who took all sorts of queer fantastic shapes, and played all sorts of mischievous tricks upon mankind.

Then there were the gnomes, horrid giants of creatures, the mere sight of whom would frighten an honest man out of his senses—creatures who could topple over whole cities as easily as you

could break a throstle's egg.

And there were the kelpies and brownies, and ever so many other kinds of naughty spirits, who thought nothing of scaring a poor child out of its wits, and then devouring it with the most heartless

So don't you think, on the whole, we are better off for having none of these fairy beings about us nowadays?

But I was nearly forgetting the great king, the

beautiful queen, and the lovely princess.

About a month after the birth of the little princess royal, the king and queen, her parents, determined to have a grand christening, to which all the nobility of the kingdom should be invited. This, of course, was an important event, so the royal pair held a long consultation upon it.

After they had been consulting for exactly three days and a quarter, they came to the question of

godfathers and godmothers.
"A d now," said his Majesty, "what about a god ther?" for the baby being a girl, you know,

they wanted only one.

"If your Majesty will not be godfather your-self," replied the queen, "I do not know a fitter

person than my Lord Archbishop of Galopinter."

"Very good," said the king; "it shall be done." ("Very good," by-the-way, was a pet phrase of the king's, as also was "It shall be done.") done.") "And that being settled," continued his Majesty, "what about the godmothers?"

"To have things as they should be," replied the queen, "we ought to have twelve godmothers."

"What!" exclaimed the king. "Twelve of them—a dozen! I never heard of such a thing in my life !"

"Is it possible?" returned the queen, lifting up her beautiful eyebrows; "I had twelve godmothers."

"This is the first time you have mentioned such a thing," said the king. "I call it a great division of responsibility! Never mind, though, if you

wish it. Very good; it shall be done."

"I am very much obliged to your Majesty," said the queen, with a most lovely smile; "and now I may add that my twelve godmothers were fairies."

"You don't say so!" gasped the bewildered monarch. "And if I may ask a question so rude,

what are you driving at?"

"Simply this—that one of my godmothers has intimated to me in a dream that twelve of her tribe are willing to stand for our little daughter.'

"Hum—ha," murmured the monarch, slowly and thoughtfully; adding: "Well, I must smoke a pipe over this, and let you know." And when he had smoked a pipe over it, he let her know by saying: "Very good; it shall be done."

#### II.—THE MEETING OF THE FAIRIES.

BUT I must tell you all about how the fairy godmothers were chosen. It was on a beautiful moonlit night—when all the grass and the ferns and the palm-trees above shone like silver, and the little brooks running hither and thither sparkled like millions of diamonds—that the fairy tribe (all lady fairies, I must mention) assembled in solemn conclave to decide upon the question of godmothers.

Now there were to be two grand christenings on the same day, and at the same hour of the morning; and besides the twelve godmothers who had to be chosen for the princess I am telling you about, twelve others were to stand for the infant prince who was son and heir to another mighty king, ruling over a vast tract of country, which, for all I can tell, went by the name of Somewhere Else.

Now all the fairies in this particular tribe numbered only twenty-five. There was, therefore, no little difficulty in selecting the godmothers for both christenings, because, you see, twelve and twelve being twenty-four, it was like a game of odd-oneout, and in this case a very unpleasant game it was, for one of the number must be made to feel very uncomfortable at being left alone; so you will not feel so very much astonished when I tell you there was a very sharp discussion on this point -who was to be left behind?

No one was found self-denying enough to be odd

one of her own accord.

So, after chattering a good deal, till the moon was just ready to sink, they resolved to settle the question by drawing lots.

It was Fairy Crowsfoot who proposed this plan, and what was her horror, dismay, and anger, when all the others were successful, and she herself the

one unlucky Fairy!

To witness her frenzy and despair at this unexpected blow was very distressing indeed. She tore her hair that was as fine as thistle-down, until it

almost blinded the eyes of everybody present. She shrieked in such a tone that the very field-crickets quaked in their cases, and quite forgot what part of their tune they had got to; and she rushed to and fro with such swiftness that the grasses thought it was the early wind getting up, and sleepily nodded their little heads to say "Good-

morning."

But it was all of no avail, her exertions having left her just what she was before—a disappointed, sulky, and, I fear, revengeful little goose of a fairy.

All at once. however, she was seized with an idea, for she sprung up from the ground like a lark, and flew and flew (the little blue speck that she was) on and onward, onward and on, keeping the palace of the great king in view. And what was this sudden idea of hers? Well, you shall hear.

III.—THE CHRISTENING.

On the morning of the christening, the great king and the lovely queen sat down to a quiet breakfast, quite by themselves.

It can't be said that his majesty was in the best of moods. He growled over his smoked tongue and choked over his coffee as though

something serious had happened, and he was to be dethroned that day, instead of going to his own daughter's christening.

What was the matter? Simply this-he had

been nudged.

He had been most unceremoniously nudged by the queen at exactly half-past four that morning, while he was still in the enjoyment of a sweet, sound sleep. Now I may safely say he was not at all accustomed to this sort of thing, and above all things hated to be disturbed in the early morning; so that when the queen nudged him his good temper was shaken out of him for at least six hours.

"My dear," she said, in almost a whisper.

"H'm."

"My dear," a little louder this time.

"Hat now?"
"I am sorry
to disturb you,
but I've had a
very strange
dream."

"You're always having very strange dreams," the king growled out, and turned to sleep again.

"May I tell it

you."

"There you go again; you won't let a fellow sleep! Tell it, and have done with it."

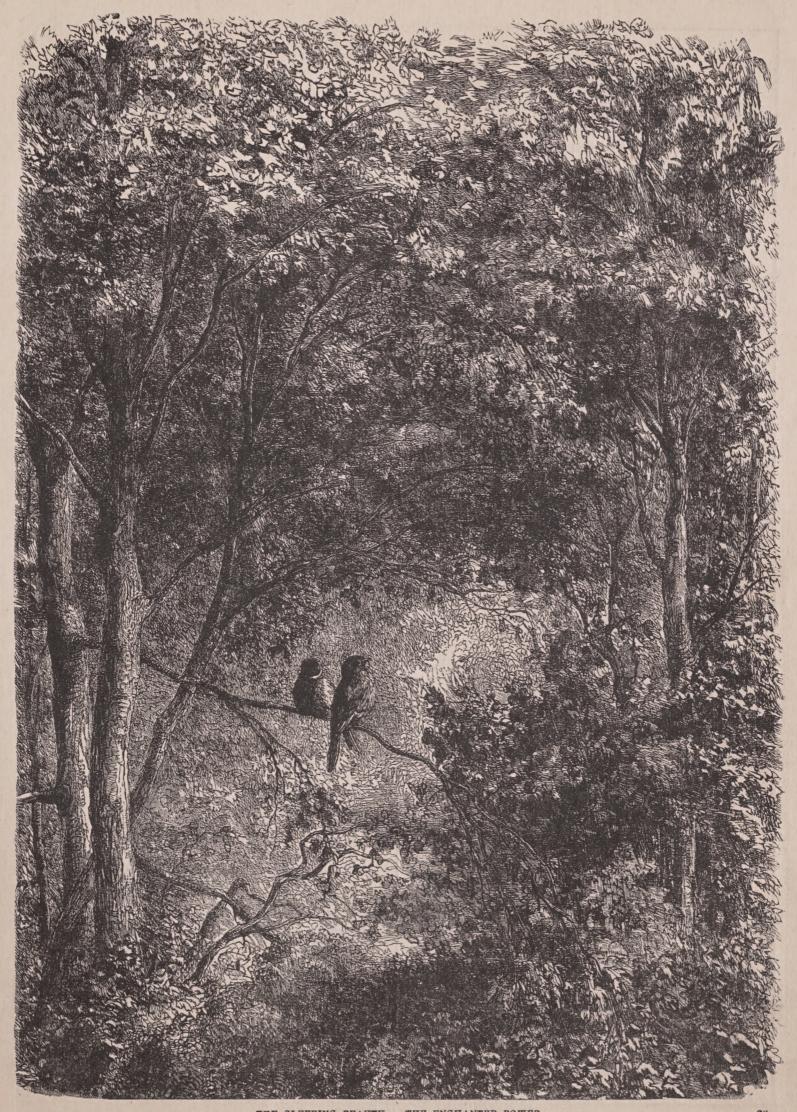
"I dreamt that something whispered in my ear and said: 'I am the Fairy Crowsfoot, and am left all alone. so do please invite me to the christening. I'll bring a most lovely present -indeed I will.' So I said, 'I'll ask the king, and if he says "Yes," you may come and be one of our privi eged guests.' And now, my dear, may she come?"

"No, she may not!" the king snapped in reply; "twelve

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.—"ON A LARGE AND BEAUTIFUL BED LAY THE MOST LOVELY MAIDEN HE HAD EVER SEEN."

of them are enough for one party. I don't want thirteen to the dozen. Now, as you've had your answer, you'll be good enough to let me go to sleep again."

You will now no longer wonder at the king's behavior at the breakfast-table, and you will be as thankful as the queen was that no one was by to



THE SLEEPING BEAUTY .- THE ENCHANTED BOWER.

But the queen also watched her husband with anxiety, for, to tell the truth, she would gladly have given the Fairy Crowsfoot another chance of the king's permission to be present at the feast. By-and-by, however, the king suddenly smiled, and this sent a ray of hope into the queen's breast. "My dear," said she, "I am glad to see you

smile.

"It was only a joke that just occurred to me, but I fancy I've heard it before. G-r-r-humph!"

Notwithstanding the concluding growl, her ma-

jesty took courage.

"May it please your majesty," she began, and

looked perfectly bewitching.

But the king had grown used to all that by this time, so he said, shortly:

"Well ?"

"Will your majesty allow me to venture to allude

"G-r-r-humph! I remember it all. Enough. Not a word more, I beg. You NUDGED me!"

Poor, unfortunate queen! Poor, unfortunate Fairy Crowsfoot! Thus was an invitation to court

lost by a nudge.

Ten o'clock arrived at last, and so did the guests. The twelve fairy godmothers were there, arrayed in the beautiful colors of their respective flowers, but they had enlarged themselves to one hundred and forty-four times their natural size, so that now

they were nearly as big as ordinary women. Hundreds of ladies were there too, all smiles and silks and satins and velvets, and I don't know what besides. Hundreds of nobles and knights were there as well, and with their silver armor and cloth-of-gold they looked wonderfully brave and

At a quarter past ten precisely they formed the

procession, and in this manner:

First went the heralds, threescore of them, blowing as loud as they could with their silver trumpets. They were followed by the band of the king's lifeguards. Then came the king and queen in their chariot of state, drawn by a hundred white horses. Then came the infant princess in her nurse's arms, in another chariot of state, drawn by fifty white horses. Immediately after this came the fairy godmothers in their chariots of state, one to each, and each drawn by fifty white butterflies of the size of a Shetland pony; and the lords and knights and ladies, in the order of their rank, brought up the

Thus they came to the chief temple, where the Archbishop of Galopinter stood ready to receive them; and oh, dear me! the splendor of that christening service! How can I describe it?

And here I don't mind telling you a secret. wanted Monsieur Doré to draw a picture of it for you, and when I asked him he told me that he really did not dare attempt such a thing, for the brilliancy of the colors would quite spoil his eyes, and render him unable to do the pictures that came afterward. So I can only say that the christening went off to perfection, and that the party returned in the same order as before.

By this time—it being now past noon—the king had quite recovered his usual good humor; but the queen was too full of the christening to think any more about the disappointed fairy.

#### IV. -THE BANQUET.

THE christening dinner was a triumph of cooking to the cooks, and a labor of love to the eaters. If I were to give you a list of all the things that were put upon the tables it would run over three or four pages, and that, I think, would tire you.

At the chief table sat the king, the queen, my Lord Archbishop, my Lord Chancellor, and the twelve godmothers. At the second table sat the ambassadors and the officers of state; and at fifty other tables were the rest of the distinguished guests.

When the feast was over the usual toasts were given, and of course the toast of the day was the infant princess, who, I forgot to tell you, was named

Prettipet.

Here the court minstrels came in with a song specially composed for the occasion; and, I am sorry to say, I cannot remember all the words of it. But just as they were singing—

"And may she spin the whitest wool That ever spinster span,"

there was a sudden sensation in the hall, for who should march through the door, with her arms akimbo and her wrinkled face all inflamed with rage, but an ugly old woman, who, I may as well tell you at once, was none other than the Fairy Crowsfoot in disguise.

Yes, it was the Fairy Crowsfoot! and she stalked up the hall, elbowing her way, until she reached the royal table, when she stopped and made this

speech:

"Hard-hearted and unmannerly king, you refused to invite me here just because you didn't like thirteen to the dozen, and wouldn't be nudged. You think a good deal of your royal self, I have no doubt, but if you don't mind your 'p's' and 'q's,' I'll humble you yet. And I have no doubt you think a fine deal of your daughter, too. As I came in your stupid fellows were singing-

> 'And may she spin the whitest wool That ever spinster span';

but mark my words: if she ever lays hands on a spindle before she's full twenty years old, I'll send you all to sleep for a hundred years at least, and I know what will wake you up after that. Only one thing, but I am not going to tell you what it is."

And having finished her speech, the fairy van-

Here was a pretty to-do, to be sure! Nobody thought of any more festivity after such a speech

The twelve fairy godmothers and the queen all fainted away, and the lord archbishop said he must really be excused.

The lord chancellor had an important appointment to keep; and all the rest of the company disappeared without saying "Good-by!"

Left to himself—for the queen had been carried

to her room, and the twelve fairy godmothers had somehow vanished—the king, as he looked round the now deserted hall, knitted his brows, used intemperate language, and was altogether in no enviable frame of mind.

He could only console himself with hatching such a scheme as should frustrate the evil designs of the Fairy Crowsfoot; and presently he hit on a plan which he thought would be most effective.

He determined to banish every spindle out of the land, whether it belonged to high or low, rich or poor; and, being a person of great determination, he resolved to carry out his purpose at once, and so sent for the royal chief crier.

This eminent man appeared very quickly, and with several large, bright tears trickling down his nose. The sight of the tears greatly irritated the

"Put an end to your blubbering, man, or it shall

be the worse for you."

"Sire," murmured the official, sinking down on his knees in terror, "I am your most noble majesty's royal chief crier, and I hope I know my

"Get up," said his majesty, "or you will spoil the knees of your breeches. I beg to inform you

that your uniform is expensive."

Thus admonished, the crier raised himself from the dust, and proceeded to take orders for a royal proclamation.

As soon as he had done so, he went out from the king's presence, and published throughout the

country the following decree:
"O-yes! O-yes! This is to give notice, that our sovereign lord the king hath made a decree that every man, woman, or child in this realm who hath possessed, doth possess, or hereafter may possess, a certain article of industry commonly called and known as a spindle, shall destroy the same, or cause it to be destroyed, without delay, on pain of instant death.

But at so stern a decree all the people murmured greatly, and spinsters of high and low degree conspired to stir up their husbands, brothers, and lovers against it; so for a time you heard of nothing but mobs and riots, and the life of a courtier

was scarcely safe.

The rioters went even so far as to pelt the palace gates with rotten eggs, but the numbers of offenders that were beheaded every day soon brought the rebels to their senses, and by degrees quiet was restored once more.

In short, within three months from the date of this decree there was not a spindle to be seen or

heard in all that land.

#### V. -THE FAIRY'S SPINDLE.

How the Princess Prettipet grew from babyhood into girlhood, and from girlhood into womanhood, and became famed as the most beautiful woman in the world, I can only tell you in as many words.

Plenty of handsome young princes there were to admire her and try to obtain her for a wife, but for not one of them did Prettipet care in the least.

If she did have any preference it was for the

prince who was exactly her age, and had been christened on the very same day (and was heir to the throne of Somewhere Else); yet even he was rejected by the royal damsel, and he left her father's palace in disgust; never dreaming that he could forget Prettipet, marry another princess, and have sons, grandsons, and great-grandsons.

Now very shortly after the disappointed prince left the court the king ordained that there should be a great hunting day, and all the great folks in

the kingdom were invited.

The princess, attended by her gentlewomen, rode out to the meet upon a splendid white horse.

She was within a few days of her twentieth birthday, and her beauty had reached its full perfection, so the glory of her appearance put all the other ladies completely in the shade.

Her horsemanship was quite charming, and all the royal visitors showered compliments upon it.

Presently the hunt began, but, unfortunately, as her favorite was taking his first leap, he stumbled over a large stone and was badly lamed.

Prettipet's mortification knew no bounds; and although several horsemen drew up and offered their horses, she would not accept any, but reso-

lutely set her face homeward.

When she reached the palace she found it quite deserted—not a soul was to be seen—so she had to content herself with listlessly rambling through the palace grounds, and this she did for several

Ever and anon she could hear the horns of the huntsmen sounding very faintly, and after a long time she could fancy they were coming nearer, and approaching the palace.

Then she thought she could hear a low, persistent, rumbling sound, which seemed to come from

within.

Was it fancy? No; she was not mistaken; she would go and see. So she went within doors just as the hunting party had returned, and, guided by the rumbling noise, made her way up the stairs leading to her own bedroom.

She entered, and what was her surprise when she saw a wrinkled old dame seated there quite comfortably, working with some strange imple-

ments she had never seen before.

At first she was inclined to be angry, so she

"Old woman, what business have you here?" "May it please your royal highness," said the fairy (for it was the naughty Fairy Crowsfoot), "I

am spinning.'

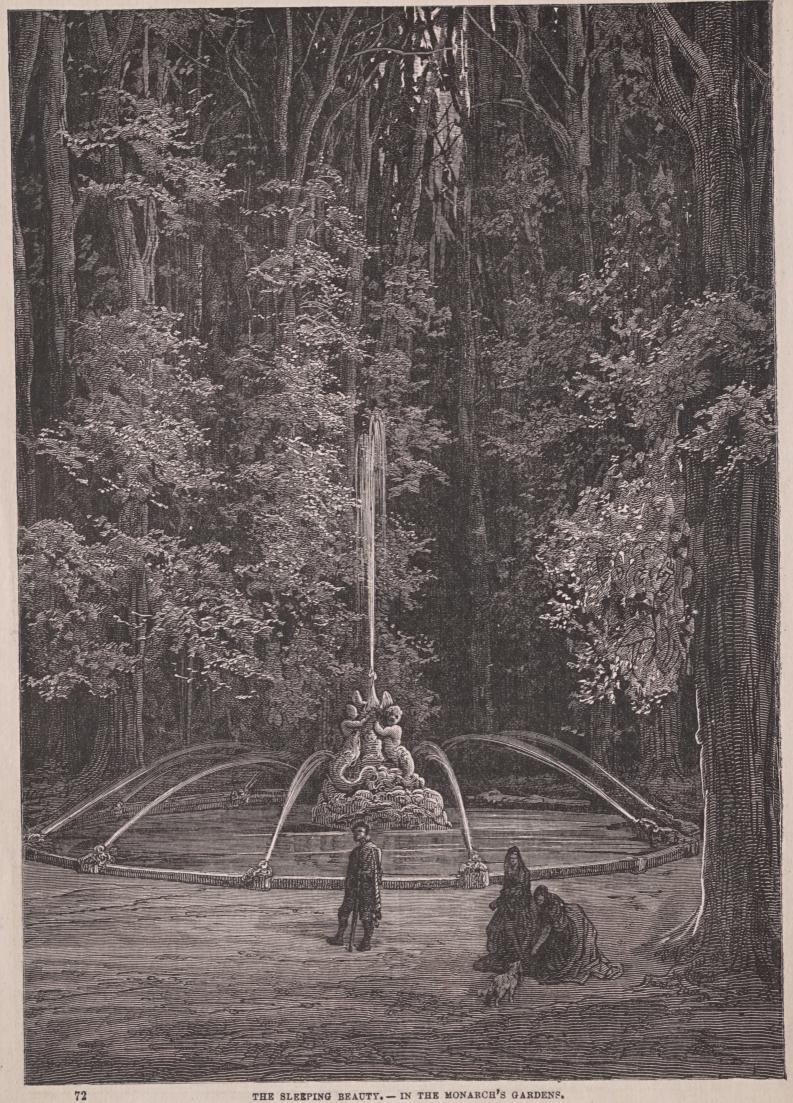
Struck by the self-confident air of her strange visitor, and by the novel things with which she was working, the princess could only say:

"What beautiful white wool you are making

there!"

"May it please your royal highness," returned the dame, "you may well say so, for it is the whitest wool that ever was spun. Would you like to try?"

"Well," replied Prettipet, "I think I should." And the princess took the old dame's place and began to spin; but no sooner did she touch the spindle than she fell back into her chair, and sank





THE SLEEPING BEAUTY .- THE PRINCE AWAKES THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

into a deep sleep. Then the old dame took Prettipet in her arms and laid her on the bed, saying, with a wicked little laugh:

"Sleep there, my pretty pet, for a hundred

years at least."

And then taking her own form again, Fairy

Crowsfoot flew out of the window.

Yes, the Princess Prettipet and everybody else in the palace or on its grounds had gone to sleep for a hundred years!

#### VI. -A MAGICAL KISS.

ONE beautiful Spring morning his royal highness the crown prince of Somewhere Else called together his hounds and his men and all to go a-

hunting.

In the course of a few hours they found fine sport; and carried away by the spirit of the chase, the prince rode hither and thither, up hill and down dale, across rivers and through forests, until it suddenly occurred to him that he must have strayed very far away from home.

Not a soul was with him, and how long he had

been left alone he could scarcely say.

Raising his horn to his lips, he blew a loud blast which lasted for a whole minute; but he heard no reply.

He therefore thought it wise that he should turn back. He did so, as he thought; but only found

the country stranger and wilder than ever.

He looked round in hope of seeing some wayfarer of whom he could ask his way, but could not distinguish a single sign of humanity anywhere near, so he had to content himself with wandering in search of such luck as he could find.

The day was far advanced when, emerging from the gloom of a vast forest, he caught sight of two of his attendants, followed by some half-score of

hounds.

The prince was overjoyed to meet them, and so

were they to see their young prince.

"We have been wandering in search of your royal highness," said they, "for we were not a little alarmed to have missed you, but we are totally ignorant of the way back, and must trust to your royal highness's wisdom to find it for yourself and us."

"Ah me!" sighed the prince, "I am just as ignorant of that as yourselves. We can only move

onward and see what will become of it.'

The ground now became very rough and hilly, and as their horses were weary, they tied them up to three trees that grew together, and proceeded on foot toward what they thought to be two human figures.

In this they were not deceived. In a little time they came upon two ancient-looking wood-gatherers, who were laboring together very earnestly and

silently.

At the same time they espied further off, on a slight-wooded eminence, the ruins of what appeared to have been a magnificent building.

Struck with this unexpected sight, the prince forgot all about the way home, and questioned the couple about the ruin.

"Yes, it was a famous place once," replied the more talkative of the two, "for if you'll believe me, it was a king's palace many, many years ago; but it is haunted now, and no one has ever been found bold enough to enter within the building."

"Is it so indeed?" returned the prince; "then I am no coward, and I will go and see what is to be seen. Come," added he to his attendants.

But they could not be prevailed upon to accompany their master to a haunted ruin, and notwithstanding the entreaties of all four, he determined to go alone.

Now I think that this is the time to tell you that his royal highness was not the very prince of whom I have before told you, nor yet his son, nor yet his

grandson, but his great-grandson.

"It is rather dull," said the prince to himself, as he paced forward through the gloomy shades, and at last found himself entering a long avenue that led to one of the entrances of the palace.

"Halloa!" he exclaimed, as he caught sight of a sleeping form stretched across the doorway, "who is that, I wonder? Some drowsy porter, I have no doubt, who has been fee'd to watch the building by day, and has fallen to sleep while on duty. Well, I shall have much pleasure in giving him a gentle cuff on the ear that will wake him effectually."

Then he quickened his steps, and soon reached

the palace door.

"Why, what do I find here?" he cried in astonishment, as well he might, for round the doorway was gathered a group of huntsmen with their hounds, some standing, some reclining against the wall or on the ground, but all evidently fast asleep.

"The lazy vagabonds!" he exclaimed; "I'll

quickly stir them up!"

And he rushed into the midst of them, kicking some with his foot and cuffing others with his hands, but all to no purpose, for all remained as soundly asleep as before.

This surprised him not a little, I can assure you, and on examining the party closely he was more

bewildered than ever.

Some had their horns half-way raised to their lips, as though they had been seized with sleep while in the very act of blowing a blast.

Around others the creeping plants that grew upon the walls had twined themselves, as though the forms that seemed so human were in reality parts of the stone-work, and had been cunningly carved to imitate the human figure in every respect

to imitate the human figure in every respect.

Very strange was all this to the prince, and enough to make any one feel a kind of dread of all this unearthly stillness; but being curious, and brave as well as curious, he went close to one of the sleepers, felt his face, and found it was warm and living, and saw his nostrils quivering with the breath that regularly came and went.

Never before did I behold anything so marvelous!" said the prince aloud to himself; and his own voice as he spoke sounded hollow and unnatural in

that place.

There was not a braver man living than his royal highness the crown prince, yet he hesitated before passing through the portal of the ruined palace.

If things so strange and almost terrible be met

with at the entrance of the ruin, what unexpected horrors might he not find within?

But nothing could daunt the prince for long, and

summoning all his courage, he entered.

Then what a scene met his eyes! At every turn of the long passages he found men and women in all kinds of lifelike attitudes, and all fast asleep!

There were primly-attired maids and grandly-robed ladies, cooks in their white aprons, and soldiers in their uniforms, gentlemen in hunting dress, and pages in blue cloth and buttons.

Some looked as though they were running, some walking, others lounging against the walls, as though waiting patiently for an audience, and others still in little groups of two or three, as if conferring together on some important private business. Yet all were motionless, and silent as the grave.

Hurrying, but yet treading very softly, as though it were a sin to disturb the sleepers, the prince soon discovered through a great gap in the crumbling walls a melancholy sight indeed—a large banqueting-hall, filled with sleeping figures of the same kind; some in seats at the tables, with knives and forks in their hands, and some apparently serving, with dishes and trays in their arms and on their heads.

At the chief table sat a beautiful woman with a crown on her head, and nearly opposite her a king reclined in his chair, and his crown had fallen to one side, and within the circle of it grew a great wide mushroom!

Indeed, on venturing within the hall, he found it full of growths of all kinds—toadstools, mushrooms, climbing plants—and there were cobwebs besides without number.

But the very flies on the table had gone to

sleep!

"If I stay and look much longer I shall fall asleep too," said the prince, with a sigh, as he turned and left the hall.

Dare he venture up the great stair? Yes, it

seemed firm enough.

Up he went, yet very cautiously, peeping into all the dark corners by the way, though he laughed at himself for doing this in a place where everything was asleep and could not be waked, and therefore could do him no hurt.

Presently he came to a closed door.

His heart beat quickly, for he felt that he must open it; why, he did not know in the least.

The hinges creaked and groaned loudly as he did so and went in.

The state of the state of the

Then what a sight met his view!

On a large and beautiful bed lay the most lovely maiden he had ever seen, lulled in the same deep slumber.

The room was a perfect bower, so luxuriant were the growths of delicate plants all around it.

As he gazed the lady slept very peacefully, and now and then a sweet smile came and went on her

face; and, oh, she did look so pretty!

How could he help it? The prince took a step nearer, and another, and at last he ran with all his might toward the sleeping beauty, bent over her lovingly, and—kissed her. Wonder of wonders! The Princess Prettipet AWOKE!

As she slowly raised the lids that covered her blue eyes, the young prince thought he had never seen anything one-half so lovely in all his life, and in his heart of hearts he made a vow that no other damsel should ever claim his hand and share his throne but this charming princess, who had already caught his heart in a net from which it might never escape.

His meditations were disturbed by a sudden clamor outside the room, which spread and spread until it surged throughout the vast castle.

The prince, casting one loving look at his beautiful princess, ran out to see what it might mean.

#### VII, -PRETTIPET'S WEDDING.

DID ever so strange a thing happen before? Throughout the whole palace there was a bustle of stir and life—men and women running hither and thither with dismayed faces.

The prince caught hold of a terrified housemaid. "Why are you looking so alarmed?" he asked.

"Oh, sir," she replied, "I have fallen asleep, and forgotten to sweep the stairs for my lord the king's grand hunting-feast, and see how dirty they are! What will become of me, I wonder; and however could I have done such a thing?"

"Never mind about it, my pretty child," replied the prince, graciously; "I will undertake that his

majesty the king will not be very angry."

The prince next accosted the king's cup-bearer. "Oh, sir," he exclaimed, "pray do not delay me, for I have fallen asleep as I was bearing wine to the royal table, and know not how long I may have slept. Oh, dear! what will his majesty do to me?"

It was everywhere the same. Every one seemed to think that he alone had fallen asleep, and that

things were standing still on his account.

The guests in the banqueting-hall, as they awoke, were full of apologies to each other for having committed such an unwarrantable breach of good manners; and the king, starting up, said to the queen:

"My dear, what can we have been thinking of? Our guests are waiting our example to begin their repast, which I am sure they must require after

such a morning's hunting."

But what was the surprise of all, when they saw that every object around them was in a state of decay, and that even the white satin which they wore was yellow, as with age!

It was beyond all comprehension.

Then the prince stepped forward and explained all that he had found when he entered the palace, and how he had been the means of restoring to their present state the sleeping inhabitants.

The king, who, with the queen, could not fail to recognize the work of the Fairy Crowsfoot, made a speech to the young prince, which ran as follows:

"Handsome and brave prince, you have conferred on my subjects, my guests, and myself an inestimable boon. I would fain bestow upon you



THE PRINCESS BELLE-STAR.—" THE STRUGGLE WAS NOT LONG, FOR THE DOVE DARTED AT THE EYES OF THE DRAGON AND PECKED THEM OUT."

some mark of acknowledgment, and but await the expression of your desire in order to do so."

And how do you think the prince replied? He

made a low bow, and thus spoke:

"Revered and noble king, there is but one thing which I desire, and which it is in your power alone to grant. Your favorable reply to the honor I crave will make me the happiest of mortals."

"Name it," said the king, "and it shall be

done."

The young prince cast down his handsome eyes for a moment, and then raising them fearlessly, made reply:

"It is that I may have your gracious permission to pay my humble addresses to the beautiful and amiable princess, your daughter."

"Your wish is granted," replied the king, with

a pleased smile, for he was mightily taken with the young prince, and had been secretly wishing that he might gain him for a son-in-law. "Bring her royal highness the Princess Prettipet hither," continued the king, turning to some attendants who stood near.

They hastened to obey the royal command, and disappeared.

Soon, however, they returned, conducting the blushing princess, who looked more beautiful than ever.

The prince sprang to meet her, and clasping both her hands in his,

exclaimed:

"Lovely and beloved princess, your father has graciously given me permission thus to address you; will you make me happy by confirming it."

The princess made no reply, but her downcast eyes and blushing cheeks told plainly what she would

have said.

At least, the guests seemed to think so, for filling their glasses with the wine which stood on the table, they unanimously rose and drank, amidst hearty cheers and applause:

"Long life and health to the noble prince and the lovely prin-

cess !"

As soon as the palace could be restored, guests were bidden to another great feast—that held in honor of the nuptials of the Princess Prettipet and the crown prince of Somewhere Else.

On the death of the prince's father, which took place shortly afterward, the young king and queen were crowned amid great rejoicings and splendor. They reigned wisely and well for many years, and then, leaving the kingdom to their eldest son, took their

departure into Fairyland, where they lived happily ever afterward, enjoying the pleasures of

their new life.

## THE PRINCESS BELLE-STAR.

NCE upon a time there was a very beautiful princess, who, with all her goodness, was quite capricious. She was engaged to be married to a very brave and accomplished prince, who would have risked his life at her slightest wish. She knew this so well that she sometimes imposed upon him.

A fairy had told her that she never could marry the greatest prince in the world without she got three things—the laughing water, the singing apple, and the little green bird. The laughing water had the property of making everybody who bathed their faces in it eternally beautiful; the singing apple gave out the most beautiful music, and cheered the spirits of all who heard it; the little green bird could tell everything that was going on in the world.

"You will never be perfectly happy until you possess all these three, and then you will gain the

handsome Prince Tancred."

The fairy then told her that without she obtained these three things, he would never really love her, and that, also, it was necessary that the prince should signalize his devotion to her by obtaining these gifts for her himself.

The fairy did this to test whether the prince was

worthy of her favorite protégée.

This made the princess very miserable, for the fairy had already told her that the accomplishment of these objects was attended with very great perils.

The prince was surprised when he saw her, the next day, plunged into such grief, and anxiously inquired the cause. Now, the princess had been taught by

inquired the cause. Now, the princess had been taught by her mother always to speak the truth, and therefore candidly confessed what the fairy had told her.

"Be of good cheer," said the prince; "you shall have

all these things."

The princess could only thank him with one of those loving looks which only a princess in a fairy story can give.

Now the prince had a fairy who had watched over him from his birth, to whom, in his perplexity, he went.

She told him to go on his way, and trust to Providence.

Mounting his white horse in the early dawn, he galloped into the woods.

He had not gone far when he saw a hawk pursuing a dove. The prince, by his outcries, and brandishing his whip, made the marauder pause, whilst the dove flew and nestled in his bosom. The hawk thereupon flew off.

To his surprise, the dove

said:

"You have saved my life, and I will show you how to gain the object of your jour-

nev."

The prince was astonished, for he had never before heard a bird speak; he, however, accepted it as a good omen, and went on his way with renewed hopes, the dove perch-

ing on his horse's neck. He had not gone far when the bird told him that the laughing waters were guarded by a terrible dragon, which he would have to overcome in fight.

The prince was delighted to show his devotion to the lovely Belle Star, and mounting his horse, guided by the dove, he soon came to where the

hideous reptile was stationed.

The struggle was not long, for the dove darted at the eyes of the dragon, and pecked them out. The prince then collected some of the water.

"İ will now go after the apple," said the dove, "while you can stay here and be grateful that your kindness to a poor bird has made it your friend."

The prince, more and more astonished, threw himself under the shade of a large oak, and fell asleep. He was awakened from a most delightful dream by the most delicious music. It came from the singing apple, which the bird had just brought from the enchanted garden.

"We now only want," said the prince, "the green bird; but you have done so much for



THE CHARMED FAWN.—" AWAY THEY WANDERED OVER MEADOWS AND FIELDS."— SEE NEXT PAGE.

me, my dear dove, that I do not like to tax your kindness any further."

"Wait a little longer," said the bird, "and you

will see how nature repays a kind action."

So saying, it flew away. Very soon afterward, the prince looked up, and saw two birds flying toward him; one was the little dove, and the other a green parrot.

The prince was loud in his acknowledgments, and offered all the treasure of his father's king-

dom.

It is impossible to describe the delight of the Princess Belle Star when she saw her beloved prince return with the objects of his search.

When she had finished her congratulations, the little dove transformed itself into a beautiful

fairy, and thus addressed the princess:

"Thanks to my guardian care, the prince has returned, safe and sound. When you are married, beware of testing his affection, by sending him on such dangerous errands, lest you should lose him for ever."

Having said this, she disappeared.

The prince and princess were married, and reigned for many years very happy and contented.

#### THE CHARMED FAWN.

THERE was once a little brother who took his younger sister by the hand, and said to her: "We have never known a happy hour since we lost our mother. Our stepmother does nothing but beat or kick us all day long. What would our poor mother say if she knew how ill we are used? Come, let us go forth into the wide world."

And away they wandered over meadows, fields and stones. Toward evening they reached a large wood, and what with grief, hunger, and fatigue, they soon fell fast asleep. When they awoke next morning, the brother said:

"Sister, I am very thirsty, and if I could but find a spring, I should be so glad to drink."

And he took his sister by the hand and they

went to look for a stream.

But their wicked stepmother, who was a witch, had slunk after them, and bewitched all the springs in the forest. So, when they reached a sparkling stream, and the brother was going to drink, the sister heard it murmur:

"Whoever drinks out of me will become a

tiger!"

The sister then cried out:

"Brother, do not drink, or else you will become a wild beast, and tear me to pieces!"

So the brother did not drink, but said:

"I will wait till we come to the next stream.

And when they reached another spring, the sister heard it murmur:

"Whoever drinks out of me will become a

wolf!

Then the sister exclaimed:

"Brother, do not drink, or you will become a wolf, and eat me up."

So the brother did not drink, but answered:

"I will wait till we come to the next stream, but then I must drink:

And when they reached the third spring, the sister heard it say:

"Whoever drinks out of me will become a fawn!"

Then the sister said,

"Oh, brother, I beseech you not to drink, or you will become a fawn, and run away from me."

But the brother had already knelt down and drunk of its waters; and as soon as he had moistened his lips, he was changed to a young fawn.

The sister and the fawn wept together as they sat mournfully side by side. At length the little

girl said :

"Be easy, dear fawn; I will never leave you!" She took off her golden band and put it round the fawn's neck; and having made a rope out of some rushes, she led the little animal along.

And after going a long, long way, she at last found an empty hut, where she thought they

might live.

Every morning she gathered roots, berries, or nuts, for herself, and fresh grass for the fawn; and when evening came, and she felt tired, she said her prayers, and then pillowed her head on the little fawn's back, and went to sleep. In short, they might have been very happy if the brother had but retained his own shape.

They had lived in this way a long while, when it happened one day that the king went a-hunting in the forest. The fawn, hearing the sound of the horn, the baying of the hounds, and the hallooing

of the huntsmen, said to his sister:

"Let me join the hunt, for I can keep away no

And he begged and begged, till at last she con-

sented.

"Only, pray, come back again to-night," said she; "and mind you knock at the door, and say, 'Sister, let me in'; for if you do not say so I shall not open it."

The fawn now darted away, delighted to scent

the fresh air as he bounded along.

The king and his huntsmen saw the beautiful animal, and gave chase, but were unable to overtake it.

It was now dark, and the fawn ran home, and knocked at the door, saying, "Sister, let me in." The little door was immediately opened, and in jumped her companion.

The next day the hunt was again abroad, and no sooner did the fawn hear the horn than he

said to his sister:

"Pray, sister, open the door, for I must be off."

When the king and his huntsmen again caught sight of the fawn, they all pursued him, but he was too swift for them. Toward evening, however, one of the hunters wounded him slightly in the foot, so that he limped as he went along very slowly. This enabled one of the huntsmen to watch him to the hut, when he heard him crying out, "Sister, let me in," and saw the door

opened and immediately closed again. The hunts-

man then went back and told the king.

The sister was very much alarmed when the fawn came back wounded; but she bound some simples on the wound, and said:

"Go, lie down, dear fawn, that you may get

cured."

The wound was so slight that it had healed by the next morning; and when the fawn again heard the huntsmen in the forest, he would again go after them.

Toward sunset the king said to the huntsman who had followed the fawn the day before:

"Come, now, and show me the hut where he dwells.'

On reaching the door he knocked, and said:

"Dear sister, let me come in."

The door flew open, and the king walked in, and beheld the most beautiful maiden he had ever seen. But the poor girl was very much frightened when she saw the king, with his golden crown, instead of her beloved fawn.

Then the king looked at her in a kindly manner,

"Will you accompany me to my palace, and be-

come my queen?"
"Yes," replied the maiden, "provided I may

take my fawn with me.'

The king then took the beautiful girl to his palace, where their marriage was celebrated with great pomp; and the fawn was fondled and pampered, and had the run of the palace-gardens.

When the wicked stepmother heard how happy they were, she thought of nothing else but how she should bring them into trouble again. Her own daughter, too, who was one-eyed and as ugly as sin, kept saying that it was she who ought to have been a queen.

Accordingly, as soon as she heard that the queen had become the mother of a fine little boy, she went to the palace, and having assumed the shape of one of the queen's maids, she went into

her bedchamber, and said:

"The bath is now ready, if it please your

majesty."

The witch's daughter, who was likewise at hand, then helped to lift the sick queen into the bath. No sooner had they done this than they closed the door of the bathroom, where they had made such a fire that they felt certain the beautiful young queen would be instantly stifled.

The old crone then put a cap on her daughter's head, and laid her in the queen's bed, and tried to make her look as like her majesty as pos-

Toward evening the king, who had been hunting, came home, and immediately went to see his beloved wife. But the old crone would not let him draw the curtain and look at the queen.

Toward midnight, when every one was asleep except the nurse, the door opened, and the real queen came in. She took the babe out of the cradle, and gave it some drink. She then shook up its little pillow, and put it back into the cradle. The nurse went and told the king what she had seen.

"To-morrow night," exclaimed the king, "I will keep watch myself."

And accordingly, when evening came, the king went into the nursery; and toward midnight the queen appeared again, and nursed the baby as she was wont to do before she disappeared. The king did not venture to speak to her; but on the following night he sat up again, when she came,

"Say, how is my baby, and how is my fawn?
For the last time I come, and shall vanish at dawn."

The king could now restrain himself no longer, and jumped up, crying:

"You can be no other than my dear wife!"
"Yes," replied she, "I am;" and at that moment she was restored to life.

She then related to the king the crime the witch and her daughter had committed. They were at once delivered up to justice, and the daughter was condemned to be torn to pieces by wild beasts, and the wicked old hag to be burned for a witch. And no sooner had the flames consumed her than the fawn recovered his human shape, and the brother and sister were happy ever after, to the end of their days.

#### LITTLE ELLA AND THE FIRE KING.

NCE upon a time there was a little girl named Ella. She was an only child, and lived with her widowed mother, who, having no one else to love in all the world, lavished the fondest affection on her darling; and, to tell the truth, spoiled her

Ella was very beautiful. She had large dark eyes, and golden curls that hung gracefully over her white, dimpled shoulders, and her cheeks and lips were like rosebuds to look at; but she had been so often told of her beauty, that I am sorry to say she had become extremely vain, and liked nothing so much as to be well dressed, and to hear people exclaim, as she walked along the streets, "What a lovely little lady!"

Vanity was not Ella's only fault; she was also far from being industrious, and she would let her mother wear her eyes out, in making the fine clothes she was always asking for, while she sat idly on her stool in the warm chimney corner, and looked into the bright fire, till she fancied she could see hills and valleys, trees and houses, and even little men and women, in the glowing embers.

One Winter's afternoon, when the snow was on the ground, Ella's mother said to her:

"It will soon be Christmas-time, and I wish my darling to choose what she would best like for a New Year's gift."

"Oh," cried the little girl, "I want a new hat, with cherry-colored ribbons, and a blue velvet pe-

lisse, trimmed with ermine.'

"Nay," said her mother, "I will buy you one of these things, my child, but I cannot afford to give you both; for you know, Ella, I am far from rich." "Never mind," said Ella, impatiently; "a new hat and a new pelisse I must and will have, and I am sure that I shall neither eat, sleep, nor play, for thinking of them; so do go out this afternoon, there's a dear kind mother, and buy them for me. See, it has almost left off snowing, and I will keep a good fire to warm you when you come home, and make some of the nice tea and toast, of which you are so fond."

And the little puss began to coax her mother, throwing her white arms around her neck, and kissing her till she could no longer resist her winning ways; so, fondly patting her daughter's rosy cheek, she put on her bonnet and cloak and trudged out into the Winter cold, to get the finery which little Ella wished for.

Now Ella had not a bad heart; she really loved her mother dearly, but much indulgence had made

her thoughtless and selfish.

She looked out of the window and nodded a smiling good-by to her kind parent, and then ran shivering back to the warm chimney corner.

"Ah, how cold and dreary it looks outside," I

said she. "For my part, I shall amuse myself with looking at this nice, clear fire till mamma comes back."

And, quite forgetting the tea and toast she had promised to get ready, she drew her stool to the hearth, and sat looking at the flames which leaped and sparkled so merrily, and into the very depths of the glowing fire, where the trees, the gardens and the palaces, seemed more wonderful and beautiful than ever to her earnest gaze.

The hail pattered against the window-panes, and the wind whistled drearily outside, but the firetrees had not lost their foliage, and all appeared

Summer in that cheerful spot.

"I wish, I wish," sighed the wayward Ella, "that I could always live in the fire—it is so cold and miserable here; and I should like of all things to wander in that lovely garden which I see yonder, and to dwell in that fine palace with the tiny door of glittering gold, which stands in the midst of it."

Scarcely had the words passed her lips, when the golden door of the palace flew open, and breathless with astopishment, Ella beheld a noble train of

lords and ladies no higher than her little finger, who, bowing to her as they passed from the palace gate, formed a brilliant line on each side of the avenue which led to this enchanted castle.

Next came a troop of young maidens, bearing on their heads small baskets of filigree coal containing black diamonds of rare value. Then followed grooms in waiting, equerries and attendants of every description, in gorgeous liveries, and these were succeeded by twelve of the most exquisite pages that can be imagined, who advanced backward, bowing low, and waving their plumed and jeweled caps to the ground.

Lastly, a flourish of drums and trumpets announced the approach of royalty, and what was Ella's joy and surprise when there rode forth from the palace gates a superb young prince, far handsomer than any she had ever thought or dreamed of, mounted on a prancing fiery steed, which he managed with wonderful grace and skill.

When he had reached the centre of the avenue, he dismounted, and, throwing the reins of his charger to an attendant, walked gracefully forward to the front of the grate and gazed at the blushing Ella, majesty and love speaking in every glance.

love speaking in every glance.
The fire king was magnificently dressed in royal robes of blue flame bordered with golden sparks, and wore on his head a



THE CHARMED FAWN.—" THE SISTER AND THE FAWN WEPT TOGETHER." SEE PAGE 78.

crown of brilliants. His appearance was altogether most dazzling; for though his face might perhaps be considered a trifle too red, yet this was forgotten in the brightness of his eyes.

"Fairest of mortals," said he, as he knelt before Ella, "I am the King of the Salamanders, and I have come to woo you for my queen. Often have I watched you in the evening time as you looked into my dominions with longing eyes, sighing to live for ever there. And who could gaze upon your beauty and not love you? Yes, Ella, the wish of your heart is granted. I offer you my hand and royal crown. Come, be my bride this day, and dwell with me for ever in my kingdom of flame."

Now, Ella was not the least frightened at the king's mode of address, for she had heard his voice many times before, but had then mistaken it for the popping of the coals, to which, it must be owned, it bore no small resemblance; but though her heart leaped with delight at the thought of being married to the handsome king, and wearing a diamond crown, yet she almost feared that she might be burned if she ventured into the fire, and even if she escaped that danger, her size was another obstacle to her wishes; for she saw plainly enough that it would be quite impossible for her even so much as to enter the kingdom, much more to dwell in a palace a hundred times smaller than herself.

Ready to cry with vexation and disappointment, she was about to refuse the offer of the Salamander, when she felt herself to be growing smaller every instant, and soon she became even more diminutive than the king himself, while the heat of the fire, which before had sadly scorched her face, now seemed to her no greater than the pleasant warmth of a Summer's day.

Yet, as she stood on the topmost bar of the grate, and lifted her dainty little foot, clad in the tiniest and most exquisite of red slippers, to spring into Fireland, she paused once more, for the recollection of her doting mother, who had ventured out on this dreary day, regardless of wind and storm, merely to gratify a selfish whim of hers, shot a pang of remorse through her heart, and a tear gathered in her eye and fell on the prince's head as he stood below her awaiting impatiently.

It must be confessed he looked rather black at this, for water did not agree with his constitution; and Ella's tear, though a very small one, threatened to put him out for the day.



THE CHARMED FAWN. - "THE FAWN DARTED AWAY DELIGHTED." - SEE PAGE 78.

"Do not weep, my love," said he, in a hissing voice, which he tried to render as agreeable as possible. "I assure you that your mother will not miss you so much as you imagine. She is going to marry a new husband, and then she will have other children and love them better than you. Besides which, she shall not think you ungrateful, for I will take care to scatter some ashes on the hearthing, which will cause her to think that you have ventured too near the fire, and so have been burned to death."

Now, though Ella could not in her heart believe all this, or think that her poor mother would ever again love any other creature in the world, yet vanity and curiosity had got possession of her foolish little head, and, hesitating no longer, she sprang into the open arms of her fiery lover, who clasped her in a warm embrace, and showered kisses on her ruby lips.

The lords and ladies now approached, and, kneeling at Ella's feet, saluted her as their queen; and next the young maidens advanced with their baskets of jewels, the king's wedding-gift to his

fair young bride.

Twelve of the noblest ladies of the court, who were appointed to be maids-of-honor, respectfully begged Ella to tell them how they might serve her

majesty.

"Attend your royal mistress to her robing-room," said the king; "and then we must to horse; for we have far to travel this night before we can reach our palace in the bowels of the earth. You know, my sweet queen," continued he, "that this fireplace of your mother's is only one of my many country-houses, and my state residence is far more vast and magnificent; thither shall we go this night, that our wedding-feast may be all the grander. The banquet waits our coming, so haste, I pray you, love, and don your wedding-dress.'

"Can we not stay in this palace to-night?" said Ella, who did not altogether relish going so far

from her old home.

"No, no, silly one," said the king. "Pray, is not the fire raked out every night?—and then what would become of us? A pretty mess you would make of our wedding-feast! But do not look so sad, dear love; you shall often return to this place, if it pleases you; for it is only at night that we are forced to leave it for our palace in the earth.'

Ella brightened up at this, and gayly entered the

palace she had so much longed to live in.

Her maids-of-honor followed, and conducted her to her apartments, where they decked her as became a royal bride—in rich robes of white flame.

A circlet of sparks surrounded her golden curls, and over her head she wore a long vail of ex-

quisitely transparent smoke.

Thus attired, she looked more beautiful than the morning star, and could scarcely tear herself away from the mirror which reflected her charms, though the king was impatiently calling for her, and her horse stood saddled at the gate.

At last she was ready, and, joining the impatient bridegroom, mounted her steed, and the whole train departed with royal pomp; Ella and the king at the head, drums beating and trumpets

sounding.

"Are you happy and content, my Ella?" said the handsome king, fixing his piercing eyes tenderly on her blushing face as they rode away.

"That indeed I am, sweet prince," returned Ella; but she was not really so; her heart felt heavy

amid all this splendor.

She tried to think it was only the fear of spoiling her complexion which troubled her; but conscience whispered that an ungrateful child could never hope to be happy again.

After riding a long way, they arrived at the king's palace in the depths of the earth.

The magnificence of this subterranean dwelling quite overpowered the youthful queen with awe, as she began to realize the splendid extent of her new dominions, and she ceased to wonder at the dreadful earthquakes of which she had sometimes read, when she saw the flames that raged in the earth's centre beneath the fields, the rocks and the houses, which appeared so safe to mortal eyes.

While these thoughts were passing through her mind, an attendant bounced out suddenly before the king, and said:

'Supper is served, your gracious majesty."

"And you, too, shall be served for your insolence, sirrah," said his gracious majesty, who, without more ado, put an untimely end to the forward

young spark with a single blow.

Ella was not a little trightened by this very unpleasant interruption to the wedding gayeties, but the courtiers took no notice whatever of their companion's fate, and did not seem in the least astonished; for, to let you into a secret, if anything was hot in Fireland, the king's temper was about the hottest thing of all. The banquet was served in right royal style, with every dainty that could tempt a Salamander's palate.

But Ella was not quite a Salamander yet, and she certainly did not find the dishes of which the king pressed her to eat half so delicious as the plum-pudding and mince-pies she used to have at

home.

The king noticed that she did not eat with a good appetite, and as nothing could be too hot to please him, he took it into his head that Ella did not relish her supper because it was cold, he flew into a terrible passion in consequence; and though Ella, trembling from head to foot at his grim looks, begged him not to disturb himself on her account, and tried her utmost to swallow the scalding food as if she liked it, a dozen or two courtiers were blown out before the dreadful supper came to an

But after all this followed fireworks and diversions in honor of the wedding, and Ella was so delighted with the wonderful sight, that the king almost forgot his ill-temper when he saw her sweet face dimpled with such rosy smiles, and the night was far spent in these amusements, when Ella was conducted by her maids-of-honor to her splendid sleeping-room in the glittering palace; so that she laid her head on her crimson-and-gold pillow, feeling that after all it was a very grand thing to be a queen and a bride, even though her lover might not be quite such a charming prince as he appeared at first.

In the morning the king told Ella that he had not forgotten his promise, of allowing her to spend part of the honeymoon in her mother's fireplace. and she gladly accepted his offer of going thither at once.

The horses, therefore, were brought out, and away they rode, to the sound of trumpet and horn. along the road of flint, and through the iron gates which opened into the grate, until at last they drew rein before the shining gold gates of the Salamander's palace, which was gayly decked with banners and wreaths of flame to welcome the com-

ing of the royal bride.

Now the king, who was a very vain prince, was in a great hurry to lead Ella into the palace, so that he might show her all his treasures, and make her feel what a grand king she had married; but she having her own reasons for being left by herself for a while, tried all sorts of excuses to remain behind.

"It is very pleasant out here," said she; "and I should like to sit and watch the smoke curling up the chimney, so that I may know which way the wind blows.

"The wind is nothing to you or me," returned the king, "and it is not proper for my bride to re-

main by herself, so I will not allow it."
"But I will stay by myself, and as long as I choose, too," said the queen, her eyes beginning to sparkle, for she was not accustomed to contra-diction. "Do you imagine I am always going to have either you or a parcel of black, sooty maidsof-honor at my heels ?"

"No more sooty than you are yourself," said the

king, in a pet.

Saying this, he sent a large coal flying in the queen's face, which fairly knocked her down, and she who had never received so much as a harsh word in her life, lay upon the ground, sobbing

with grief and passion.

The king, however, was only a young husband and lover still; therefore, when he saw how his fair young wife took his unkindness to heart, he felt ashamed of his violence, and, raising her tenderly from the ground, begged her pardon humbly enough, and asked her what he could do to make her amends.

"Leave me by myself," was all that Eila would answer, and deeming it better to feign obedience, the king at last entered the palace with his train of nobles; but he made up his mind to watch well from some sly corner all that went on outside, for he felt quite certain that mischief was brewing.

As soon as Ella found herself alone, she ran as fast as she could to the front of the grate, and gazed with a beating heart into the dear old room which had once been her home, but what was her grief and horror at the sight which there met her eyes!

A heap of ashes was on the hearth-rug, amid which Ella could see scorched and blackened fragments of the dress she had worn the night before, and near it lay her mother, cold, pale and sense-

Her soft brown hair had in a single night changed to silver gray, her eyes were closed, and it was only by a faint shudder which now and then passed over her frame that Ella could tell she was yet alive.

An old servant, who had once been Ella's nurse, knelt near her mistress, and chafed her cold hands, while tears streamed down her cheeks, and on the ground near them lay the beautiful hat with cherrycolored ribbons, and the blue velvet pelisse, which had been the poor woman's last errand of love for her cruel little daughter.

Full of grief and repentance at this sad sight, Ella tried with all her might to jump into the room, and run to her dear mother's assistance; but the king, who, as I told you, was watching her from the castle with all his eyes, sprang quickly

forward and caught her in his arms.

"Your folly had nearly cost you your life," said he, angrily. "Remember, ungrateful Ella, that you are now a Salamander and my queen, and that you can no longer exist out of the fire."

With many a weary sigh Ella was forced to hide

her misery from her husband, whom she now began to fear even more than she had before admired; and as he was unwilling to trust her any longer so near her old home, he ordered the horses to be got ready with all dispatch, and rode with her at once to his palace in the earth's centre.

That beautiful palace seemed to Ella nothing better than a prison, now that she could never hope to see her dear mamma again, and indeed from that time forward there was no more happiness for the conscience-stricken fire queen.

No one could live in so hot a country without having a proportionately warm temper; and the king began to get weary of Ella and her fretfulness, especially as her beauty changed visibly and daily.

Her pretty, rosy face grew quite scorched and heated-looking, and her once glossy and golden curls became rough and frizzled in this trying cli-

After a time the king used to pretend that he had a great many state matters to regulate in a large mountain called Vesuvius, where he had a fine palace, and was always going off on long journeys by himself to Italy, where this mountain

Ella did not believe a word of his excuses, and their quarrels grew to be the scandal of the court

and the talk of all the Salamanders.

Whenever the king proposed going to Vesuvius the courtiers were fain to hide themselves, for neither king nor queen were very particular who came in for a share of their blows when they had one of their angry quarrels with each other.

Now, the truth of the matter was, as Ella imagined, that the king was as much in love with a beautiful Italian princess as he had once been with

herself.

He would not have continued to care for her even if she had smiled as sweetly and tried to please him as much, as ever; but her wicked passions made him hate her, so that he longed to be rid of her, and contradicted her in everything she wished for.

You may be sure that Ella desired more and more to revisit her home, and her mother, but for a long time she sought in vain for the opportunity —the king having given strict orders that when he was away she should on no account be allowed to leave the palace.

On one occasion, however, he was absent for so many weeks, that all the Salamanders began to

hope that he was dead.

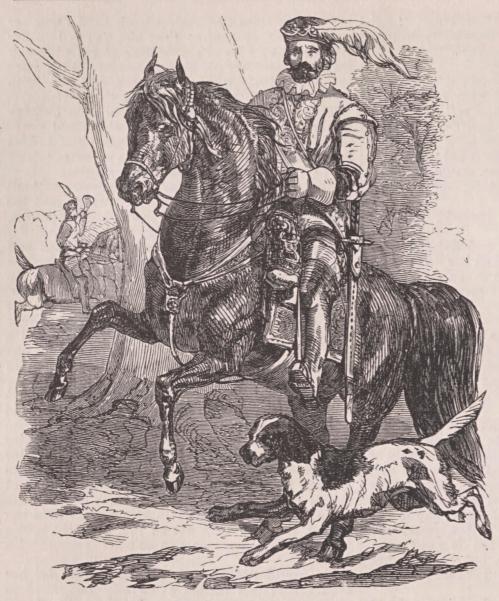
Now Ella had been so fortunate as to find the large golden key which opened his treasure-chests, and which he had forgotten to take with him on his last journey.

She begged, therefore, very hard to be allowed to leave the palace, and told the courtiers that they might take as much of the treasure as they chose,

if they would only permit her to escape.

When they saw the shining heaps of gold and silver, they thought of nothing but filling their pockets and quarreling for the largest share.

So Ella ran off unperceived, and saddling her horse with her own hands, leaped joyfully on his back, and rode as fast as she could gallop till



THE CHARMED FAWN.—" THE KING AND THE HUNTSMAN AGAIN CAUGHT SIGHT OF THE FAWN." SEE PAGE 78.

she once more found herself in the fireplace of her mother's house.

When she peeped into the well-known room from between the bars, she beheld her mother, old, worn and gray, sitting mournfully by the fire-side, while many a tear ran down her furrowed cheeks.

Ella could see her look sorrowfully at her own little empty stool which stood in its old warm corner by the chimney nook, and she could not doubt that her poor mamma was reproaching herself with carelessness in leaving her alone on that sad day, when, she imagined, her little Ella had been burned to death.

In vain did the repentant queen call to her mamma, and try everything she could think of to make herself heard.

Her voice was now the voice of a Salamander, which, as I told you before, can scarcely be distinguished by mortal ears from the crackling flames of a cheerful fire, so that the poor mother could not be comforted by the consoling words which her unhappy daughter strove in vain to render intelligible.

Evening was drawing on, and Ella, almost exhausted by grief, had sat down to rest and bemoan her hard fate in a hollow coal by the roadside, when she was startled by a rushing sound beneath her, which convinced her that the fire king must have unexpectedly returned, and was now coming on his swiftest horse, which traveled faster than the wind, to punish the runaway queen.

In another minute the iron gates at the back of the grate were thrown open with a loud crash, and the fire king galloped furiously up to Ella, perfectly black with the fierce passion which consumed him, and closely followed by his trembling courtiers.

"Insolent creature!" cried the enraged monarch; "beware how you tempt my wrath! What audacity, to steal my treasures and corrupt my courtiers in so scandalous a manner! But I might have known the manner in which you would behave, when I chose for my queen a little low-born mortal, whose silly mother had taught her nothing better than to be idle and disobedient."

"How dare you abuse my mamma?" cried Ella, forgetting her terror when she heard her mother thus rudely blamed; and as she was a match for the king when her spirit was up, a pitched battle began between

the royal pair, which threatened to be serious. This way and that way flew the live coals, the courtiers scuttled off into all the holes and corners they could think of to be out of harm's way, and there was soon a clear stage and no favor for the angry couple.

In the midst of the fray the fury of the combatants was arrested by a bright blaze which sprang up in the room where Ella's mother was sitting, for the red-hot coals which were pelted about by the king and queen so plentifully, had in fact set fire to the house, and thus Ella was doomed to be the cause of nothing but misfortune to her unhappy parent.

She stood transfixed with horror at the sight of the spreading flames, but the fire king shouted with delight.

"Hurrah!" cried he, springing out into the blaze; "this is a sight worth all my treasures."

Ella could distinguish the shrieks of her dear mamma ringing high above the roaring of the flames, the crackling of the wood, and the flendish laughter of the fire king, and her senses failing her, she fell into a deep swoon.

When consciousness returned, she found herself bound hand and foot in a miserable dungeon, securely guarded by two little Salamander goblins, named Grizzle and Frizzle, who had charge of the

state prisoners.

She was allowed no better food than brimstone, bnt she cared little for this hardship, and could she only have known her mother to be safe and happy she would have felt contented, but the little imps, her jailers, laughed so maliciously when she entreated them to satisfy her on this point, that she feared the worst.

Many wretched days passed in this manner, but one night when poor Ella was lying sleepless on her hard bed, her attention was roused by the cackling laughter of Grizzle and Frizzle, who

seemed to be mightily enjoying some joke as they cowered together in a corner over a blue flame.

"Comrade," said Grizzle, "the king will certainly bring home his new bride to-morrow; we had best make short work of Queen Ella to-night,

or our ears will be well pulled for us."

"What you say is true," replied Frizzle; "and indeed it is all owing to your laziness that we did not kill her long ago. The king is coming with his bride to-morrow, that is very certain; therefore let business be business, and we will make an end of her before supper."

Though the hapless Ella could hear every word of this, all power to move or scream seemed denied her; her limbs felt stiff and heavy, and her parched tongue refused to utter a sound. The



LITTLE ELLA AND THE FIRE KING .- " SHE SPRANG INTO THE ARMS OF HER FIERY LOVER WHO CLASPED HER IN A WARM EMBRACE."

little goblins were at last so close to her that she could feel their breath upon her cheek, and knew that their hideous, leering eyes were gloating over her; still she lay speechless and motionless.

Suddenly a loud knock was heard at the door, and Ella felt her bonds and her tongue loosened at

the sound.

Springing to her feet, she uttered a fearful scream.

"Save me! save me!" she cried.

"Save you!" said her mother, entering the room. "Why, Ella, have you been asleep and dreaming, you idle puss? What a tremble you

are in, to be sure !"

"Oh, mamma! mamma!" cried the delighted child, as she clung round her mother's dear neck, and smothered her with kisses; "is it really only a dream? Yes, yes; your hair is not gray—the house is not burned. Then the fire king may marry the Italian princess with all my heart, for I will never, never leave you again."

"You are talking sad nonsense, you little goose, with your Italian princesses," said her mother, laughing heartily. "But come, I have brought you your hat and pelisse; we will try them on, and

see what a beauty you will look."

"Nay," said the little maiden, sadly, "I do not care for finery now, mamma, and, indeed, I am not a beauty, but only a vain, silly child, who does not deserve to have so kind a mother. Come, dear mamma, rest yourself in your easy chair; take off your wet shoes, and let me wait upon you."

Then Ella bustled about, stirred the fire, drew the window-curtains, and made her mother some

hot tea and toast.

As they sat by their cheerful hearth that evening, Ella related all her wonderful adventures in Fireland, and she and her mother could not but agree that it is doubtless much more pleasant to look at the fire than live in it.

Ever since that time, I am happy to tell you that Ella has become quite a changed character. She now works busily for her mother, and is her greatest comfort; and though she is always pretty and neat, she no longer makes fine clothes her

only study.

Doubtless some kind fairy must have sent her this wonderful dream to cure her of her faults, and to make her henceforth as lovely in mind as she had ever been in person.

### BO-PEEP.

"I have a liitle sister, they call her Bo-peep, She wades through the waters, deep, deep; She climbs through the heavens, high, high; Poor little sister!—she has but one eye."

In a cottage on the borders of a wood there lived two children, a boy and a girl, with their father, the Wizard of the Wold. He was the descendant of a long race of wizards, and he looked scarcely like a human being, with his dark eyebrows and black, fierce eyes, and long, sharp teeth.

The children, however, were not so strange-

looking, for their mother had been an ordinary woman, who married the wizard because he promised to revenge her upon some people who had done her wrong. But she did not live long, although long enough to repent of her marriage with so wild and uncanny a being.

The boy Cosmo was indeed dark-browed and silent, like his father; but little Stella was merrier and more childlike, and had bright, yellow hair, which was always flying about over her face

and shoulders.

They never went to school, or learned to read and write, as other children do; nevertheless they had their lessons. Their father taught them the language of the birds and beasts, the winds and clouds, the trees and flowers; and he made them learn by heart spells which enabled them to stop and question the wind as he went by, or to call the insects out of their holes to play with them. He encouraged them, too, in all manner of pranks, so that they would gather daisy-buds and make them grow and blossom on oak-trees; or they would change birds' eggs, and make the thrush hatch wild ducklings, or the wren blackbirds. Sometimes they made cunning snares to trip the feet of unwary travelers, or would frighten them by making a snake suddenly wriggle across the pathway.

And, when their mischievous joke succeeded, they would clap their hands and run laughing away—for they had never been taught what was right and what was wrong. Only Stella sometimes thought she would rather not have robbed the little bird of her eggs, or the squirrel of his store of nuts; and whenever Cosmo brought home small animals that he had hurt in what he called his play, she would tend and feed them until they were quite well, and then let them go free again. So it came to pass that all creatures learned to love Stella, as much as they feared and hated her

father and brother.

Travelers used, generally, to avoid the road that led past the wizard's cottage, for it soon became known that people seldom passed that way without meeting with some mishap or other. But the bolder ones, who still ventured to take that road, used to give Stella the nickname of Bo-peep, because of the way she had of peeping out at them from the doorway, with her yellow hair blowing about her face, and hiding and peeping out again, if they staid to look at her. But if her father caught her at it, he scolded her and sent her to bed; for he would not let his children have anything to do with other people.

How the wizard employed his time, nobody knew. He read a great deal out of great black-letter books, and sometimes he would disappear for two or three days, and then come back looking just as black and sullen as when he started. Sometimes Cosmo wanted to go, too, but the wiz-

ard never would take him.

"Father," said little Stella, one day, on his return from one of these excursions, "I have been wanting you. There is something that you have never taught me. I want to learn the language of the angels."

"What do you know about angels?" said her

father, gruffly.

"I don't know anything," replied Stella. cannot see them; but the trees see them, for they bend their heads and hush the whispering of their leaves when the angels pass. And the clouds see them, for they part and make a gateway for the angels to fly through to the blue sky. I want to be able to see them, too, father."

The wizard made no answer, and she was going on, "Won't you teach m -- "when he turned and said: "I won't teach you anything—get along with you!" so angrily, that Stella ran away out of the house for fear of him.

It was a beautiful night; and, as she stood looking up at the stars, she thought that they must be the homes where the angels lived, and longed to go and live there too. Then she thought what wonderful beings they must be, that her wise father, who knew almost everything, should not know their language. Then she thought that they might be watching her now, though she could not see them, and a feeling as if of fear came over her, and she ran into the house again, away from the starlight.

It was not long after this, that the wizard went off again, as he had often done before; but instead of coming home at the end of a few days at most, week after week went by, and he did not return. Perhaps, cunning as he was, he had met at last with some accident; or, perhaps, he had grown tired of taking charge of his children, and was gone to settle somewhere else all alone. Be that as it may, he had disappeared, and Cosmo and

Stella never saw him again.

They were not very sorry to lose him; he had been too selfish and unkind for that to be possi-Cosmo, indeed, was glad; for now, he thought, he would go and join himself with other boys—a thing his father had never allowed—and would be a little king over them, because of his knowledge of magic and power to work spells.

Accordingly, the next time he heard boys' voices in the wood, he went out, and found a whole company of them bird-catching. Then Cosmo called, and a quantity of little birds came fluttering into his hands, and, laden with these as proofs of his power, he went up to the other boys, smiling, and offered himself as their companion.

But as soon as the boys saw him, they cried, "The wizard! the wizard!" and, leaving nets and snares, they scampered away, never stopping to

look behind until they were out of the wood. Cosmo flung down his poor little prisoners in a rage, and went home and sulked for the rest of

"Those boys are stupid, ignorant fellows," he said to himself; "it was a mistake to begin with them. I will go to the town, and see whether the learned and clever men there will not perceive my superiority, and be thankful to have me for a companion."

But as soon as he entered the town some one recognized him as the boy who had done him and his fellow-townsmen so many an ill-turn as they passed along the woodland path; the news soon spread, and in a few minutes half the boys in the town turned out to meet Cosmo, and pelted and hooted him for a wizard all down the street and along the road toward the wood.

This time Cosmo went to bed and staid there for three days, and when he got up he went about as black and silent as his father. He would scarcely answer Stella when she spoke to him, and his only pleasure seemed to be to lay plans to annoy and hurt every one that came in his way.

One day, Stella heard a cry of distress not far from the house, and suspecting that it must be some one whom Cosmo had played some trick upon, she ran out to see. There, in the ditch beside the path, lay an old woman, dressed in her best red shawl and check apron, with a squashy, greasy mess under her that had once been a basketful of butter and eggs.

On helping her up, Stella was glad to find that the old woman was not much hurt, though so much shaken and frightened that she could not go

on to market.

Stella took her into the house and washed the dirt off her, and persuaded her to lie down on her bed, where the old woman fell asleep. She did not wake until it was too late to go home, and she agreed to spend the night at the cottage.

When Cosmo peeped in and saw a guest there, he frowned fiercely, and went straight to his own room; nor would he open the door when Stella presently came knocking to offer him some

supper.

But the old woman was charmed to find the little witch-girl so much kinder than she expected,

and the next morning she said to her:

"My dear, it grieves me to think such a kindhearted little girl as you have shown yourself to be, should yet be living in the midst of so much that is wrong."

"What does wrong mean?" asked Stella.

"Whatever is displeasing to God is wrong," replied the old woman. Then seeing that Stella still looked puzzled, she added, "To Him who made us, and who is Lord of everything."

"Is He Lord over the angels?" Stella asked.

"Surely," said the old woman. "They are His messengers, you know."

Stella had many more questions to ask, which the old woman answered as best she could, until at last she got up and said she ought to be going. Then, to her surprise, Stella put into her hands her old market-basket, neatly mended, and inside it were some plover's eggs, and some large pieces of honeycomb.

"I put that in instead of butter," said Stella.

"My dear, this is worth a great deal more than my butter and eggs were," said the old woman. "I will come and see you again when next I pass, and if ever I can be of any use to you, only let me know, and I shall be very glad to help you."

The old woman had left Stella plenty to think about, with her new ideas of what was right and

She began to fear to do anything that she felt not to be right, lest the angels, or the Lord of the angels, should be looking at her; and she tried to

talk to Cosmo about it, but he soon cut her short. So, while Stella was always looking upward and thinking about what was good, Cosmo's eyes were always fixed on the earth, and his mind filled with what was bad; and he grew ever blacker and gloomier, until one day he, too, went out and did not come back again, and so Stella was left alone.

At first Stella wandered through the wood day after day, looking for him; but when she had convinced herself that he was not there, she went back to their cottage; for, she said, "Surely he will come home at last, and if I wait here I shall see him.

One day she had wandered a little way into the wood to gather a few herbs for her dinner, when she saw two carrion crows before her, busy with a I from in a hurry," replied the elder.

dead rat in the pathway. At the slight rustling which she made among the branches, one of the crows half rose, fluttering as if afraid; but the other cried with a hoarse, croaking langh:

"What are you frightened at, you foolish fellow? there is no one here to be afraid of now. The Wizard of the Wold is gone, and his son is gone; there is nobody left but Bo-peep, as they call her, and she never hurts any one."

Now Stella understood the language of birds, so when she heard this she stopped to listen, hoping that she might perhaps learn something.

"Cosmo gone too, is he?" said the younger

"And gone to a place which he won't get away

"Where is that?" asked the other, while Stella listened with all her ears.

"Where is he, do you ask?" said the elder crow. "He is with the Black Dog. in the Swamp!"

And both the crows left off eating, and nodded their heads at one another, by which Stella knew that it was something very dread-

"He is come to that, is he?" said the younger crow at last. "And what will become of him, I wonder?"

"That is what I have been wondering," said the other. "You know if he were an ordinary mortal he would die before long in the Black Dog's service; and if he were wholly a wizard he would grow blacker and wilder, and his hair and teeth would grow longer. until he, too, would become a black dog, and then the two would fight until one remained the master of the swamp. But Cosmo is neither man nor wizard, so I cannot tell what will become of him."

"I suppose it is possible that somebody may go and save him ?" said the younger

"I don't, then," croaked the other. "Who would do it, I wonder? Why, everybody hates him; even his sister must, for he has behaved to her lately more as if he were a black dog already than a brother. And if she wished to do it, I am sure she would not know how."



BO-PERP.-" JACK FROST COMES TO BO-PEEP'S ASSISTANCE."

BO-PEEP.



"I WISH I WAS IN FAIRYLAND!"

"Who does know?" said the younger crow.

"Only three people in the world."

"Tell me who they are?"

Stella crept a little nearer, that she might be

sure to hear the answer.

"First, there's the Wizard of the Wold," began the old crow, "and he is gone off nobody knows where. Then there's his brother, the Wizard of the Waste. And, lastly, there is the Witch of the Willowbank. They are the only three that know the secret how the Black Dog can be killed."

"Where does the Wizard of the Waste live?"

asked the younger crow.

"Over yonder brown mountain, and far away on the other side," replied the other. "But he lives in a hole in the ground, and no one knows the path to it except the caterpillar on the ragwort stem; so he is safe enough from visitors. Ah! you thief, you! while I have been talking you have eaten up all the best bits!"

And the two crows fell to fighting over their

carrion. But Stella had heard enough.

"I will go to the Wizard of the Waste," she said; "he is my uncle, he will surely tell me the secret, and if it be possible for a weak girl to do so, I will

save poor Cosmo, though I die for it."

She crossed the brown mountain, and reached the waste on the other side, and her body grew faint and her feet grew weary, but still her heart was brave. There were many ragworts on the waste, and she wandered long from one to another before she found the one on which the caterpillar lived. At last she spied, on a tall ragwort-stem, a brown, hairy caterpillar, with orange spots.

"Oh, caterpillar," said Stella, "tell me the way to the dwelling of the Wizard of the Waste?"

But the caterpillar shook his head lazily from side to side, and would not answer her until she threatened to force him by a spell. Then he said:

"First a ragwort, then a burdock, then a rag-

wort then a burdock, and so on to the end. "That is not enough to guide me," said Stella.

"How shall I know when I am there? for I see no house or hut on all this waste."

"You will get there," replied the caterpillar. "I only wish I were as sure that you would tumble

in before you saw where you where."

"Thank you for nothing," said Stella, and went on her way from ragwort to burdock across the waste, until suddenly she saw at her very feet a hole in the turf, and rocky steps that led down into darkness. "This must be the place," thought she, and boldly clambered down.

There was a low cave at the bottom, and as soon as her eyes got accustomed to the darkness she

saw the wizard crouching in a corner.

"Oh, Wizard of the Waste," she said, "my brother is taken captive by the Black Dog. Tell me the way to go to him, and how to fight with him, that I may set my brother free."

"You could not do it," said the wizard, after looking at her for some time. "He would kill

"I should not mind that," said Stella, "if I can save my brother;" and she went on for some time, persuading the wizard to tell her. At last he said:

"What will you give me? I do not tell for nothing.

"Alas!" said Stella, "what have I to give?"

"Give me your witch-power and knowledge of spells," said the wizard. "My memory is failing, and your knowledge would make it fresh again."

"But how can I save my brother without this

power?" said Stella.

"It will not help you," replied the wizard; "do not think of it. It would rather be a hin-

"Here, take it, then," returned Stella; "and

now tell me what to do."

"Go to the Witch of the Willow-bank," said the

wizard. "She will tell you. I have forgotten."
"Oh, but that is not fair," cried Stella.
"Either tell me what I ask, or give me back my powers.'

"I cannot talk any more," said the Wizard of

the Waste, "it makes my jaws ache."

"Tell me at least how to find the witch," en-

treated Stella.

The wizard raised his hand and pointed northward, and with that she was forced to content herself. But she left the cave sadly enough to start on her second journey.

On and on she went, till her body grew faint and her feet grew weary, but still her heart was brave. She could scarcely have found her way, however, if all the birds and plants and insects had

not joined to help her.

Stella found that though she had no more power to make spells, yet she still understood the language of all living creatures. And it seemed as if they knew what her errand was, for the bushes bent out of her way, and the butterflies fanned her with their wings, and the birds hopped in front to show her the road.

"How is that you are so good to me?" said "Perhaps the angels have told you to Stella.

help me?"

And the branches rattled and the birds twittered, and the lark sprang high above her head, and sang a beautiful song about angels and the glorious place they dwell in.

At last they came to the willow bank, where sat the old witch under the roots of a dead willow, muttering to herself, and twisting the rotten twigs

in her fingers.

"Oh, Witch of the Willow-bank," said Stella, "my brother is taken captive by the Black Dog. Tell me the way to go to him and how to fight with him, that I may set my brother free."

"What do you want to set him free for?" said the witch. "You think he will be grateful to you, but he won't. He will hate you because he owes you his life, for that is the way with bad hearts."

"I do not want him to be grateful," said Stella. "I only want to save him. Tell me how I may

do it."

At last the witch said, "What will you give me if I do?"

"Alas!" said Stella, "I have nothing left to

"I am nearly blind," said the witch. "Give me your eyes, and I will tell you."

"That I cannot," replied Stella, "for how should I save my brother if I could not see? But I will give you one eye if you will tell me all you know, and help me all you can."

"Well, then, give it here, and I will," said the

witch.

But Stella was too wise now for that.

"You shall tell me what to do first," she said. And after much persuading, the witch began :

"You must cross the swamp yonder until you reach an island on which is a cave; there lives the Black Dog. But do not go to the cave. Wait till the stars come out, and among them you will see a very bright one that changes to all manner of colors, red and blue, and green and yellow. That is Sirius, the dog-star. You must spread out your hands to it, and if your heart be pure and your desire firm, a spear will fall at your feet from the star-that is the only weapon that can slay the dog. But if your heart fail you, or your wishes be set on aught else than your brother's deliverance, you may spread your hands in vain, and the dog will kill you, helpless as you are.

Give me the eye you promised me."
"Here it is," said Stella; "but tell me, is there any particular part that I should aim at if I do

come to fight the dog?"

"There is only one spot where he can be huit fatally."

"And where is it?"

"I will not tell you," said the witch. "You would not give me all I asked, so I will not tell you all you want. Go; you will get no more."
And Stella went sadly on her way; but still her

courage did not fail.

"If I am doing right," she said to herself, "perhaps the Lord of the angels will send and help me."

So she journeyed on, and the land spread black before her, until toward evening she came to the

borders of the swamp.

Traveling became a difficult matter here; and as she picked her way slowly on, she heard a sound behind her that made her cheek grow pale. It was the howling of wolves; she could see them in the gloomy twilight—dark figures gathering fast and following on her track.

She plunged into the swamp and waded on, deep in the muddy waters; but the wolves gained upon her at every step. Nearer and nearer they came; she had given herself up for lost, when a hand

caught hers, and a voice cried:

"Courage, Bo-peep! Spring up here; we will

balk the rascals this time!'

The bog rang hard under her feet as she obeyed, and as her companion's breath smoked like vapor before them, she saw the water curdle and freeze wherever it spread. She found the ice firm enough to bear her light footsteps as they sped swiftly along; but it cracked and broke beneath the wolves, and soon they were left snarling and floundering far behind.

Now, Stella had time to wonder at her strange companion. He was all in white—white plumes that seemed a mixture of feather and palm-leaf and fern, floated from his head, and his dress was

spangled all over with shapes of crystal, and moss

"Do you not know me?" he said, as Stella began to stammer her thanks. "Jack Frost is the name people give me. Why, you have often admired my handiwork on the banks and hedges."

"But I never met you before," said Stella. "Where should I have been if you had not come to my help to-night? If ever I can do any-

thing-

"Tut, tut!" said Frost. "I have done nothing wonderful, after all; but if you want to do me a kindness, I will ask you to give me a smile when-ever you see me. You are safe now, so I will be off to give the north wind a hint as to driving away those clouds, for I know you will want to see the stars."

And he darted away without waiting for further

thanks.

By the time that Stella had reached the island, the stars were shining brilliantly, and she had no difficulty in singling out Sirius, the many-chang-

ing dog-star.

With mingled fear and hope, she stretched her hands toward it, and lo! at her feet fell a spear, shining and many-colored like the star from which it came! After a grateful upward glance, she grasped her weapon and walked boldly round to the front of the cave.

A large fire was burning at the mouth of it, beside which lay the huge, mis-shapen Black Dog. Cosmo was passing to and fro with wood, which he piled on the fire, and it struck her to the heart to see how his likeness to the Black Dog was

already growing.

But she had not much time to look round her, for the dog rose up with bristling back and bloodshot eyes, and Cosmo fled to the back of the cave, while the dog sprang at Stella with a horrid

growl.

It was a strange battle, and a fierce one. For a long time Stella could do no more than defend herself against him, for the spear, sharp though it was, rang harmless against the dog's thick hide. She felt her strength failing her, and gathering herself up for a last stroke, she thrust the spear down his open throat, and the dog leaped up, rolled over, and was dead.

Stella drew breath with a long sigh of relief, and went to seek out Cosmo, as he sat cowering

At first he seemed spellbound or stupefied, though she spoke to him tenderly, calling him by the pet names of their childhood. At last he bowed his head, and relieved himself by a fit of weeping. He told Stella all he had done-how he had gone from bad to worse, what evil thoughts he had nourished in his heart, and begged her to forgive him his ill-treatment of her. And when he raised his head, all trace of likeness to the Black Dog had vanished.

Now that her work was over, Stella turned very pale, and when Cosmo saw it, he laid her down gently, and tended her as best he could, bidding her recover quickly, that they might go home to-

gether.



AMABEL AND THE CHERRIES.—"AMABEL FOUND HERSELF IN A LARGE BAKEHOUSE, FILLED BY BUSY LITTLE BAKERS, BAKING THE MOST DELICIOUS CAKES."—SEE PAGE 94.

"Dear Cosmo, I think you will have to go without me," said Stella. "I am very weary, and a great longing has come over me to go up and be among the stars where you know the angels dwell. But promise me that you will not live alone. Go to the old woman who spent that night with me, and beg her to come and keep your house until you find an-other friend."

Then she told him all she had learned about the angels and the Lord of the angels, and how He saw all that people did; and besought her brother to be kind henceforth to all creatures, and to every one.

And Cosmo promised, listening with a full heart.

Before the morning dawn had made the stars grow pale an angel stooped to beckon her, and Stella mounted up to join the starry host.

"It is well," said Cosmo, as he watched her upward flight. "I did not deserve to keep her, and she is far happier there."

And as he gazed, a small new star shone out in the sky beside Sirius,

and Cosmo knew that it was his sister. The sun had risen when Cosmo crossed the swamp, so that he did not encounter the wolves, but he soon found himself wandering, doubtful of the way, for all the birds and insects shrank away at his approach, remembering how he had been wont to treat them.

Then Cosmo made a mournful little song, and sang it as he went along:

"I have a little sister, they call her Bo-peep, She wades through the waters, deep, deep; She climbs through the heavens, high, high; Poor little sister, she has but one eye!"



AMABEL AND THE CHERRIES.—" I WOULD LIKE TO BE VERY BEAUTIFUL, SHE THOUGHT." SEE NEXT PAGE.

When the creatures round heard this song, they said:

"This is Bo-peep's brother, whom she went to save; come, let us help him, for her sake."

And the birds flew circling round him, and the grasshoppers hopped in front to show him the path, and the flowers looked up at him and smiled.

And still, when he saw that little star twinkling above him, or its reflection quivering in some pool at his feet, he sang his song as he journeyed on. So he reached the cottage in the wold at last.

The old woman came to live with him when he

asked her, as Stella had begged him to do. Her neighbors said she would repent it, but she never did, for Cosmo was quite changed now. And before long the cottage in the wold, instead of being shunned and feared, became the resort of all that were in trouble, whether man or beast. For Cosmo henceforth used his magical powers to heal instead of to hurt, and his name became known throughout the country as the friend of those that were in need.

Every starry night Cosmo went out to greet Stella—his star that had done so much for him—

and Stella smiled down on him again.

She is still shining there; and her smile is always brightest when Frost is at work on earth below. She has learned the language of the angels now.

#### AMABEL AND THE CHERRIES.

NCE upon a time there lived a little girl called Amabel, who was neither very pretty nor very clever, but was generous and affectionate; though she was so quiet and shy that no one gave her credit for either the feeling or the sense she really possessed.

This poor child was sadly slighted by both parents, who lavished all their tenderness on her sister Marion. Not that they ever treated Amabel with positive unkindness, but indifference from those she dearly loved was a severe trial to the

sensitive child.

The little girl had always been sickly, and for this reason was not allowed to eat many dainties, in which Marion freely indulged. She would have readily understood this had it been explained to her, but none troubled themselves about the matter, and many a tear did Amabel shed in consequence.

One day she saw on the table fine, ripe, blackheart cherries, of which Marion was partaking with enjoyment, seated on the knee of her mother, who selected the most tempting of the delicious

fruit for her darling.

Amabel sat down at an humble distance, modestly hoping that she might be invited to share; and she could scarcely restrain her tears when Marion, having eaten to her heart's content, the remaining cherries were safely locked away in a large cupboard.

All that day poor Amabel could not get the cherries out of her mind. And at night, when she was lying in her little bed, her head kept running on the cherries, so that she found it impossi-

ble to sleep.

She heard the clock strike the hours of nine, ten, and eleven, and continued to toss and turn as wide awake as ever; but as the last stroke of midnight sounded, a little voice called her by her name in so soft and sweet a tone that she was not frightened to look up, and there she saw, standing close beside her on her pillow, a charming little fairy!

This pretty sprite danced gayly about on the pillow, clapping her hands, and singing:

"Little mortal, come with me To the fairy cherry-tree; There with me to feast and play, Till the night be turned to day."

"Ah, yes, I will go with you at once, you dear, kind, beautiful fairy," cried the delighted little Amabel, and sprang from her bed as she spoke.

The fairy then touched her with her wand, and she found herself instantly as light as a feather, and able to fly as easily as if she had indeed been

a bird or a fairy.

Out of the window flew the fairy, and after her went Amabel, and the pair never stopped till Amabel found herself in a most beautiful orchard. Oranges, apples, pears, plums and figs bowed down the trees, and the clear moon shining over the branches made the leaves look like silver.

In the midst of the orchard stood a tree laden with rich, ripe, black-heart cherries, which evidently belonged to Amabel's little fairy, who, perching on its branches, gayly invited her com-

panion to eat.

Never had Amabel passed so delightful a night. She and the fairy ate and laughed, and danced and sang in the cherry-tree all night long; but when the daylight was at hand, the fairy said to Amabel:

"Rosy streaks announce the dawn—Maiden, thou must now begone; Farewell to me, farewell to thee, Vanish from the cherry-tree."

And in the space of half a minute Amabel found herself lying in her own little bed in her own little chamber.

She would doubtless have thought it all a dream, but when she arose and looked at herself in the glass, lo, and behold! her mouth was deeply stained by such a black rim as nothing but an ample feast of black-heart cherries could have left.

"What a fortunate thing that I have discovered this," thought Amabel, who forthwith commenced scrubbing her mouth as well as she could with soap and water, but, notwithstanding all her efforts, no washing would remove the stain; and at the end of an hour she was forced to go down to her breakfast with the guilty mark upon her face, and ready to sink with fear.

"What can you have been doing to your mouth, Amabel?" was the general exclamation, as

she slunk into the room.

"Ah! you have been eating the cherries from my cupboard," cried her mother, angrily. "I missed the key from my pocket when I rose this morning, and found it in the cupboard-door; but I never suspected you of stealing, though I knew you to be both jealous and sullen."

"Indeed-indeed, mamma, I have not taken any," began Amabel, but stopped and blushed

very deeply.

Her mother produced from the cupboard the basket which had contained the cherries, but which now was filled with nothing but cherry stones.

This, together with the suspicious appearance of poor Amabel's face, determined her fate. She was locked up for a week, and had nothing to eat and drink but bread and water; and after that the cold looks and constrained greetings of all around her were like daggers in the heart of the poor little girl, who felt that she was regarded as a thief and a story-teller.

One day a delicious treat of cakes enjoyed by Marion again awakened the longing of her less

fortunate sister.

When the cakes were locked away in the cupboard, Amabel followed them with her eyes, and during all the day she could think of nothing else.

At night she could not rest, and while tossing restlessly on her pillow, the hour of midnight struck from the neighboring clock. As the last sound died away, a little voice by Amabel's bedside called:

"Amabel! Amabel!"

She started up, and opened her eyes with astonishment at seeing a pretty little man, a span high, with a cotton nightcap on his head and a white apron before him.

There was no mistaking that he was a fairy baker, even if the floury state of his tiny hands and arms had not served to confirm this idea.

Dancing about in high glee, the little baker

sung these words:

"To the fairies' bakehouse come, Cakes to eat, both seed and plum— Almond cakes, and ginger, too, We will bake all night for you. Little mortal, feast away, Till the night be turned to day."

"Oh, pray take me with you at once, dear little baker!" cried Amabel; and the little fellow, taking her hand, stamped with his foot upon the floor, which immediately opened beneath them, and they both sank several fathoms deep in the earth, till Amabel found herself in a large bakehouse, filled by busy little bakers, baking the most delicious cakes.

Amabel's conductor pressed her to eat to her

heart's content.

Thus the night passed in the most agreeable manner possible, but when day was at hand the fairy said to Amabel:

"Day is come, work is done; Little maiden, hasten home."

And in a trice Amabel was lying snugly in her little bed.

But when she arose, there were crumbs sticking to her mouth, which neither rubbing nor scrubbing would remove; so at last she was forced to abandon the attempt, and go down to breakfast in a terrible fright.

As soon as she appeared, she saw her mother standing by the door of the open cupboard, holding in her hand the dish which had yesterday been full of cakes, but which now was empty save

for a few crumbs.

In spite of Amabel's tears and protestations, she was not believed.

"The wicked child," said her mother, "will persist in her falsehoods, when the very crumbs from her feast remain upon her face to prove her guilt."

The poor child fared worse than ever.

The preference formerly shown to Marion was now quite undisguised, and Amabel sometimes had a hard struggle to prevent herself from showing in her behavior to her little sister, the bitterness which continued injustice could not fail to excite in her childish heart.

Some time after this a large box of sweetmeats was sent to Amabel and Marion from a kind uncle. Amabel had been ailing for some days, and for that reason no sweetmeats were given to her, though Marion, as usual, was permitted to enjoy the treat.

When the box was locked away in the large cupboard, however, Amabel steadfastly turned away her eyes, and would not permit a single wish for the sweetmeats to disturb her; and when she lay in her little bed that night, she said her prayers calmly and peacefully.

As the clock struck twelve she was aroused by the sound of her own name, uttered in a voice she had heard twice before, and opening her eyes, she saw a tiny creature jumping about on her pillow,

and singing:

"Come with me to the Sugar Cane Isle,
And dwell with the sweetmeat sprites a while;
Sugar plums drop from the loaded trees,
Citron and orange-peel scent the breeze—
Haste then to Sugar Cane Isle away,
And feast till the night be turned to day."

But Amabel closed her eyes, and would not look

at him again.

So after a while the little creature took himself off in a huff, and Amabel shed a few quiet tears for the delights she had lost in refusing to accompany him to Sugar Cane Isle.

The church clock soon after struck one, and behold the cherry-tree fairy appeared by Amabel's

bedside, and sang.

But Amabel shook her head, and said to the pretty sprite, "Nay, little fairy, I may not visit the cherry-tree to-night." And though the fairy did all she could to persuade her, she remained firm, and the cherry-tree fairy vanished.

The clock struck two, and the fairy baker stood

by Amabel, capering about and singing.

But the good child turned as deaf an ear to the baker as she had done to the others, and after a while he bustled off.

The clock struck three, and all once so splendid a radiance illumined the little chamber that it surpassed the light of noonday. And Amabel, on opening her eyes, found the room full of sprites, singing and rejoicing like little birds in Springtime

Cherry-tree fairies, baker fairies, and sweetmeat fairies were there in multitudes, but by the bedside stood a fairy of resplendent beauty, taller by a full inch than her companions, and of so lovely and majestic an appearance that Amabel knew her at once to be no other than the fairy queen herself.

She therefore sprang from her bed and acknowledged the honor of this royal visit by kneeling at the feet of her illustrious guest.

The fairy queen smiled kindly and graciously

upon her, and then sang:

"Fly with me, maiden of mortal mold,
To my bowers light and my halls of gold;
Such blossoms of beauty there thou'lt see
As beseem a royal gift to thee—
Haste, dearest maiden, and fear not me."

Glancing upward at the lovely queen, and reading in her mild and serene aspect the encouragement of feeling that she should be doing no wrong, Amabel declared her readiness to accompany her majesty, and a blue-and-silver chariot, drawn by

twelve milk-white doves, appeared at the instant. The fairy queen seated herself in this charming equipage, and motioned Amabel to take the place by her side; and, as quick as thought, the doves flew off, accompanied by the whole of the fairy court, till the chariot stopped before a palace surrounded by gardens of enchanting beauty.

Alighting from her chariot, the fairy queen entered the palace, leading Amabel by the hand to a magnificent banquet-hall, where they found a re-

past awaiting them.

The banquet being at an end, the queen conducted Amabel into the gardens. They stopped before a bed of exquisite blossoms, around the slender stems of which hung golden labels, on each of which was an inscription.

On the rose was written beauty; on the lily, purity; on the geranium, riches; on the azalea, rank; and on the tulip, wit; but, peeping through its dark-green leaves, Amabel spied a lovely little violet, on which was written:

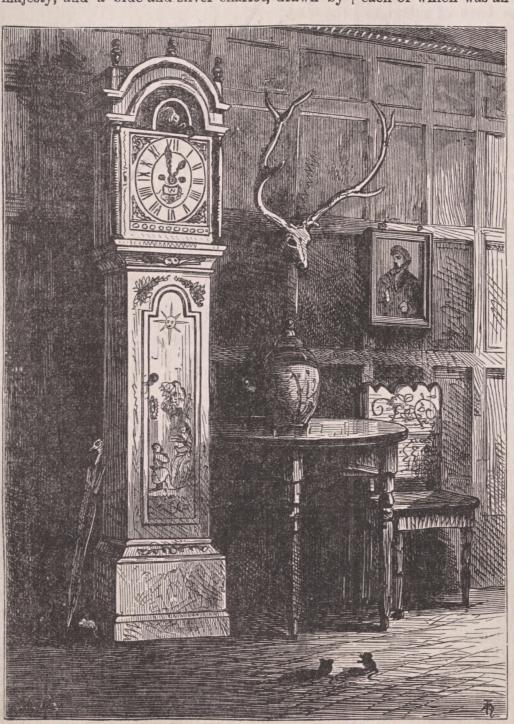
"Who chooseth me, Beloved will be."

The queen then told her that she was free to choose any one of the flowers for her own.

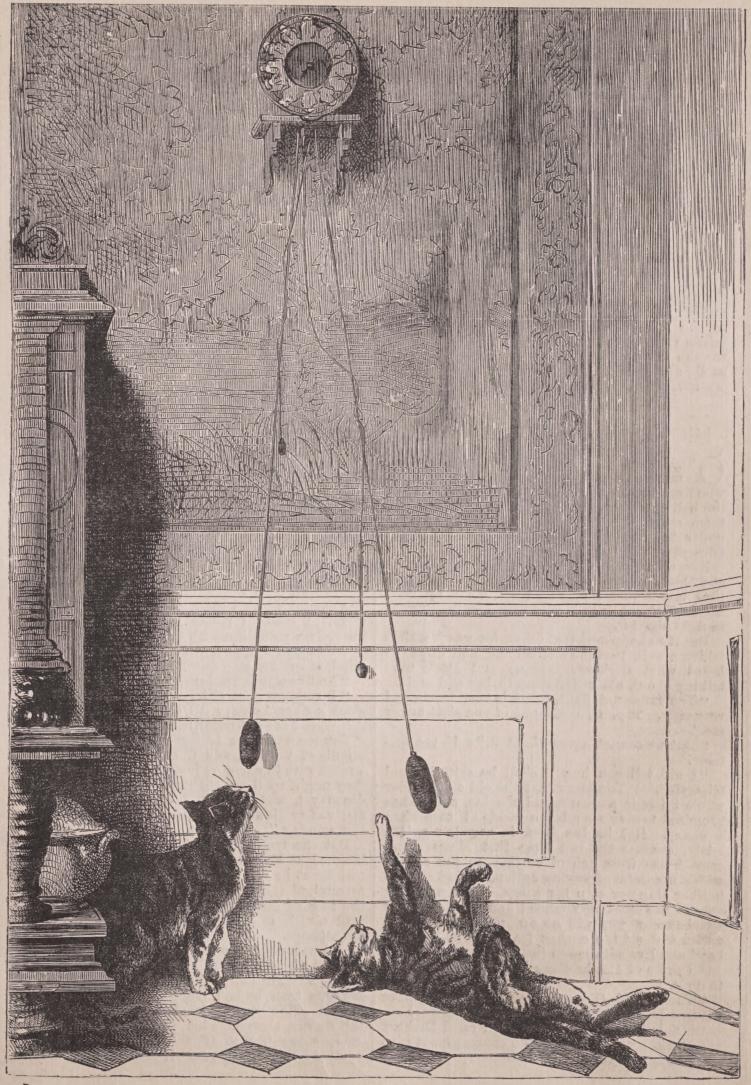
Amabel pondered.

"I should like to be very beautiful," thought she; "and rich, and noble, and witty; but all these might not win for me the love of my dear parents, and one fond kiss from their lips would be dearer to me than the admiration of the whole world beside. Dear little violet, I will choose you; ah! never, never may I lose your magic power!"

Now the queen could, by her fairy art, read all the thoughts which passed through Amabel's mind, and, giving her the violet, she also gathered a rose, which, unperceived by the joyful little maiden, she gently waved over her, and at that moment she became one of the most beautiful little creatures on the face of the earth; but she was quite unconscious of this change in her appearance, and the modesty of her countenance remained, forming



HICKORY, DICKORY, DOCK .-- "THE CLOCK STRUCK ONE AND DOWN CAME DOCK." SEE PAGE 98.



one of its greatest charms. In less time than it takes to tell you, Amabel found herself in her own little bed, with her precious violet clasped

closely to her bosom.

The following morning every one who approached Amabel was astonished by her extraordinary beauty, which they were surprised to think they had never before remarked. And as for her father and mother, they overwhelmed her with kisses and caresses.

"How gentle, kind, and forgiving is our darling Amabel," said they; "ah! that we had sooner

learned to prize her as she deserves."

Even little Marion clung with greater fondness than ever; and thanks to her violet, the little maiden was for the future as valued and beloved as she had formerly been neglected; but the fairies visited her never more, though often, when the sun was shedding his parting beams over the earth, she fancied she could discern the palace where she had once feasted with the fairy queen.

### HICKORY, DICKORY, DOCK.

NCE upon a time there were three brothermice named Hickory, Dickory and Dock, who lived together behind a carved oak cabinet in the hall of a large, rambling house. Not far from them stood an old-fashioned cuckoo clock, and under it there lived a beautiful lady-mouse, named

Now all three of the brothers, Hickory, Dickory and Dock, wanted to marry Glossyfur. And when they found that they could not make up their minds which of them should have her, they agreed

to fight about it.

But it so happened that Glossyfur was just then taking a walk past the oak cabinet, and when she heard what Hickory, Dickory and Dock were talking about, she called them to her and said:

"You must not fight, for it is very wrong and very silly. If you do, not one of you shall marry

me.

"But we cannot agree about it," said the bro-

thers.

"I will tell you how it shall be settled," said Glossyfur. "You know that the old clock under whom I live is a great friend of mine, and he has promised to give me a home inside his case when I marry. But he has been in very low spirits lately, because the last time that Master Tom came home from school he tied up the cuckoo with a needleful of sewing cotton, so that she can neither sing nor clap her wings. This naturally annoys the clock very much; and I propose that whichever of you will go up and bite away the cotton and set the cuckoo free, shall be my husband and live with me in the clock-case.'

All three of the brothers said they were ready

"Then," said Glossyfur, "Hickory shall have

the first turn, because he is the oldest."

"Oh, but that is not fair at all!" cried Dickory and Dock. "That gives us no chance, for it is so easy, he is sure to do it."

Glossyfur replied that they must either do her way or not at all. The mice still grumbled, and how long the discussion might have gone on it is hard to say, if the clock himself had not interrupted it.

"Crrp! Only two minutes to twelve," he said. "Now is your time, if one of you means to come."

For you know the cuckoo only came out of her little house once every hour, just before the clock

was going to strike.

Up ran Hickory as fast as he could, and as he got to the top of the clock, out came the cuckoo. Hickory saw the cotton that tied her plainly enough, and lost no time in beginning to gnaw it. But he had scarcely begun, when there came a great whirring and rattling, as if all the world were coming to pieces, and then such a tremendous clanging noise that he was almost deafened and quite frightened out of his wits.

"Scrrrr-one, two, three, four, five, six-" that was what he heard. But when it came to the sixth stroke, Hickory could stand it no longer. Down he ran, a great deal faster than he had run up; and only discovered, when he was safe at the bottom, that it was nothing but his old friend striking the hour that had made such a terrible banging up there.

He felt very much ashamed when he had to confess that he had not done what he went up to do; and how Dickory and Dock did laugh and poke

fun at him!

"Well, to be frightened at the striking of a clock which you have heard hundreds of times

"It does seem very silly," said Hickory; "but you cannot think what a great noise it made up there. I thought it was Master Tom coming to kill me for meddling with the cuckoo."

"Was it afraid, poor dear!" said Dock. "Never

mind, it has got safe down again."

"And now it is my turn," said Dickory.

"I suppose you will go up the next time the clock strikes," observed Dock.

"Well, I am not sure about that," said Dickory. "You see there are so many people about in the middle of the day, and if some great two-legged wretch were to come by just when I was at the top, they might spoil my chance. Besides, I have not dined yet, and I think I could bite the cotton faster after dinner. So suppose we say six o'clock this evening."

But the truth was, that although Dickory had laughed at Hickory as much as Dock did, in his own heart he felt very much alarmed at Hickory's account of the terrible noise, and so nervous at the idea of going up, that he thought he would wait a little in order to screw up his courage for

the attempt.

But waiting never screwed up any one's courage yet; and so when they met again at a few minutes before six, Dickory felt a great deal more nervous than he had felt at a few minutes after twelve. However, he tried to put a good face on the matter, sharpened his claws ready for action, made a low bow to Glossyfur, and then looked up at the clock to see whether it was time to begin

"Crrp!" said the clock. "Only two minutes

to six, so come along, if you are coming.'

And Dickory ran up. But he lost some time in making up his mind which side of the cuckoo he would try first, and before he had well begun, "Scrrrr—one, two, three," began the clock again. But the three had scarcely sounded when down came Dickory, squeaking with fright, and trembling so much that it was some seconds before he could speak.

"Did I not say that it made a terrible noise up

there ?" said Hickory.

"Noise!" replied Dickory. "I tell you it was five times as bad as when you went up; I am certain it was. And I have been feeling so much nervousness and anxiety all the afternoon, that it has given me quite a pain in my chest; besides, that last bit of cheese that I had was shamefully old and dry. And when that terrific noise came it made my heart beat so violently that I was afraid something serious might happen to me if I did not come down. So, of course, as it is not my fault, I am at liberty to try again if I choose."

"No, indeed!" exclaimed Dock. "I will bite off your tail if you do. Next comes my turn,

does it not, Miss Glossyfur?"

"Yes, it is your turn next," said Glossyfur. "And you will go up the next time the clock strikes, will you not, and not put it off any longer?"

"I should be delighted to obey your slightest wish," said Dock, "only it is not quite convenient to me. I can't see what hurry there is, for I am sure to win now. And I have an engagement to go and play dried peas" (which is mouse-billiards) "at eight; and after that I shall take a little nap. So suppose we say about one o'clock to-night? dare say I shall be awake again about then."

Glossyfur felt rather disgusted at Dock's coolness, but there was no refusing him leave to try

now, so one o'clock was agreed upon.

Now this cunning fellow had a reason for fixing upon this hour. He had observed that neither of his brothers had run away until the clock had already struck two or three times; and he thought that if he went up when it was only going to

strike once, he would be sure of success.

I do not think that any of them slept much before one o'clock came, but they curled themselves up in their holes and made believe. As for the clock, he never had been known to sleep, and he ticked quietly on until Hickory, peeping out of his nest, called out to the others that it was nearly one.

"Crrp! Only two minutes to one. Now then," said the clock. And immediately Dock ran up the clock, and set to work on the cuckoo at once.

"Scrrrr-one!" cried the clock. Down came Dock again, tumbling and rumbling, head over heels and heels over head, and lay at the bottom like one that was dead.

"Well, Dock, have you done it?" said Dickory,

presently.

"Done it !" said Dock, turning round savagely, "it is all your fault if I have not. Here have you two gone and made the place at the top of the

clock so slippery with your clawings and scratchings, that it is impossible for a fellow to keep his And I know the clock struck a full minute before he ought, just to put me out. And as for that cuckoo, the spiteful bird gave me a great kick as she went back into her hole, which would have been enough to knock either of you to the other end of the hall. It's all Glossyfur's fault; I saw she had a spite against me from the first; but I like fair play, I do. Get out of my way, will

So saying, Dock marched off into their hole,

and rolled himself sulkily up in a corner.

There was nothing for the other mice to do but to follow his example, and presently the old hall was quite quiet again, but for the steady tick, tick of the clock. He ticked on rather sadly though, for he thought, "My poor cuckoo will

never be set free again."

Not one of the three brothers liked to be the first to stir next morning, so there lay Hickory, Dickory and Dock, each peeping out with one eye, and pretending to be fast asleep with the other, until it grew so very late, and they grew so very hungry, that they could lie still no longer, and out they came together.

But who should they meet on the other side of the carved leg of the cabinet but Glossyfur her-

self, taking a stroll after her early dinner.

She blushed very much at seeing them, and so did Hickory, Dickory and Dock at seeing her. Dock stared rudely at her as he passed. Dickory looked another way, and pretended not to see her. But Hickory said, "Oh, Miss Glossyfur, I am so sorry we have all failed, for it is not only a loss to

us, but to your friend the clock, too."
"Well, Mr. Hickory," said Glossyfur, "if you really wish to help the clock, you can always try

again."

"And if I should be so happy as to succeed," exclaimed Hickory, "may I still hope for your

consent to our being husband and wife?"

But Glossyfur blushed again and only answered that she would see. The fact was, that though she wanted to marry Hickory, she did not at all want to marry either of his brothers.

"What nonsense, Hickory!" said Dock. "You surely are not going to take any more trouble for the sake of such a silly mouse as Glossyfur? I

wouldn't, even if she asked me."

"No, indeed, Hickory," said Dickory. sure she is not worth running such dreadful risks for. Why, I believe it would be the death of me if I were to try again. I have not got over it

"I don't agree with you, and I mean at any rate to make one more trial," began Hickory, when the clock interrupted him with:

"Crrp! Only two minutes to one."
"Then I am off," said Hickory; "so please, brothers, let go my tail."

And whisking it away from their hold, the mouse ran up the clock. Out came the cuckoo to meet him, and with two great bites he gnawed the needleful of cotton in two.

"Cuckoo!" cried she, triumphantly, clapping

her wings. It was a little behind the right time, certainly; but she had done it, and that was the chief thing after all

chief thing, after all.
"One!" joyfully struck the clock. And then
the mouse ran down and threw himself at Glossyfur's feet, who gracefully gave him her delicate

paw, and accepted him for her husband.

As for Dickory and Dock, they were so disgusted with the whole affair that they ran off to the fields, and never were heard of again. But Hickory and Glossyfur made themselves a comfortable nest in the old clock-case, and there they lived in peace and happiness, and brought up a large family of little mice, who played at "Puss in the corner" behind the wainscot, and sometimes even ran up the clock to feel what a terrific

shaking and noise his striking made. And the old clock still ticks on contentedly, and the cuckoo has never once failed to come out and sing her song since the hour that the

Mouse ran up the clock.

# THE WIDOW AND HER TWO DAUGHTERS.

NCE upon a time there was a widow, a very worthy woman, who had two daughters, both of whom were very amiable; the eldest was named Blanche, the second Vermeille.

They had been given these names because the first had the fairest complexion

first had the fairest complexion in the world, and the second, cheeks and lips as red as vermilion or the finest coral.

One day the good widow, sitting at her door spinning, saw a poor old woman, who could with difficulty walk, even with the aid of a stick.

"You seem very tired," said the good widow to the old creature; "sit down a moment and rest," and immediately desired her daughter to place a chair for her.

They both rose directly, but Vermeille ran quicker than her sister and brought the chair.

"Will you take something to drink?" said the good woman to the old one.

"With all my heart," replied she; "I could even eat something, if you could give me a morsel to refresh me."

"I will give you all in my power," said the good widow; "but I am poor, and it will not be much."

At the same time she told her daughters to attend on the old woman, who placed herself at the table; and the good widow told her eldest daughter to go and gather some plums from a tree which the young girl had planted herself, and of which she was very fond.

Blanche, instead of obeying her mother cheerfully, murmured against this order, and said

to herself:

"It was not for this old, greedy creature that I have taken so much care of my plumtree."

She dared not refuse, however, to gather some of the plums; but she did so with an ill grace and unwillingly.



THE WIDOW AND HER TWO DAUGHTERS.—" 1 AM ABOUT TO REWARD YOUR TWO DAUGHTERS ACCORDING TO THEIR DESERTS," SAID THE FAIRY."



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"And you, Vermeille," said the good woman to her second daughter, "you have no fruit to give this good lady, for your grapes are not yet ripe.'

"True," replied Vermeille; "but I hear my hen cluck; she has just laid an egg, and if madame will like to eat it warm I will give it her with all my heart."

At the same time, without awaiting the reply of the old woman, she ran to fetch her egg; but at the same moment that she presented it to the stranger she disappeared, and they saw in her place a beautiful lady, who said to the mother:

"I am about to reward your two daughters according to their deserts. The eldest shall become

a great queen, the second a farmer's wife." At the same time striking the cottage with her stick, it disappeared, and they saw in its place a

pretty farm.

"There is your lot," said she to Vermeille. "I know that I have given to each that which she will like best."

The fairy departed as she uttered these words, and the mother, as well as her two daughters, re-

mained struck with astonishment.

They entered the farmhouse, and were charmed with the style of the furniture. The chairs were only of wood, but they were so polished that they could see themselves reflected in them as in a mir-The bed-linen was white as snow.

In the farmyard there were twenty rams and as many sheep, four oxen, four cows; and in the poultry-yard all kinds of fowls, hens, ducks,

pigeons, etc.

There was also a pretty garden, filled with fruits

Blanche saw without envy the present which had been made to her sister, and reveled in the

delightful anticipations of being a queen.

Suddenly she heard hunters passing, and going to the door to see them, she appeared so beautiful in the eyes of the king, who was returning from the chase, that he resolved immediately to marry her.

Blanche having become queen, said to her sister

Vermeille:

"I will not have you remain a farmer; come with me, sister, and I will give you in marriage to a great lord."

"I am much obliged, sister," replied Vermeille; "but I am accustomed to the country, and wish

to remain there.

For the first few months Queen Blanche was so much occupied with balls, fine clothes, and plays, that she thought of nothing else.

But she soon became accustomed to such things, and they amused her no longer; on the contrary,

she became very miserable.

All the ladies of the court paid her great respect in her presence, but she knew that they did not like her, and that they said amongst themselves:

"Look at this little peasant, how she assumes the fine lady; the king had a very low taste, to

choose such a wife.'

This kind of conversation made the king reflect. He began to think he had done wrong in marrying Blanche, and as his love for her declined he neg-

lected her, and passed his time with the handsomest ladies of his court.

When it was perceived that the king no longer loved his wife, the courtiers ceased to pay her any

She was very unhappy, for she had not a single real friend to whom she could relate her griefs.

She saw that it was the fashion at court to betray friends for interested motives, to appear to love those whom they hated, and to tell falsehoods every moment.

She was obliged to look serious, because they said a queen ought to have a grave and majestic

She had several children, and during all this time she had a doctor continually attending her, who examined everything she ate, and took from her everything she liked.

They put no salt in her soup; they forbade her to walk when she was inclined to; in a word, she

was contradicted from morning till night. They gave governesses to her children, who

brought them up very improperly, without her having the liberty to find fault.

Poor Blanche was near dying of grief, and she became so thin that she excited the commiseration

of everybody.

She had not seen her sister during the three years that she had been queen, because she thought that a person of her rank would be degraded by visiting a farmer; but, being overcome with melancholy, she resolved at length to go and pass some days in the country to amuse herself a little.

She asked permission of the king, who willingly granted it, because he thought it would be a good

On her road she came to the farm of Vermeille, and at a distance she saw before the door a troop of shepherds and shepherdesses, dancing and amusing themselves with all their hearts.

"Alas!" said the queen, sighing, "when shall I ever divert myself like these poor people, with no

one to find fault with me?"

At soon as she appeared, her sister ran to embrace her. She had such a contented air, she was grown so stout, that the queen could not help crying at seeing her.

Vermeille had married a young peasant who had no fortune, but he always remembered that he was indebted to his wife for all that he possessed, and he sought, by his indulgent manner, to mark his gratitude to her.

Vermeille had not many servants, but they were as fond of her as if they had been her children,

because she treated them as such.

All her neighbors also loved her, and all sought

to give her proof of it.

She had not much money, but she had no need of it, for she obtained from her land corn, wine, and oil in sufficiency.

Her flocks furnished her with milk, with which

she made butter and cheese.

She spun the wool of her sheep to make clothes for herself, as well as for her husband, and for two children which she had.

They were in wonderfully good health; and in

the evenings, when their work was done, they amused themselves with all kinds of games.

"Alas!" cried the queen, "the fairy has made me an unlucky present in bestowing on me a crown. Happiness is not to be found in magnificent palaces, but in the innocent occupations of the

Scarcely had she uttered these words when the

fairy appeared.

"I intended not to reward you, but to punish you, by making you a queen," said the fairy, "because you begrudged giving me your plums. In order to be happy, you must, like your sister, only possess such things as are necessary, and wish for no more."

"Ah! madame," cried Blanche, "you are sufficiently revenged. Terminate my misery."
"It is ended," replied the fairy. "The king, who loves you no longer, has just repudiated you to marry another wife, and to-morrow his officers will come to order you, in his name, not to return to the palace."

This occurred as the fairy had predicted.

Blanche passed the rest of her days with her sister Vermeille in peace and happiness, and never thought of the court but to thank the fairy for having brought her back to the village.

#### CINDERELLA; OR, THE GLASS SLIPPER.

BY the side of the Rhine there once lived a rich and powerful baron. When he had been a young man, he had made a foolish marriage with a sour-tempered woman many years older than himself. After several unhappy years, she died, leaving behind her two little girls. Soon after her death the baron married, and this time he chose a beautiful, modest girl. The next few years which he spent with his young wife were such happy ones that when she died, leaving him another little girl, he could not persuade himself to seek another mother for his three children; for he fancied he should never find the equal of his last wife, and he greatly dreaded that he might get the counterpart of his first one.

The two eldest girls, who, by the time their little sister came to them, had attained the respective ages of ten and twelve, looked with envy on her paler cheeks and waving, golden-brown hair; and when she grew into womanhood and became quite a beauty, they, knowing that any good looks they might have had had passed away, determined to keep her out of sight, lest they should lose their

chance of a good settlement in life.

So the poor girl was sent down into the kitchen to clean the grates, and cook the dinner, and wash plates and dishes; for the sisters said to themselves they would soon cure her hands of their

ridiculous, unhealthy whiteness.

Besides, being thus made to work hard, they would give her their old dresses to wear out; and as they dressed themselves in queer fashion, their old things were not particularly becoming to the poor girl-so you will readily see that she had every possible disadvantage on her side.

One day, when she was sitting down in the cheerless kitchen to her solitary cup of tea, after having finished her hard day's work, she was startled by hearing a flourish of trumpets which sounded in the direction of the king's palace.

"Ah!" thought poor Cinderella (for so her stepsisters had nicknamed her), "the king is

about to give another ball, I suppose."

Cinderella soon found that her conjecture was correct, for her sisters soon after came down into the kitchen and bade her set to work, and wash out and iron all their petticoats and muslins and laces, and be sure they were well done, for they wanted to wear them at the king's ball.

"I wonder how it was Miss Prettyface wasn't asked?" said one sister to the other; "I've no

doubt she'd very much like to go.

"I dare say she would," giggled the other. The two sisters then left Cinderella alone, and

she set to work to prepare their finery.

There was plenty to do, for the ball was to last three nights, and of course they must have different dresses on each occasion; so Cinderella stood at the washtub, and rubbed, rubbed, rubbed from morning till night.

At length the day fixed for the ball arrived. The sisters were in a state of feverish excitement, and drove Cinderella hither and thither, up-stairs and down, to wait upon them. She laced their corsets, fastened their dresses, arranged the feathers in their hair, buttoned their gloves, fetched their handkerchiefs, searched for anything that was mislaid, and, in short, waited upon them hand and foot. They, nevertheless, abused her, calling her a lazy thing, and all sorts of other names, if she happened not to know where they had left their pearl necklaces or diamond earrings last time they took them off.

At last, however, they were dressed, and I think I really must tell you how. The eldest, who considered that she possessed a grand style of beauty which needed very elaborate dressing to set it off, had made her face look young and blooming by the addition of a quantity of rouge and numerous little black patches, which were very much worn at that time. Her arms she powdered well, but they were nevertheless somewhat red and decid-

edly bony.

She wore an underskirt of amber satin striped with green, which was trimmed with flounces and puffs of pink and white. Over this was a train of pink and blue brocade, fastened up here and there with amber satin bows. Round her waist was tied a pink silk sash, while her gloves were of light amber to match the bows. On her head she wore a wreath of amber roses; and in the knot of hair at the back was fastened a large amber feather, which towered about a quarter of a yard above her head, and fell gracefully over on to her forehead.

The other sister, whose style was girlish—she being very slim indeed-wore a crimson and yellow gauze over a crimson silk petticoat. The body of her dress was adorned with numerous sky-blue silk bows. Her hair was powdered and arranged in a



CINDERELLA .- CINDERELLA'S FAIRY GODMOTHER SUMMONING THE FAIRY COACH AND FOOTMEN.

crop, and on the top of her head was coquettishly perched, a little to one side, a Spanish hat, with a silver buckle and a few peacock's feathers. They

both wore pearls and diamonds in their ears and about their throats and wrists.

At last they were dressed and off; and Cinderella, after having thrown their opera-cloaks over them, and not receiving one word of thanks, turned back to the kitchen. She sat down,

and fell a-musing.

"Ah, me!" she exclaimed aloud, although she scarcely knew that she did so, "what a hard life mine is! Nothing but drudge, drudge, drudge, from morning till night, with no reward but scanty food, ragged clothing, and a hard bed, and never a kind word from anybody. I never was at a ball in my life. What a gay scene it must be! I wish I could go?"

"Do you?" exclaimed a

VOICE.

Cinderella turned sharply round and perceived an old woman standing in the doorway.

"Who are you?" she

asked.

"I am your fairy godmother," replied the old
creature. "Your poor mother asked me to watch over
you and take care of you,
for she feared that no one
else would. You have never
hitherto expressed a wish
aloud, or I should have appeared to you before this.
I am now come to grant
your wish."

Cinderella looked at her

in surprise.

"Didn't you say you wished you could go to the ball?" asked the old woman.

"Yes, I did say so," replied Cinderella; "but it's quite impossible, for I haven't any sort of dress to go in."

"Never mind that," replied her godmother. "Have you any blackbeetles here?"

"There are a few, I have no doubt," replied Cinderella, listlessly, wondering what the old woman could mean by such a silly question.

"Go to the mouse-trap, and if there are any

mice in it bring it here." Cinderella went, and found six mice in the trap.

"Now go and fetch me a couple of lizards out

of the garden.'

Cinderella did this also. Then the old woman said:

"I want now only two things more, and those are a rat and a pumpkin."

So Cinderella went down the garden and fetched a rat and a large pumpkin, which must have been growing there on purpose for her.

Then the old woman waved her wand over five beetles she had caught, and they immediately became five remarkably fine pages, in invisible blue suits with sugar-loaf buttons. The six mice turned into six cream-colored horses, with resplendent silver harnessings; the rat was converted into a coachman, with a powdered wig and a cockade at the side of his hat; and the lizards became two obsequiously polite footmen.

"Now," said her godmother, "we only want a

coach."

Then the old woman took the pumpkin, and cutting a piece off the top, began scooping out the pithy inside.

This done, she waved her wand over it, and it immediately became a beautiful coach, lined with white silk.

"There!" said the fairy.
"Now will you go to the

Cinderella, who had been looking on in bewildered surprise, replied by casting a glance over her tattered attire.

"I see what you are thinking of," replied her godmother; and as she spoke she waved her wand over Cinderella's head.

"In a moment, rags and tatters vanished, all redness disappeared from her hardworking hands, and there she stood, dressed as beautifully as the richest lady in the land. Jewels sparkled in

her hair, her ears, and upon her beautiful white neck and arms.

"Oh, you dear old godmother!" exclaimed Cinderella, delightedly; "this is beautiful!"



BUT THE GLASS SLIPPER."

"Now jump into your coach, and be off to the ball," laughed her godmother, well pleased to see her favorite's delight; "but mind you don't stay a minute after twelve, for the moment the clock finishes striking, you will find your fine carriage and attendants become just what they were before, and your own finery will turn to the rags you were wearing a minute ago."

"I'll remember," cried Cinderella, as she tripped gayly into her carriage, and drove off to

the ball.

Presently the grand equipage drew up at the palace gates. The servants thought she must be somebody very great indeed, and sent for the lord chamberlain to conduct her to the ballroom.

When she entered, the prince stepped forward to receive and welcome her, and all eyes were turned to where she stood. She bore the scrutiny with perfect composure, and the ladies thought she must be some powerful and wealthy princess.

The prince seemed mightily taken with the beautiful stranger, and begged her hand for the next dance. This she granted him, and he was so charmed with her graceful movements, that he staid by her side, dancing dance after dance with her, till all the grand lords and gentlemen were quite angry, and declared that if it hadn't been the prince they wouldn't have allowed it; and the ladies were so filled with envy and jealousy that they looked quite ugly.

Cinderella was just sitting down after a dance, when she looked at the clock, and saw that it wanted but two minutes of twelve. She slipped out of the room, and got to the door just as the clock struck twelve. The prince, who missed his fair partner, rushed down the stairs after her, but failing to find her, asked the servants in which direction the lady who had just left had gone.

The servants replied that no lady had left the ball, and, being closely questioned by the prince, admitted having seen a scullery-maid in tattered clothing pass by, and remembered asking her "what she wanted there," and telling her "to take herself off."

The prince was quite bewildered, but he determined to find out something about his mysterious

partner, if she came to to-morrow's ball.

At half-past four in the morning, the sisters came home, and while Cinderella was assisting them to undress, she heard them talking to each other about the wonderful lady they had seen at ful," but they couldn't help saying, "very bold as well."

The next night Cinderella again made her appearance at the ball, much to the delight of the prince, who had been anxiously watching for her. He was determined now to find out who she really was, so he ordered one of his servants to wait a little way from the palace gates, and watch for her appearance. When she came in sight, he was to follow and find out where she lived.

Cinderella was again the belle of the evening; and, after having danced every dance with the young prince, she managed to escape just as the

clock was about to strike twelve.

The prince waited anxiously for the return of his messenger, and as soon as his guests were gone, sent for the man in order to question him. But here he met with a sad disappointment, for the servant had waited until the clock struck two, but had not seen any such grand carriage as the prince described, at all.

"But did you not see any such lady leave the palace exactly at twelve o'clock?" asked the

prince.

No, the man had not seen any lady or carriage or anything of the kind; the only things he had noticed at twelve o'clock were some lizards and mice and a rat, dragging along a large pumpkin, and a ragged scullery-maid ran by him about the same time.

The poor prince was utterly bewildered. There was, however, one more night, and he was determined not to let the mysterious lady escape without finding out who she really was.

At three o'clock in the morning the two sisters came home, and found Cinderella sitting among

the ashes, crying:

"Well, Miss Crybaby," said they, "I suppose you are crying because you couldn't go to the ball."

Cinderella did not reply, and the sisters went

"A fine person you are to go to a ball, upon my word, with those coarse hands and awkward manners."

Little did they dream that Cinderella, with her coarse hands and awkward manners, was the beautiful stranger about whom every one was talking, and who had completely turned the prince's

The next evening Cinderella again appeared at the ball, and was met at the door by the prince, who conducted her into the ballroom in so marked a manner, that every one whispered to his neighbor that it was very plain what the prince

Poor Cinderella, who had been so little accustomed to hear kind words, was so absorbed in listening to the earnest words of her partner that she quite forgot how the time slipped away. Looking up at the clock, she perceived that it was just on the stroke of twelve!

She slipped in among the crowd of distinguished guests, and thus managed to gain the ballroom

door.

Just as the clock struck one—two—three, she was on the staircase; four-five-six, she was half-way down it; twelve, she was just outside the door, shivering with the cold, as the icy wind played roughly amid her tattered garments.

But, as she ran swiftly down the grand staircase, she did not notice that she had lost one of her glass slippers, until, out in the street, she found one foot shoeless, and the other cased in the same slipper as she had worn at the ball. All the rest of her finery had vanished, leaving only this.

The prince, as soon as he noticed the absence of his beautiful partner, hastened from the room to discover in what direction she had disappeared.

On the stairs he found the little glass slipper.

"This," he said, "can belong to no other than the lady I am in search of, for no one else ever

possessed so tiny a foot."

So he placed it carefully in his pocket, determined to make it the means of finding the lovely girl he had fallen so desperately in love with dur-

ing the last three nights.

Accordingly, the next day he ordered the towncrier to proclaim that a lady's slipper had been found in the ballroom, and that whoever could prove that it belonged to her, might have the honor of becoming the prince's bride.

Ladies came from far and near to the king's palace to try on the glass slipper, but not one of them would it fit; in fact, it was so small, that they all declared it was a trick, and must have

belonged to some little child.

One day Cinderella's two sisters announced their intention of going to the palace to try on this wonderful shoe.

"May I come with you and see it?" asked Cin-

derella.

"You?" ejaculated the astonished sisters; and then, with the evident idea that it would fit one of them, and that "that impertinent minx" would be there to see their triumph, they gave their consent.

So the three went together to the palace, and were shown into an anteroom where the prince and

a number of lords were assembled.

Presently a servant entered, bearing a crimson silken cushion, on which the shining glass slipper

Each sister attempted to squeeze her foot into it, but it was so much too small that they could get very little more than their toes in, and they were so squeezed that the unfortunate and enraged women were obliged to borrow sticks to walk home with, and were unable to leave the house for at least three weeks afterward.

When the two sisters had finished trying on the slipper, Cinderella stepped forward, and said,

quietly :

"May I see whether it will fit me?"

The servants laughed, and the baron's two eldest daughters tried to frown her into nothing; but the prince, who was struck by the gentle beauty of her face, commanded them to let her try it on.

Cinderella sat down, and the servant brought her the tiny slipper. It slipped on quite easily,

and fitted perfectly.

Then Cinderella drew the other one out of her pocket, and placed it on her other foot, showing beyond a doubt that she was its true owner.

The prince, on looking at Cinderella more closely, soon discovered that she was his partner of the ball, which accounted for the impression her face had made upon him. Taking her hand in his, he announced to all present that he had found the only lady that should ever become his

At that moment the good fairy appeared, and waving her wand over Cinderella, converted her old, worn-out garments into silk and lace bridal attire; and at the same moment the gorgeous silk that the two ugly sisters were became a mass of rags, such as they had before forced upon their

younger sister.

Cinderella and the prince were married almost immediately, and there never was, before or since, so brilliant a wedding or so happy a bride and bridegroom.

# FORTUNEE.

HERE was once upon a time a poor husbandman, who, feeling himself at the point of death, did not wish to leave behind him any subjects of dispute between his son and daughter, whom he tenderly loved. So he said to them:

"Your mother brought me as a wedding-portion two joint-stools and a straw mattress. There they are, with my hen; also a pot of pinks, and a plain silver ring, which was given me by a great lady who once lived in my poor hut. She said to me at parting, 'My good man, there is a present I make you; be careful to well water the pinks, and to lock up safely the ring. In addition to this, your daughter shall be incomparably beautiful. Name her Fortunée, and give her this ring and these pinks to console her for her poverty.' Thus," continued the good man, "my dear Fortunée, you shall have both the one and the other; the rest shall be for your brother."

The two children of the husbandman appeared contented; he died; they wept, and the division of property was made without an appeal to the

Fortunée thought that her brother loved her, but one day that she had taken one of the stools for a seat, he said, with great fierceness:

"Keep your pinks and your ring, but do not disarrange my stools; I like order in my house."

Fortunée, who was very gentle, began to weep, silently, and remained standing whilst Bedou (that was her brother's name) was seated in state like a

Supper-time arrived. Bedou had an excellent new-laid egg from his only hen, and he threw the

shell at his sister.
"There," he said, "I have nothing else to give you; if that does not suit you, go and hunt for frogs-there are plenty in the neighboring marsh."

Fortunée made no answer; she only raised her eyes to heaven, wept again, and then went to her

own room.

She found it filled with perfume, and never doubting that it was the scent of the pinks, she ap-

proached them sadly, and said:

"Beautiful pinks, whose variety is so charming to my sight, you who console my afflicted heart by the sweet perfume you exhale, do not fear that I shall let you want for water, or with cruel hand that I shall tear you from your stem. I shall cherish you, for you are my only treasures."

As she ceased speaking, she looked to see if the plants then required watering—they were very dry.

She took her pitcher, and hastened by the light of the moon to the fountain, which was at some dis-

As she had walked fast, she sat down by the side

of the fountain to rest; but she had scarcely been there a moment when she saw a lady approaching, whose majestic air was in perfect accordance with the numerous attendants who accompanied her.

Six maids of honor carried her train; she leant on two others. Her guards walked before her, |

richly dressed in amaranth velvet, embroidered with pearls.

They carried an armchair, covered with cloth-of-gold, in which she seated herself, and a field - canopy, which was quickly arranged.

At the same time, they set out the buffet. It was covered with vessels of gold and vases of crystal.

They served an excellent supper by the side of the fountain, the sweet murmurs of which seemed to accompany a num-ber of voices that sang very sweetly.

Fortunée remained in a corner, not daring to move, so much was she surprised at all that was passing.

In a few moments, this great queen said to one of her equerries :

"I fancy I see shepherdess near that thicket; let her approach."

Fortunée immediately advanced, and though she was

naturally timid, she did not omit to make a profound courtesy to the queen, with so much grace that those who saw her were perfectly astonished.

She took the hem of the queen's robe and kissed it, and then stood erect before her, her eyes modestly cast down, and her cheeks colored with crimson, which heightened the brilliant whiteness of her complexion.

It was easy to remark in her manners that simplicity and sweetness which are so charming in young maidens.

"What are you doing here, pretty girl?" said the queen. "Are you not afraid of robbers?" "Alas! madame," replied Fortunée, "I have

but a linen gown; what would they take from a poor shepherdess like me ?"

"You are not rich, then?" said the queen, smiling.

"I am so poor," answered Fortunée, "that I only inherited from my father a pot of pinks and a silver ring."

"But you have a heart," said the queen. "If any one wished to have that, would you give it them?"

"I do not know what it is to give my heart, " she madame," she replied; "I have always understood that without a heart we could not live: that if it is wounded, we must die; and, notwithstanding my poverty, I am not sorry to

"You are quite right to defend your heart, my child; but tell me," continued the queen, "have you had a good supper?"

"No, dame," masaid Fortunée; "my

brother ate it all, but I am not hungry, and really do not care care for supper."

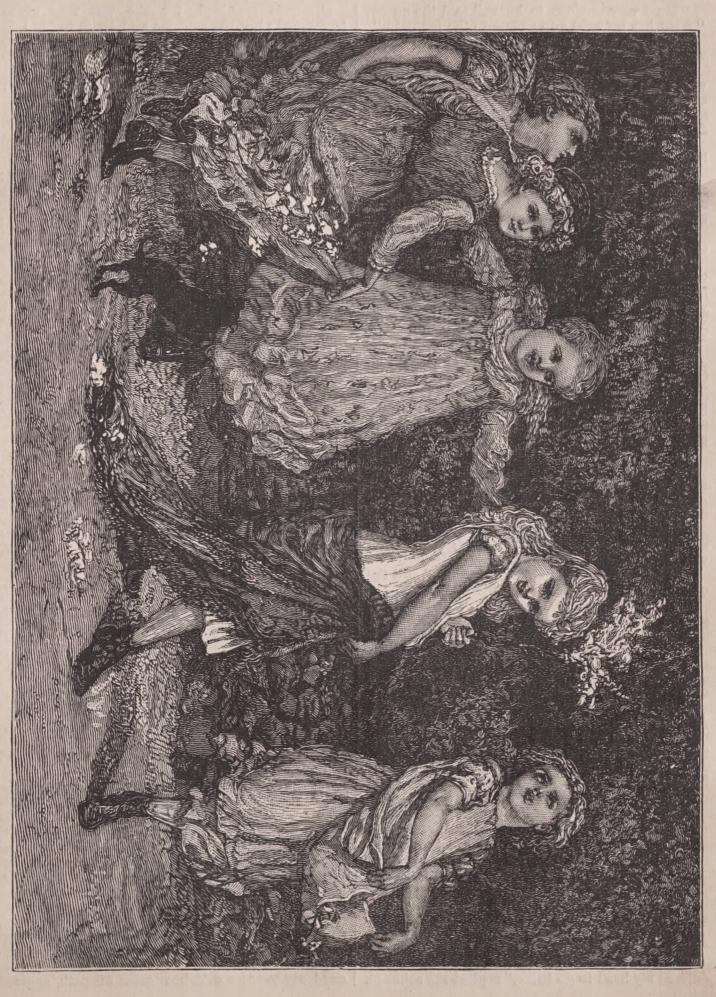
The queen commanded a cover to be laid for her, and, desiring her to be seated, helped her to

the very best. The young shepherdess was so lost in admiration, and so charmed with the goodness of the queen, that she could scarcely eat a morsel.



FORTUNÉE .- "THE GROUND OPENED, AND THE BOAR DISAPPEARED IN THE CHASM."





"I am very anxious to know," said the queen, "what has brought you so late to the fountain."

"Madame, there is my pitcher; I came to fetch

water to water my pinks.

Saying this, she stooped to pick up the pitcher which was near her, but as she showed it to the queen, what was her astonishment to find it was a golden one, covered with large diamonds, and filled with water which had a delicious perfume!

She dared not take it, thinking it could not be

"I give it you, Fortunée," said the queen. "Go and water the flowers you take such care of, and remember that the queen of the woods would be numbered amongst your friends."

At these words, the shepherdess threw herself at

the queen's feet.

"After having offered you my most humble thanks, madame," she said, "for the honor you have done me, I venture to take the liberty to ask you to remain here a moment. I wish to fetch you the half of my goods—my pot of pinks—which can never be in better hands than yours."

"Go, then, Fortunée," said the queen, gently patting her cheek; "I consent to remain here till

you return."

Fortunée took her golden pitcher and ran to her little room, but during her absence Bedou had entered, taken away her pot of pinks, and put in

their place a large cabbage.

When Fortunée saw this wretched cabbage, she was plunged into despair, and hesitated about returning to the fountain at all. At length she determined she would do so, and throwing herself on her knees before the queen, said:

"Madame, Bedou has stolen my flowers; I have nothing now remaining but my ring; I hope you will accept that in proof of my gratitude."

"If I take your ring, fair shepherdess," said the

queen, "you are completely ruined."

"Ah, madame," she answered, with an air of great intelligence, "while I possess your good opinion, I can never be ruined."

The queen took the ring, placed it on her finger, and then mounted a car of coral, enriched with emeralds, and drawn by six white horses, more beautiful than the steeds of the sun.

Fortunée gazed after her as long as she could. At last a turn of the road in the forest hid her from her sight, and she then returned to Bedou's cot-

tage, full of this adventure.

The first thing she did, on entering her chamber, was to throw the cabbage out of the window; but she was much astonished to hear a voice cry:

"Ah, I am killed!"

She could not tell what to make of this exclamation, as in general cabbages do not speak. soon as it was light, Fortunée, uneasy about her pot of pinks, went down into the garden to search for them, and the first thing she found was the unhappy cabbage. She gave it a kick, at the same time saying:

"What dost thou here, thou that didst presume to take in my chamber the place of my pinks?"

"If I had not been carried, it would never have entered my head to go there," replied the cabbage.

Fortunée trembled, for she was very much frightened; but the cabbage said again to her:

"If you will carry me to my companions, I can tell you in two words that your pinks are in Bedou's straw mattress.'

Fortunée, in despair, knew not how to recover

She kindly planted the cabbage, and then taking up her brother's favorite hen, she said to it

"Naughty thing! I will make you pay for all

the misery which Bedou has caused me."

"Ah, shepherdess," said the hen, "let me live; and as my fancy is to cackle, I will tell you some wonderful things. Do not imagine yourself the daughter of the husbandman who brought you up; no, beautiful Fortunée, he is not your father; but the queen who gave you birth had already six girls, and, as if it was in her own power to have a boy, her husband and father-in-law threatened to stab her if she did not bring them a son and heir. The poor queen was again about to become a mother; they shut her up in a castle, and placed round her guards, or, more properly speaking, executioners, who had orders to kill her if she gave birth to another daughter. . The queen, trembling at the fate which awaited her, could neither eat nor To her she wrote, sleep. She had a sister a fairy. informing her of her just cause of alarm. The fairy, who was also near her confinement, knew that she would have a son, and as soon as the boy was born, she loaded the zephyrs with a cradle, in which she put her own son, and ordered them to carry the little prince into the queen's chamber, and change him for the daughter which would be born to her. But this forethought was of no avail, for the queen, receiving no answer from her fairy sister, profited by the good will of one of her guards, who, out of pity, allowed her to escape by a ladder of ropes. As soon as you were in the world, the afflicted queen, trying to hide herself, came to this cottage, nearly dead with grief and fatigue. I was the husbandman's wife, and a good nurse. She gave you in charge to me, and told me her misfortunes, by which she was so over-whelmed, that she died without having time to give us any directions respecting what was to be done with you. As I loved gossiping all my life, I could not help telling every body this adventure; and so one day I told all I knew about it to a beautiful lady who came here. She instantly touched me with a wand, and I became a hen, without power to speak any more. My grief was excessive, and my husband, who was absent at the time of the metamorphose, knew nothing of it. On his return he looked everywhere for me; finally he thought I was drowned, or that the beasts of the forest had devoured me. This same lady who had done me so much mischief passed by here a second time; she then ordered him to call you Fortunée, and made him a present of a pot of pinks and a silver ring. But whilst she was here, there arrived five-and-twenty soldiers of the king, your father, who sought you for evil purposes. She uttered some words, and changed them all into green cabbages-all but one, the captain of the band, who, suddenly seeing a wild-boar cross his path, spurred

his horse, and raised his javelin to smite it, when, of a sudden, the ground opened, and the boar disappeared in the chasm. The captain, who was a very wicked man, and a desperate enemy of the beautiful Fortunée, was unable to stop himself, and was swallowed up in the hole with the wildboar, a terrible instance of righteous retribution. It is one of them you threw out of the window yesterday evening. I never heard him speak till now, nor could I speak myself. I know not how our voices came back to us.

The princess was greatly surprised at the wonders which the hen related to her. She was full of

kind feeling toward her, and said:

"I pity you very much, my poor nurse, to think you should become a hen! I would gladly restore you to your own form if I could; but do not despair. It appears to me that all the affairs you have just acquainted me with cannot be allowed to remain as they are at present. I shall go now and look for my pinks, for I love them dearly."

Bedou had gone into the forest, never imagining that Fortunée would think of hunting in his mattress. She was delighted at his absence, and flattered herself that she would meet with no obstacle, when she suddenly saw an immense number of

enormous rats, armed for battle.

They formed themselves into battalions, having in their rear the famous mattress, and one of the stools on their flank; many great mice formed a corps de reserve, determined to fight like Amazons.

Fortunée, struck with surprise, dared not approach. The rats threw themselves on her, and

bit her till she was all over blood.

"What!" she exclaimed, "my pinks, my dear pinks, must you remain in such bad company?"

It suddenly occurred to her that perhaps the perfumed water which was in the golden vase might possess a peculiar virtue.

She ran to fetch it, and threw some drops of it

on the host of rats and mice.

Immediately the rascals ran away, each into his hole, and the princess quickly laid hands on her beautiful pinks, which were nearly dead for want

She at once poured on them all the water she had in her golden vase, and was smelling them with much pleasure, when she heard a sweet voice come from amongst the stalks, which said to her:

"Incomparable Fortunée, this is the happy day so long wished for, in which I may declare to you my sentiments. Know that the power of your beauty is so great that it can even inspire flowers with love.'

The princess, trembling and surprised at having heard a cabbage, a hen, and a pink speak, and

seen an army of rats, turned pale and fainted.

Bedou came in at the moment. Labor and the heat of the sun had put him in such a fever, that when he found Fortunée had come to search for her pinks and had found them, he dragged her to the door, and flung her outside.

She had scarcely felt the coldness of the earth, before she opened her beautiful eyes, and perceived near her the Queen of the Woods, charming

nd magnificent as usual.

"You have a bad brother," she said to Fortunée. "I saw with what inhumanity he threw you out here. Would you like me to revenge you?"

"No, madame," answered Fortunée; "I have no feelings of anger, and his bad disposition cannot

change mine.'

"But," rejoined the queen, "I have a presentiment which assures me that this rough peasant is not your brother. What do you think?

"All appearances persuade me that he is, madame," replied the shepherdess, modestly, "and

I ought to believe them."
"What!" continued the queen, "have you not

heard that you were born a princess?"

"I have just been told it," she replied; "but how can I venture to boast of that of which I have

no proof ?"

"Ah, my dear child," replied the queen, "how I like to see you in this mood! I know now that the mean education you have received has not extinguished the nobility of your blood. Yes, you are a princess, and it has not been in my power to save you from the misfortunes which you have suffered up to this hour."

She was here interrupted by the appearance of a youth more beautiful than the day. He was attired in a long robe of gold and green silk, fastened by large buttons of emeralds, rubies, and diamonds. He had a crown of pinks, and his hair covered his shoulders. As soon as he saw the queen, he bent one knee to the ground and saluted her respect-

"Ha, my son, my amiable Pink," she said, "the fatal time of your enchantment is over, thanks to the aid of the beautiful Fortunée. What joy to

see vou !"

She pressed him closely to her bosom, and then

turning to the shepherdess, she said:

"Charming princess, I know all that the hen told you; but what you do not know is, that the zephyrs whom I had ordered to put my son in your place, laid him in a bed of flowers whilst they went to find your mother, who was my sister. A fairy, from whose knowledge it was impossible to conceal anything, and with whom I had quarreled for some time, watched so well for the moment that she had foreseen from the birth of my son, that she changed him on the spot to a pink, and, not withstanding my science, I could not prevent the misfortune. In the grief in which I was plunged, I employed all my art to discover some remedy, and I could find none better than to bring Prince Pink to the place where you were nursed, foreseeing that when you had watered the flowers with the delicious water I had in the golden vase, he would speak, he would love you, and in future nothing would disturb your happiness. I had also the silver ring which it was necessary I should receive from you, being aware that that would be the sign by which I should know that the hour approached when the spell would lose its force in spite of the rats and mice whom our enemy would place in battle array to prevent your recovering the pinks. Thus, my dear Fortunée, if my son marries you with this silver ring, your happiness will be permanent. See if this prince appears suf-



THE PRINCESS SHEPHERDESS .- "HE WAS ASTONISHED AT THE MARVELOUS BEAUTY OF THE LOVELY CREATURE BEFORE HIM.

ficiently amiable for you to receive him as a husband."

"Madame," replied she, blushing, "you overpower me with your favors. I know you are my aunt; that, by your power, the guards sent to kill me were metamorphosed into cabbages, and my nurse into a hen; and that in proposing to me an alliance with Prince Pink, it is the greatest honor you can do me; but shall I tell you the cause of my hesitation? I do not know his heart, and I begin to feel, for the first time in my life, that I could not be happy if he did not love me."

"Banish all uncertainty on that point, sweet princess," said the prince. "Long ago you made as much impression on me as you could wish at the present moment, and if the use of my voice had been granted me, what would you not have heard of the passion which consumed me? But I am an unhappy prince, for whom

you can feel only indifference."
He then told his story. The princess seemed well pleased with the prince's gallantry. The queen, who had borne her shepherdess's dress with great impatience, touched her, and wished for her the richest clothes that were ever seen. In a moment her white linen changed to silver brocade, embroidered with carbuncles; from her high head-dress fell a long vail of gauze, mixed with gold; her black hair was ornamented with a thousand diamonds; and her complexion, whose whiteness was dazzling, assumed so rich a color that the prince could scarcely supports it

"Ah, Fortunée, how beautiful and charming you are!" exclaimed he, sighing. "Will you be inex-

orable to my pain ?"

"No, my son," said the queen, "your cousin will not resist our

prayers."

While they were thus talking, Bedou, returning to his work, passed them, and seeing Fortunée attired like a goddess, he thought he was dreaming. She called him to her with much kindness, and begged the queen to have pity on him.

"What! after having so illtreated you?" replied the queen,

in astonishment.

"Ah, madame," replied the princess, "I am incapable of vengeance."

The queen embraced her, and praised the generosity of her senti-

ments.

"To gratify you," she rejoined, "I am going to enrich the ungrateful Bedou."

His hut became a palace, well furnished, and full of money; his

stools and his mattress remained unchanged, to remind him of his former state; but the Queen of the Woods refined his spirit, amended his manners and improved his appearance. Bedou then found him-self possessed of gratitude. What did he not say to the queen and princess to prove it on this occasion? Finally, by a stroke of the queen's wand, the cabbages became men, the hen a woman. Prince Pink was the only person discontented. He was sighing beside the princess; he conjured her to take a resolution in his favor. At length she consented; she had never before seen any lovable object, and all that was most lovable was less so than this prince.

The Queen of the Woods, delighted at so fortunate a marriage, neglected nothing to make it sumptuous. The fêtes on this occasion lasted many years, and the happiness of this tender

couple as long as they lived.

#### THE PRINCESS SHEPHERDESS.

NCE upon a time there was a very good king, who had the happiness to have a queen who was equally admirable. They were both under the protection of a very powerful fairy, who promised them a daughter of such matchless beauty, virtue and accomplishments, that all the princes of the earth would strive to win her for a bride. When she was born there was fine music ringing through the air, and it was remarked that the roses appeared a month earlier, and remained in full bloom till the very last day of Autumn—a compliment paid to this charming princess, who was called Rosalie.

Up to her tenth year she grew more beautiful every day, when suddenly the good king, her father, was thrown from his horse, and killed on

the spot. This had such a terrible effect upon the queen that she took to her couch, and rapidly passed away from a world that was insupportable since the lover of her youth had been taken away from her.

As she was bidding her daughter Rosalie farewell, the good fairy, who was named the Queen of Bonhear, suddenly appeared at her bedside, and said:

"My dear queen, I have always been a friend to you and yours from your infancy, and have come now to take charge of this beautiful daughter of yours, who will be exposed to great perils till she has reached her sixteenth year, when she will be exposed to the perilous ordeal of being loved by a wicked giant who dwells in a neighboring kingdom. I have come now to tell you that I will take charge of the Princess Rosalie, and bring her up as a shepherdess, while your old ministers can govern the kingdom in her name."

The queen tenderly embraced her weeping daughter, and joined the

Kingdom of the Blest.

The next morning Rosalie found herself in a most beautiful cottage, covered with roses, passion-flowers, and honeysuckles. But instead of royal robes she was dressed as a shepherdess. On her table was a pretty ivory crook, and a pretty little glass to drink her milk from.

As though led by instinct, she went into the neighboring meadow and found a flock of sheep. They gamboled around her as though they had known her from their ten-

derest years.

Here she remained in that calm peacefulness which is the chief charm of rural seclusion; and three years passed as though it were a dream.

One morning in the sultry month

of July she retired to a pleasant spot to rest awhile. Here she felt overpowered by the warmth of the day, and gradually slid into slumber. While she slept, the prince of that kingdom beheld her. He had been hunting since dawn, and had outstripped his companions.

He was astonished at the marvelous beauty of the lovely creature before him, and remained

rooted, as it were, to the spot.

Hearing the faint baying of the hounds at a distance, and fearing to rudely disturb the slumber of the enchanting girl before him, he hastily retraced his steps, and advanced with all speed to where the sounds of his approaching courtiers seemed to come from.

When he had regained their company, he set spurs to his horse, and was soon in his own

palace.



THE PRINCESS SHEPHERDESS.—" SHE WAS AS MUCH ENAMORED OF THE YOUNG STRANGER AS HE WAS OF HER."

At the evening banquet his conduct was sostrange and indifferent that his parents, who tenderly loved him, inquired in vain what ailed him; but he quieted their apprehensions by assuring them that he had over-fatigued himself in the chase.

Seizing the first opportunity, he retired to his own apartment; but it was not to sleep-the image of his unknown divinity rose ever before

He paced his room till day broke, when overwearied nature asserted her sway, and he fell into

a short but profound slumber.

He dreamed that he was a shepherd, and that the fair object of his thoughts was his companion. He was pressing her milk-white hand, and gazing tenderly into the lovely depths of her beautiful blue eyes, when the entrance of one of his attendants aroused him.

His disappointment was extreme when he found that his glorious vision had all flown; but while he made his toilet, he resolved to make his dream

a reality.

To accomplish this, he made his private squire his confidant. It was in vain that Mirsant-such was his attendant's name—endeavored to persuade him from the project he had formed.

In order to accomplish his object, he announced his intention of giving a grand masquerade in the

palace on the following night.

His own disguise was that of a shepherd. When the festivities were at their height, he quietly slipped away from the festive throng, and ere his departure was noticed, he was miles away from the palace.

Great was the consternation of the courtiers, and profound the grief of the king and queen, at this mysterious disappearance of their only child.

The next morning, while Rosalie, the princess shepherdess, was sitting in the midst of her amiable flock, she was surprised to see the handsomest young shepherd she had ever seen coming toward her.

As he drew nearer to her, she was more and more astonished, for she had never, even in her dreams, seen anything more beautiful than the being now before her.

He approached her with the utmost reverence, and said:

"Fair shepherdess, are these your sheep?"

She said they were.

One word led to another; and when they separated, she was as much enamored of the young

stranger as he was of her.

For three months they lived in this delicious paradise-for Mirsant, his squire, had provided him with a flock of sheep, which the prince told the fair Rosalie belonged to the king, which was indeed the truth.

It is utterly impossible to describe the happy

life these two young lovers led.

Prince Gracioso—such was the prince shepherd's name—had a hut about two hundred yards from the pretty little cottage of Rosalie, and when they had seen their flocks to their nightly rest, they would roam about, or sit on the green sward,

watching the stars as they came out, one after the other, like little children come out to play. When it was time to separate, Gracioso would escort Rosalie to her cottage, and after the most linger. ing and tender adieux, she would insensibly accompany her dear shepherd to his hut; then there would be another love-parting, when he would return to see her safe within her abode. It was sometimes nearly morning ere they had courage to tear themselves apart.

In the meantime, the grief of the king and the queen was very great at the mysterious absence of their beloved son, who, being the idol of the

people, was equally bewailed by them.

One morning, when Gracioso and Rosalie were seated on a green bank, talking those sweet nothings that make up lovers' conversation, they were suddenly interrupted by a cavalcade of gallant knights with a gorgeously attired band of musicians, who rode before them.

What was the surprise of Prince Gracioso when out of the brilliant throng his father and mother,

the king and queen, came forth?

Rushing up to the prince, they embraced him tenderly, and, after the first transports of joy were over, they gently reproached him with his unkind-

ness in not informing them of his safety.
When they turned their attention to the shepherdess, they were struck dumb with her surpassing loveliness. Nevertheless, the conviction that it was for the sake of a low-born lassie they had endured so much grief, and a natural fear that the infatuation would result in his sharing his future throne with an unknown woman, made them look very grave and forbiddingly upon Rosalie.

The innate dignity and womanly pride of Rosalie rose at their conduct, and, throwing down her crook and rising to her full height, she said to the queen, whose countenance wore the most forbid-

ding frown:

"Madame, I was not aware till this minute of the rank of your son. I thought he was really the shepherd he appeared; but you may be surprised to learn that I am as nobly born as your son, for I am the Princess Rosalie, of the Kingdom of Flowers, and had the misfortune to lose my royal parents some years ago. I was placed here by a benevolent fairy, who watches over our family, till I am sixteen, to avoid the persecution of a horrible giant who wished to marry me, that he might rule over my kingdom."

As she pronounced these last words, the good

fairy, who had befriended Rosalie, came through the air in her magnificent chariot, drawn by two

eagles whose eyes were like stars of fire.

"What Rosalie has said is the truth; but she is more than a princess—she is the Queen of the Kingdom of Flowers. She can return to her palace and ascend her throne at once, for the cruel giant died about an hour ago, and the beauteous Rosalie has nothing to fear.

The king, the queen, the prince and Rosalie, now entered the chariot of the good fairy, who touched with her wand the prince and Rosalie. Their rustic garbs immediately became splendid robes, and in a few minutes they descended at the

palace of Queen Rosalie. Upon entering the grand hall, they found the chief officers of state awaiting the arrival of their beautiful sovereign, for the good fairy had apprised them of the approaching advent of their long-lost queen.

All that remains to say is, that the lovers were married the next day, and lived to a good old age,

as happy as the day is long.

## ASHIEPATTLE.

WHO MADE THE PRINCESS TELL THE TRUTH.

HERE was once upon a time a king, who had a daughter, and she was such an awful storyteller that you couldn't find a greater anywhere. So the king made known, that if any one could outdo her in telling stories and make her tell the truth, he should have her for a wife and half of the kingdom in the bargain.

There were many who tried-for everybody would be glad to get the princess and half the

kingdom, but they all fared badly.

Well, there were three brothers, who were also going to try their luck, and the two elder set out first, but they fared no better than all the others. So Ashiepattle thought he would try, and set out for the palace.

He met the princess outside the cow-house.

"Good-day," said he.
"Good-day," said she. "I suppose you haven't got such a big cow-house as we. When two boys stand, one at each end, and blow their horns, they can't hear each other!"

"Oh, indeed," said Ashiepattle, "ours is a great deal bigger! If a young calf starts to go from one end of it to the other, he is a big bull by the time

he comes out.'

"May be," said the princess; "but then you haven't got so big a bull as we have! Look, there he is! When two men sit, one on each horn, they can't touch each other with a yard measure.'

"Why, that's nothing," said Ashiepattle; "we have a bull so big, that when two men sit, one on each horn, and blow their horns, they can't hear

each other."

"Oh, indeed," said the princess, "but you haven't got so much milk as we, anyhow; for we milk our cows into great tubs and empty them into great big coppers, and make such awful big cheeses."

"Well, we milk into great big casks, which we cart into the dairy, and put the milk into great brewing vats, and make cheeses as big as houses. Once we had a cream-colored mare, which we put into the vat to tread the cheese together, and she had her foal with her, but one day she lost the foal in the cheese, and we couldn't find it. But after we had been eating the cheese for seven years, we came across a great big cream-colored horse who was walking about in the cheese. I was going to drive that horse to the mill one day, and all of a sudden his back broke right off. But I knew how to put that right. I took a pine-twig and stuck it in his back, and he had no other back-

bone as long as we had him. But that twig grew, and grew so tall, that I climbed right up to the clouds by it, and when I got there I saw the north wind sitting there spinning a rope of mutton broth. Suddenly the top of the pine-tree broke off, and there I was. But the north wind let me down by one of the ropes, and I came right into a fox's hole; and who do you think was sitting there? Why, my mother and your father, of course, both mending boots; and all of a sudden my mother gave your father such a blow with an old boot, that the scurf flew out of his hair!"

"There, you tell a lie!" shouted the princess.

"My father never was scurfy!"

And so Ashiepattle won!

## GRACIEUSE and PERCINET.

THERE once lived a lovely princess named Gracieuse. She was always magnificently attired, without being in the least proud or vain of her fine clothes. She passed the morning in the company of learned persons, who taught her all sorts of sciences, and in the afternoon she

worked beside the queen, her mistress.

There was in this same court an exceedingly rich old maid, called the Duchess Grognon, and who was horrible in every respect. Her hair was as red as fire, her face of an alarming size, covered with pimples; she had but one blear eye left, and her mouth was so large you would have said she could eat everybody up, only, as she had no teeth, people were not afraid of it; she had two humps, and limped with both legs. This monster hated Gracieuse mortally, and retired from court to avoid hearing her praises. took up her abode in a neighboring chateau that belonged to her, and when any one visiting her spoke of the perfections of the princess, she would scream out in a rage, "It is false! It is false! She is not charming! I have more beauty in my little finger than she has in her whole body!"

Now, it happened that the queen fell ill and died. The Princess Gracieuse felt as if she should die also of grief for the loss of so good a mother, and the king deeply regretted his excellent wife. For nearly a twelvemonth he remained shut up in his palace, till at length the physicians, alarmed for his health, insisted on his going out and amus-

ing himself.

One day he went hunting, and the heat being verg great, he entered a large chateau that he saw near him, for shelter and refreshment. As soon as the Duchess Grognon (for it was her chateau) heard of the king's arrival, she hastened to receive him, and informed him that the coolest place in the mansion was a large, vaulted cellar, exceedingly clean, into which she requested he would

The king followed her, and, entering the cellar, he saw two hundred barrels placed in rows one above the other, He asked her whether it was only for herself that she kept such a stock.

"Yes, sire," she replied, "for myself alone;

but I shall be delighted if your majesty will do me the honor to taste my wines. Here is Canary, Saint Laurent, Champagne, Hermitage, Rivesalte, Rossolis, Persicot, Fenouillet; which do you prefer, sire?"

"Frankly," said the king, "I hold that champagne is worth all the other wines put together."

Grognon immediately took a small hammer, struck a cask two or three times, and out came a million of pistoles.

"What does this mean?" she exclaimed, with a smile; and passing to the next cask she hit that tap, tap, and out rolled a bushel of Louis-d'ors. "I don't understand this at all," she said, smiling still more significantly. On she went to another barrel, and rapped, tap, tap, and out ran so many pearls and diamonds that the floor of the cellar was covered with them. "Ah," she cried, "I can't comprehend this, sire. Somebody must have stolen my good wine, and put in its place these trifles."

"Trifles!" echoed the king, perfectly astonished; "do you call these trifles, madame? There is treasure enough here to buy ten kingdoms, each as big as Paris!"

"Well," said the duchess, "k n o w that these barrels are all filled with gold and jewels, and I will make you master of all if you will marry me."

"Oh," said the king, who loved money beyond any thing. "I desire nothing better. I'll marry you to-morrow, if you please.

"But," continued she, "I must make one more condition. I must have the same power over your daughter as her mother had, and you shall leave her entirely to my management."

"Agreed," said the king; "there is my hand

upon it."

Grognon placed her hand in his, and, leaving the treasure-vault together, she presented him with the key. The king immediately returned to his palace. Gracieuse, hearing her royal father's voice, ran to meet him, embraced him, and inquired if he had had good sport.

"I have taken," said he, "a dove alive."

"Ah, sir," said the princess, "give it to me; I will feed and make a pet of

"That may not be," replied the king, "for, to speak plainly, I must tell you that I have seen the Duchess Grognon, and that I am going to marry her."

"Oh, heavens!" exclaimed Gracieuse, "can you call her a dove? She is more like a screechowl!"

"Hold your tongue!" said the king, becoming angry; "I command you to love and respect her as much as if she were your mother. Go and dress yourself immediately, for I intend to return this very day to meet her."

The princess, who was very obedient, went immediately to her dressing-room. Her nurse saw tears in her eyes.

"What is the matter, my little darling," sheasked; "you are crying?"

"Alas! my dear nurse," answered Gracieuse, "who would not weep? The king is going to give me a step-

mother, and, to complete my misfortune, she is my most cruel enemy—in one word, the hideous Grognon! How shall I ever bear to see her in the beautiful beds which the queen, my dear mother, so delicately embroidered with her own hands? How can I ever caress a malicious old ape who would put me to death?"

"My dear child," replied the nurse, "you must have a spirit as high and noble as your birth.



ASHIEPATTLE, WHO MADE THE PRINCESS TELL THE TRUTH. - " 'THERE, YOU TELL A LIE,' SHOUTED THE PRINCESS."- SEE PAGE 115.



GRACIBUSE AND PERCINET,-" THE QUEEN FELL ILL AND DIED, AND THE KING DEEPLY REGRETTED HIS EXCELLENT WIFE."

Princesses like you should set the greatest examples to the world; and what finer example can there be than that of obedience to a father and sacrificing one's self to please him? Promise me, therefore, that you will not manifest your anti-

pathy to Grognon."

The poor princess had much difficulty in summoning up resolution to promise; but the prudent nurse gave her so many excellent reasons, that at length she pledged her word to put a good face on the matter, and behave courteously to her stepmother. She then proceeded to dress herself in a gown of green and gold brocade, her long fair hair falling in wavy folds upon her shoulders, and was crowned with a light wreath of roses and jasmin, the leaves of which were made of emeralds. In this attire Venus, the mother of the loves, could not have looked more beautiful.

But to return to Grognon. The ugly creature was excessively occupied with her toilet. She had one shoe made half a cubit higher in the heel than the other, in order to appear less lame; a bodice stuffed upon one shoulder to conceal the hump on its fellow; a glass eye, the best she could procure, to replace the one she had lost. She painted her brown skin white, dyed her red hair black, and then put on an open robe of amaranth-colored satin, faced with blue, and a yellow petticoat, trimmed with violet ribbon. She determined to make her entrée on horseback, because she had heard it was a custom of the queens of Spain.

Whilst the king was giving his orders, and Gracieuse awaiting the moment of departure to meet Grognon, she descended, alone, into the palace-gardens, and strolled into a little gloomy grove, where she sat down upon the grass.

"At length," she said, "I am at liberty, and may cry as much as I please without any one to

check me!"

And accordingly she sighed and wept so excessively that her eyes appeared like two fountains in full play. In this sad state she no longer thought of returning to the palace, when she saw a page approaching, dressed in green satin, with a plume of white feathers in his cap, and the hand-somest countenance in the world. Bending one knee to the ground, he said:

"Princess, the king awaits you."

She was struck with surprise at the beauty and grace of the young page, and, as he was a stranger to her, she supposed he was in the service of Grognon.

"How long is it," said she, "since the king admitted you into the number of his pages?"

"I am not the king's page, madame," he replied; "I am yours, and will be yours only."
"Mine!" exclaimed Gracieuse, much aston-

ished, "and I not know you?"

"Ah, princess," said he, "hitherto I have not dared to make myself known to you, but the misfortunes with which you are threatened by this marriage of the king oblige me to speak to you sooner than I should have done. I had resolved to let time and attention declare to you my pas-

"How! a page!" said the princess, "a page

has the assurance to tell me he loves me! I am

"Be not alarmed, beautiful Gracieuse," said he, with a most tender yet respectful air; "I am Percinet, a prince. I have loved you long; I have been often near you in these gardens without your perceiving me. The fairy power bestowed upon me at my birth has been of great service in procuring me the pleasure of beholding you. I will accompany you everywhere to-day in this habit, and trust not altogether without being of service to you."

The princess gazed at him while he spoke in a state of astonishment from which she could not

recover."

"It is you, then, handsome Percinet!" she said to him; "it is you, whom I so much wished to see, and of whom such surprising things are related! How delighted I am that you desire to be my friend! I no longer fear the wicked Grognon, since you take an interest in my for-

A few more words passed between them, and then Gracieuse repaired to the palace, where she found a horse ready saddled and caparisoned, which Percinet had placed in the stables. She mounted it, and, as it was a very spirited animal, the page took the bridle and led it. turning every minute toward the princess, that he might have the pleasure of beholding her.

They met Grognon on the road in an open caleche, looking more ugly and ill-shapen than an old gypsy. The king and the princess embraced

They led forward her horse, that she might mount; but seeing the one Gracieuse was upon, she exclaimed:

"How! Is this creature to have a finer horse than I? I had rather never be a queen, and return to my precious castle, than be treated in this manner!"

The king immediately commanded the princess to dismount, and to beg that Grognon would do her the honor to ride her horse. The princess obeyed without a murmur. Grognon reither looked at her nor thanked her. She was hoisted up on the beautiful horse, and looked like a bundle of dirty clothes.

When she was least thinking of it, lo and behold, the fine horse began to bound, to rear, and at length ran away at such a pace that no one could stop him. Off he went with Grognon, who held on by the saddle and by the mane, screaming with all her might. At length she was thrown, with her foot in the stirrup. She was dragged for some distance over stones and thorns into a heap of mud, where she was almost smothered. As everybody had run after her as fast as they could, they soon came up to her; but her skin was scratched all over, her head cut open in four or five places, and one of her arms broken. Never was a bride in a more miserable plight.

The king seemed in despair. They picked her up in pieces like a broken glass. Her cap was on one side, her shoes on the other. They carried her into the city, put her to bed, and sent for the

Va ha SAL res saic A want well a about appear, apartme Sca cei claved. Fo threw thems and tore al. When her sho. could not endu. shut their eyes a. for a long time on "Come, come, c Grognon from out he and leave her not the skin she thinks so beaut. The four furies were eac. ing handful of birchen twigs large brooms out of which

ones, so that they beat her witevery blow Grognon called out:

"Harder! harder! you spare I.

There is no one who would not that, but that the princess was flayed head to foot. They would be mistaken, for the gallant Percinet had bewitched the

these women. They imagined they had bin in their hands, but in reality they had bunc. feathers of all sorts of colors.

The flagellants so fatigued themselves that the could no longer lift their arms. They huddled her into her clothes, and turned her out of the room with a thousand abusive epithets.

She returned to her own chamber, pretending to be very ill, went to bed, and ordered that no one should stay near her but her nurse, to whom she related her adventure.

Grognon was so gratified to learn that Gracieuse was in such a condition, that she got well in half the time she would otherwise have done, and the marriage was celebrated with great magnificence. But, as the king was aware that Grognon preferred above everything to be extolled for her beauty, he had her portrait painted, and commanded a tournament in which six of the best

A music met h saloon, She obther own upon the so fine the that Greec pared to it.

ær my id the uld permarry e would t, and it in spite i that she uced to reone week, which he ated a thousnew pleasures ment.

She once said to the prince:

"I should much like to know what is passing in Grognon's court, and how she has glossed over her conduct to me."

duct to me."

He led her to the top of an exceedingly high tower, which was all of rock-crystal, like the rest of the chateau. He told her to place one foot on his, and her little finger in his mouth, and then to look in the direc-



PAGE TOOK THE BRIDLE AND LED IT,

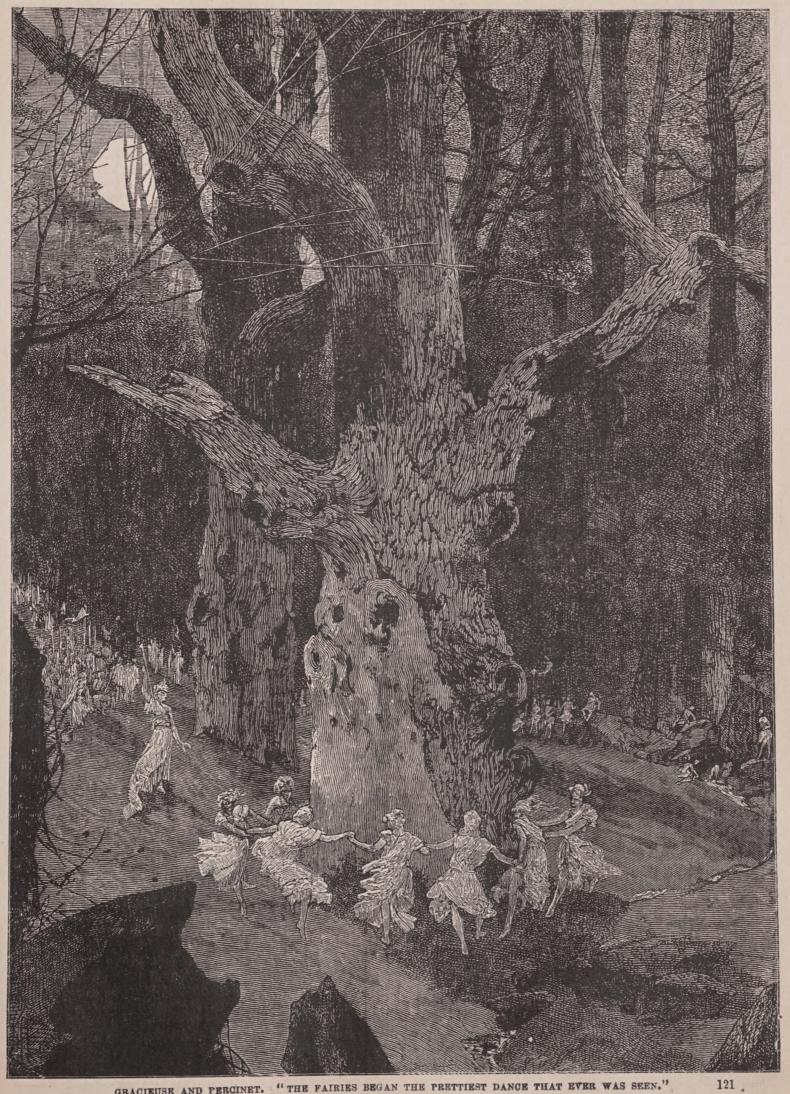
sets
oves,
taste.
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dressed,

of green-Gracieuse and boasted ble of men She immediately perceived that the wicked Grognon was with the king, and that she was saying to him:

"That wretched princess has hanged herself in the cellar. I have just seen her; she is a most horrible sight. She must be buried immediately; and you will soon get over so trifling a loss."

The king began to weep for the death of his

Grognon turned her back upon him, retired to



GRACIEUSE AND PERCINET. "THE FAIRIES BEGAN THE PRETTIEST DANCE THAT EVER WAS SEEN."

her own apartments, caused a log of wood to be dressed up in a cap, and well-wrapped in graveclothes, put into a coffin, and then, by order of the king, there was a grand funeral, which was attended by everybody, weeping, and cursing the cruel stepmother, whom they accused of having caused the death of the princess. All the people went into deep mourning, and she heard the lamentations for her loss, and that they whispered to one another:

"What a pity that this lovely young princess should perish through the cruelties of such a wicked creature! She ought to be cut into pieces and made into a pie!"

The king could neither eat nor drink, and cried ready to break his heart. Gracieuse, seeing her father so afflicted, exclaimed:

"Ah! Percinet, I cannot allow my father to believe any longer that I am dead. If you love me, take me back to him."

All he could urge was in vain; he was compelled

to obey, though with great reluctance.
"My princess," said he, "you will regret more than once leaving this fairy palace; for, as to myself, I dare not think you will regret me. You are more unmerciful to me than Grognon is to you."

It was of no use talking—she would go. She took leave of the prince's mother and sisters, entered the sledge with him, and the stags started

As she left the palace, she heard a great noise. She looked back; it was the entire building which had fallen, and lay broken into a thousand fragments.

"What do I see?" she cried. "The palace de-

stroyed !"

"My palace," replied Percinet, "shall be amongst the dead. You will never re-enter it till after you are buried."

"You are angry," said Gracieuse, endeavoring to appease him. "But am I not in fact, more to

be pitied than you?"

On arriving in the city, Percinet caused the princess, himself, and the sledge to be invisible. Gracieuse ascended to the king's apartment, and flung herself at his feet. When he saw her, he was frightened, and would have run away, taking

her for a ghost.

She stopped him, and assured him she was not dead; that Grognon had caused her to be carried off into the wilderness; that she had climbed up a tree, where she had lived upon wild fruits; that they had buried a log of wood in her place—and ended by begging him, for mercy's sake, to send her to one of his castles, where she might no longer be exposed to the fury of her stepmother.

The king, scarcely able to credit her story, had the log of wood taken up, and was astounded at

the malice of Grognon.

Any other monarch would have ordered Grognon to be buried alive in its place; but he was a poor, weak man, who hadn't courage enough to be really in a passion.

He caressed his daughter a good deal, and made

her sup with him.

When Grognon's creatures ran and told her of the return of the princess, and that she was supping with the king, she began to rave like a mad woman, and rushing to him, told him there must be no hesitation about it—he must either abandon that cheat to her, or see her, on the instant, take her departure, never to return as long as she lived; that it was mere folly to believe that the girl was the Princess Gracieuse. It was true she resembled her slightly, but that Gracieuse had hanged herself; that she had seen her with her own eyes, and that if any credence was given to the story of that impostor, it would be an unpardonable want of respect to, and confidence in,

The king, without another word, gave up to her the unfortunate princess, believing, or feigning to

believe, that she was not his daughter.

Grognon, transported with joy, dragged her, with the help of her own women, into a dungeon, where she had her stripped. They took away her costly garments, and threw over her a rag of coarse cloth, putting wooden shoes on her feet, and a hood of drugget on her head. They barely gave her straw enough to lie upon, and a little black bread to eat.

In this distress, she began to weep bitterly, and to regret the Fairy Palace; but she dared not call on Percinet for succor, feeling that she had treated him too unkindly, and not being able to believe he loved her enough to come again to her

In the meanwhile, the wicked Grognon had sent for a fairy who was little less malicious than

herself.

"I have here in my power," she said, "a little hussy who has offended me. I want to punish her, by giving her such difficult tasks to execute that she will not be able to perform them, and so that I may break her bones without giving her a right to complain. Help me to find a new torment for her every day.

The fairy told her she would think of it, and that she should see her again the next morning.

She kept her word. She brought a skein of thread as big as four grown-up people, so finely spun that it would break if you breathed on it, and so tangled that it was in a bundle without beginning or end.

Grognon, delighted, sent for her beautiful pris-

oner, and said to her

"There, my good little gossip, set your great powers to work to wind off this skein of thread: and rest assured that if you break the least bit of it, you are lost, for I will flay you alive myself! Begin whenever you please; but it must be wound off before sunset."

With that she shut her up in a room under

three locks.

The princess was no sooner left alone than, examining the enormous skein, and turning it over and over, breaking a thousand threads in trying to find one to begin with, she became so confused that she ceased attempting to unravel it; and, flinging it into the middle of the room, she began to weep bitterly.

Percinet opened the door as easily as if he had

had the key in his pocket.

"I am here, my princess," he said to her—"always ready to serve you. I am not capable of deserting you, notwithstanding the poor return you make to my affection."

He struck the skein three times with his wand; the broken threads were immediately rejoined, and two more taps unraveled it with most astonishing

perfection.

He inquired if there was any other service he could render her, and whether she would never call on him but when she was in trouble.

"Do not reproach me, handsome Percinet," said

she; "I am already sufficiently miserable."

"But, my princess, it is in your own power to liberate yourself from the tyranny of which you are the victim. Come with me. Complete our mutual happiness. What do you fear?"

"That you do not love me well enough," replied she. "I would have time to be convinced

of your affection."

Percinet, exasperated by her suspicions, bowed

politely, and disappeared.

The sun was just about to set; Grognon awaited the moment with the greatest impatience. At length she anticipated it, and came with her four furies, who accompanied her everywhere. She put the three keys into the three locks, and said, as she opened the door:

"I'll wager, now, that this idle beauty hasn't wagged one of her ten fingers. She would much rather have slept to improve her complexion."

As soon as she entered, Gracieuse presented her with the ball of thread, quite perfect. She had not a word to say, except that Gracieuse had soiled it -that she was a dirty creature; and for that gave her two such slaps on the face, that the roses and lilies on her cheeks turned blue and yellow. The hapless Gracieuse bore patiently an insult she was not in position to resent.

They took her back to her dungeon, and locked

her up carefully.

Grognon, vexed that she had not succeeded with the skein of thread, sent for the fairy, and reproached her with her ill success.

"Find out something," she said, "so difficult that she cannot possibly accomplish it."

The fairy departed, and the next day returned with a great barrel full of feathers. There were some of all sorts of birds—nightingales, canaries, greenfinches, goldfinches, linnets, red-wings, parrots, owls, sparrows, doves, ostriches, bustards, peacocks, larks, partridges—I should never have finished if I attempted to name them all.

These feathers were so mixed together that the birds themselves could not have recognized their

"Here," said the fairy to Grognon, "is what will try the skill and patience of your prisoner. Order her to pick out these feathers, and put the peacock's, the nightingale's, and every other sort, each by themselves, in separate heaps. It would be a task for a fairy."

Grognon was ready to die with joy, picturing to herself the perplexity of the wretched princess. She sent for her, threatened her as before, and shut her up with the barrel in the chamber, under three locks, ordering her to finish her work by sunset.

Gracieuse took out some of the feathers: but. finding it impossible to distinguish the different kinds, threw them back again into the barrel; then took them out again, and made several attempts to sort them; but finding the task was impossible, Percinet again appeared, and giving the barrel three taps with his wand, the feathers came out by millions and sorted themselves into little heaps all round the room.

"What do I not owe you, my lord?" said Gra-"But for you I must have perished.

Rest assured of my gratitude!"

The prince tried everything to persuade her to take a firm resolution in his favor. She still asked for time, and, though with considerable violence to his own feelings, he granted her request.

Grognon arrived, and was so thunderstruck by what she saw, that she was at her wit's end how further to torment Gracieuse. She did not omit to beat her, however, saying that the feathers were ill arranged.

She sent for the fairy, and flew into a violent passion with her. The fairy knew not how to an-

swer her—she was perfectly confounded.

At length she told Grognon that she would employ all her skill in making a box which would bring her prisoner into great trouble if she ven-tured to open it; and a few days afterward she brought a box of a tolerable size.

"Here," said she to Grognon, "order your slave to carry this somewhere. Forbid her particularly to open it. She will not be able to resist

it, and you will be satisfied."

Grognon followed her instructions implicitly. "Carry the box," said she to Gracieuse, "to my fine chateau, and place it on the table in my closet; but I forbid you, under pain of death, to look at what it contains.

Gracieuse set off with her wooden shoes, her

cloth dress, and her woolen hood.

All who met her exclaimed, "That must be a goddess in disguise!" for nothing could conceal

her marvelous beauty.

She had not walked far before she felt tired. In passing through a little wood, on the skirt of a pleasant meadow, she sat down to take breath. She placed the box on her knees, and suddenly felt an inclination to open it.

"What can happen to me?" said she. "I won't take anything out of it, but only see what there is

in it."

She thought no more of the consequences, but opened the box, and immediately out came a quantity of little men and women, fiddlers, musical instruments, little tables, little cooks, little dishes—in fact, the giant of the party was not bigger than one's finger.

They skipped about the meadow, divided themselves into several groups, and began the prettiest ball that ever was seen. Some danced, others cooked, others feasted; the little fiddlers played

admirably.

Gracieuse, at first, was somewhat amused by so extraordinary a sight; but after she had rested a little and wanted to get them back into the box, not one of them would obey her. The little gentlemen and ladies ran away. The fiddlers followed their example. The cooks, with their stewpans on their heads and their spits on their shoulders, scampered into the wood when she entered the meadow, and into the meadow again when she entered the wood.

"Oh, thoughtless curiosity!" said Gracieuse, weeping, "thou wilt be too favorable to my enemy! The only misfortune I could have avoided

demanded, in the name of Grognon, to be shown into the queen's closet, the governor burst into a fit of laughter.

"What!" said he; "do you imagine that you are to leave your sheep to be admitted into so beautiful a place? Be off with you, wherever you like! Never did wooden shoes tread those floors."

Gracieuse begged him to write a line, stating his refusal. He did so; and, quitting the rich chateau, she found the amiable Percinet awaiting her, who drove her back to the palace.

It would be difficult to write down all the tender and respectful things he said to her on the road,



HANS WHO MADE THE PRINCESS LAUGH. —" FOR ALL HER SCOLDING, AND ALL HER TEARING AND PULLING, SHE HAD TO LIMP ALONG WITH THEM." — SEE PAGE 126.

has been brought?on me by my own folly. Oh, I cannot sufficiently blame myself. Percinet!" she cried—"Percinet! if it be possible you can still love such an imprudent princess, come and help me in this, the most unfortunate occurrence in my life!"

Percinet did not wait to be called thrice. She saw him appear instantly, in his splendid green dress.

Percinet tapped the box with his wand, and immediately the little men and women, fiddlers, cooks, and roast-meat, were all packed into it as neatly as if they had never been out of it.

She arrived at the rich chateau, and when she

in the hope of persuading her to put an end to his unhappiness. She promised him that if Grognon played her another wicked trick she would consent.

No long while elapsed before Grognon did play Gracieuse another mean trick. She had a great hole dug in the garden, as deep as a well; over it they placed a large stone. She then went to walk in the garden, and said to Gracieuse and those who accompanied her:

"Here is a stone under which I am informed there is a treasure. Come, let us lift it quickly."

Each lent a helping hand, Gracieuse amongst the rest.

This was exactly what Grognon wanted. As soon as the princess was on the brink of the pit, Grognon pushed her violently into it, and the others let the stone fall again on the top of it.

This time the case was indeed a hopeless one! How was Percinet to find her in the bowels of the earth? She perfectly comprehended the difficulty of her position, and repented having so long delayed marrying him.

Suddenly she saw a little door open, which had escaped her attention in the darkness, and through

happy, and to relieve you from the deplorable life which you lead under the tyranny of Grognon."

The grateful princess fell on her knees before her, and told her she placed her fate in her hands, and that she would obey her in all things—that she had not forgotten the prophecy of Percinet at the time she left the fairy palace, when he said to her that that very palace would be amongst the dead, and that she would never re-enter it until after she had been buried; that she had the greatest admiration for his wisdom, and no less for his



THE GIANT HANDS.—" A CLOUD APPEARED ACROSS HIS PATH, FROM WHICH CAME OUT ENORMOUS HANDS." SEE PAGE 127.

it perceived the light of day, and gardens filled with flowers, fruits, fountains, grottoes, statues, bowers, and summer-houses. She did not hesitate to enter it.

She advanced up a grand avenue, wondering what would be the end of this adventure. Almost at the same moment she perceived the fairy palace.

Percinet appeared with the queen, his mother, and his sisters.

"Refuse no longer, lovely princess," said the queen to Gracieuse; "it is time to make my son

worth, and that she accepted him for her husband. The prince in his turn knelt at her feet; and the same instant the palace rang with shouts and music, and the marriage was celebrated with the greatest magnificence.

All the fairies for a thousand leagues round appeared with sumptuous equipages; some came in cars drawn by swans, others by dragons, others on clouds, others in globes of fire. Amongst them appeared the fairy who had assisted Grognon to torment Gracieuse.

When she recognized the princess, never was

any one so surprised. She conjured her to forget the past, and promised she would take every means of atoning for the misery she had made her suffer.

Actually, she would not stay for the banquet; but, reascending her car, drawn by two terrible serpents, she flew to the king's palace, sought out Grognon, and wrung her neck before the guards or her women could interfere to prevent her.

# HANS, WHO MADE THE PRINCESS LAUGH.

NCE upon a time there was a king, who had a daughter, and she was so lovely that the reports of her beauty went far and wide; but she was so melancholy that she never laughed, and besides she was so grand and proud, that she said "No" to all who came to woo her—she would not have any of them, were they ever so fine, whether they were princes or noblemen.

The king was tired of this whim of hers long ago, and thought she ought to get married like other people; there was nothing she need wait for —she was old enough, and she would not be any richer, either; for she was to have half the kingdom, which she inherited after her mother.

So he made known every Sunday after the service, from the steps outside the church, that he that could make his daughter laugh should have both her and half the kingdom. But if there were any one who tried and could not make her laugh, he would have three red stripes cut out of his back and salt rubbed into them—and, sad to relate, there were many sore backs in that kingdom.

Lovers from south and from north, from east and from west, came to try their luck—they thought it was an easy thing to make a princess laugh.

They were a queer lot altogether, but for all their cleverness and for all the tricks and pranks they played, the princess was just as serious and immovable as ever.

But close to the palace lived a man who had three sons, and they had also heard that the king had made known that he who could make the princess laugh should have her and half the kingdom.

The eldest of the brothers wanted to try first, and away he went; and when he came to the palace, he told the king he wouldn't mind trying to make the princess laugh.

"Yes, yes! that's all very well," said the king; "but I am afraid it's of very little use, my man. There have been many here to try th ir luck, but my daughter is just as sad, and I am afraid it is no good trying. I do not like to see any more suffer on that account."

But the lad thought he would try anyhow. It couldn't be such a difficult thing to make a princess laugh at him, for had not everybody, both grand and simple, laughed so many a time at him when he served as soldier and went through his drill under Sergeant Nils?

So he went out on the terrace outside the prin-

cess's windows, and began drilling just as if Sergeant Nils himself was there.

But all in vain. The princess sat just as serious and immovable as before, and so they took him and cut three broad, red stripes out of his back and sent him home.

He had no sooner arrived home, than his second brother wanted to set out and try his luck.

He was a schoolmaster, and a funny figure he was, altogether. He had one leg shorter than the other, and limped terribly when he walked. One moment he was no bigger than a boy, but the next moment, when he raised himself upon his long leg, he was as big and tall as a giant—and besides he was great at preaching.

When he came to the palace, and said that he wanted to make the princess laugh, the king thought that it was not so unlikely that he might.

"But I pity you, if you don't succeed," said the king, "for we cut the stripes broader and broader for every one that tries."

So the schoolmaster went out on the terrace, and took his place outside the princess's window, where he began preaching and chanting, imitating seven of the parsons, and reading and singing just like seven of the clerks whom they had had in the parish.

The king laughed at the schoolmaster till he was obliged to hold on to the door-post, and the princess was just on the point of smiling, but suddenly she was as sad and immovable as ever, and so it fared no better with Paul the schoolmaster than with Peter the soldier—for Peter and Paul were their names, you must know!

So they took Paul and cut three red stripes out of his back, put salt into them, and sent him home

again.

Well, the youngest brother thought he would have a try next. His name was Hans. But the brothers laughed and made fun of him, and showed him their sore backs. Besides, the father would not give him leave to go, for he said it was no use his trying, who had so little sense; all he could do was to sit in a corner on the hearth, like a cat, rooting about in the ashes and cutting chips.

But Hans would not give in. He begged and prayed so long, till they got tired of his whimpering, and so he got leave to go to the king's palace and try his luck

and try his luck.

When he arrived at the palace, he did not say he had come to try to make the princess laugh, but asked if he could get a situation there.

No, they had no situation for him. But Hans was not so easily put off; they might want one to carry wood and water for the kitchenmaid in such a big place as that, he said.

Yes, the king thought so, too, and to get rid of the lad he gave him leave to remain there and carry wood and water for the kitchenmaid.

One day, when he was going to fetch water from the brook, he saw a big fish in the water, just under an old root of a fir-tree, which the current had carried all the soil away from. He put his bucket quietly under the fish and caught it.

As he was going home to the palace, he met an

old woman leading a golden goose.

"Good-day, grandmother," said Hans. "That's a fine bird you have got there; and such splendid feathers, too! he shines a long way off. If one had such feathers, one needn't be chopping firewood."

The woman thought just as much of the fish which Hans had in the bucket, and said if Hans would give her the fish he should have the golden goose; and this goose was such, that if any one touched it, he would be sticking fast to it if he only said, "If you'll come along, then hang on."

Yes, Hans would willingly exchange on those

terms.

"A bird is as good as a fish any day," he said to himself. "If it is as you say, I might use it instead of a fish-hook," he said to the woman, and felt greatly pleased with the possession of the goose. He had not gone far before he met another old woman.

When she saw the splendid golden goose, she

must go and stroke it.

She made herself so friendly and spoke so nicely to Hans, and asked him to let her stroke that lovely golden goose of his.

"Oh, yes!" said Hans, "but you mustn't pluck

off any of its feathers!'

Just as she stroked the bird, Hans said:

"If you'll come along, then hang on!"
The woman pulled and tore, but she had to hang on, whether she would or no, and Hans walked on, as if he only had the goose with him.

When he had gone some distance, he met a man who had a spite against the woman for a trick she

had played upon him.

When he saw that she fought so hard to get free and seemed to hang on so fast, he thought he might safely venture to pay her off for the grudge he owed her, and so he gave her a kick.

"If you'll come along, then hang on!" said

And the man had to hang on and limp along on one leg, whether he would or no; and when he tried to tear himself loose, he made it still worse for himself, for he was very near falling on his back whenever he struggled to get free.

So on they went till they came in the neighbor-

hood of the palace.

There they met the king's smith; he was on his way to the smithy, and had a large pair of tongs in his hand.

This smith was a merry fellow, and was always full of mad pranks and tricks, and when he saw this procession coming jumping and limping along, he began laughing till he was bent in two, but sud-

denly he said :

"This must be a new flock of geese for the princess; but who can tell which is goose and which is gander? I suppose it must be the gander toddling on in front. Goosey, goosey!" he called, and pretended to be strewing corn out of his hands as when feeding geese.

But they did not stop. The woman and the man only looked in great rage at the smith for

making game of them. So said the smith:

"It would be great fun to see if I could stop
the whole flock, many as they are!"

He was a strong man, and seized the old man with his tongs from behind in his trousers, and the man shouted and struggled hard, but Hans

"If you'll come along, then hang on!"
And so the smith had to hang on too. He bent his back and stuck his heels in the ground when they went up a hill, and tried to get away, but it was of no use; he stuck on to the other as if he had been screwed fast in the great vise in the smithy, and whether he liked it or not, he had to dance along with the others.

When they came near the palace, the farm-dog ran against them and barked at them, as if they were a gang of tramps, and when the princess came to look out of her window to see what was the matter, and saw this procession, she burst out

laughing.

But Hans was not satisfied with that.

"Just wait a bit, and she will laugh still louder very soon," he said, and made a tour round the

palace with his followers.

When they came past the kitchen, the door was open and the cook was just boiling porridge, but when she saw Hans and his train after him, she rushed out of the door with the porridge-stick in one hand and a big ladle full of boiling porridge in the other, and she laughed till her sides shook; but when she saw the smith there as well she thought she would have burst with laughter.

When she had had a regular good laugh, she looked at the golden goose again and thought it

was so lovely that she must stroke it.

"Hans, Hans!" she cried, and ran after him with the ladle in her hand; "just let me stroke that lovely bird of yours."

"Rather let her stroke me," said the smith.

"Very well," said Hans.

But when the cook heard this, she got very

"What is it you say?" she cried, and gave the

smith a smack with the ladle.

"If you'll come along, then hang on!" said Hans; and so she stuck fast to the others, too, and for all her scolding and all her tearing and pulling, she had to limp along with them.

And when they came past the princess's window again, she was still there waiting for them, but when she saw that they had got hold of the cook too, with the ladle and porridge-stick, she laughed

till the king had to hold her up.

So Hans got the princess and half the kingdom, and they had a wedding which was heard of far and wide.

# THE CIANT HANDS.

NE day, at the end of Autumn, poor little Willie returned from the forest, loaded with as much wood as his feeble strength could bear. He was hungry and tired, for he could scarcely find any wood, so covered was every piece by the fallen leaves.

He had also a great sorrow at his heart, for his father had died a few months before, leaving his



THE GIANT HANDS .- " HE FELT HIMSELF LIFTED FROM THE GROUND BY A GIGANTIC HAND."

mother to work hard for the money to support herself and him.

He threw the wood upon the cinders on the hearth, and soon made up a good fire, which threw out a cheerful blaze, at which he warmed his naked, swollen feet, and watched the smoke curling up the wide chimney, and about the rafters of the low roof.

He breathed a deep sigh, for he saw no pot on the fire, bubbling up with their frugal dinner.

Alas! they had none, for his poor mother was weak, and could not walk fast to sell the things she had made.

Willie was an industrious boy, and did not like to sit idle when his strength—little as it was might be used to help his dear mother.

He had not to wait long before his mother came in, and threw herself into a chair, with tears of fatigue and illness.

He threw his little arms around her neck, kissed her, and said:

"I intend to start out into the world, and find something to do, that I may no longer be a burden to you. I'll work hard and get money, and you shall have a nice little cottage."

The morning rose bright and cheerful. The old locker was opened, and his only shoes, taken care of for high days and holidays, were brought out and brushed up, as was also his best suit.

Then he put on his hat with a thump, seized his stick and wallet, lifted the latch of the door, opened it wide, took a deep breath of the cool air, and out he went. Just as he was starting, a curious white cloud appeared across his path, from which came out two enormous hands.

He started, and well he might, for he saw no body belonging to them; no, there they were, only hands.

There was no fear of them, for they were spread open upon the grass before him, as if kindly inviting him to come and meet them.

As he stood gazing with wonder upon them, a voice from the cloud said:

"Don't be afraid, Willie. I know the good errand that you are on, and I come to be your friend."

"Thank you, good hands," said Willie; "I am sure you mean me good, for I am too little for you to wish me harm."

The hands vanished, and Willie went on his

As the day grew on, he went along more steadily, for he was not used to so much walking and running, and therefore began to get tired; but he went on until he came to the edge of a precipice, and saw a grand and awful rush of foaming waters, which threw themselves headlong down between the rocks with a deafening roar.

He had not been there many minutes when he felt himself gently lifted from the ground by a gigantic hand, which passed him high above the waters, and placed him in safety high upon the

opposite bank.

As the hand put him on his feet, it became so much like a cloud that he could scarcely see it; but before it had quite vanished, Willie took off his hat, and bowing, said:
"Thank you, kindly, good hand; you have kept

your promise well."

After finishing his meal, which he did with very

great relish, he began to turn over in his mind how he was to make up his bed in his very large bedchamber, for it appeared as if he had got the great forest all to himself,

When he had got together enough dried leaves to make his resting-place softer, he prepared to lie down, when, to his very great delight, he beheld the gigantic hands spread themselves over him, with the fingers entwined, making for him the most perfect little tent in the world.

"Thank you again, good bands," said he, for your kind care of me; but before I say my prayers, cannot you tell me something of my dear

mother?"

"Good Willie," replied a voice, "your mother knows that you will be protected, as all good children are; and she has food, for she is industrious."

So Willie slept. Willie was early afoot, for he believed what the voice had also told him, that the day was to be a day of labor, with some good luck at the end of it.

He soon got through the wood, and left it behind him, and saw a huge castle a little way off.

He leaped up the steps, and tried to raise the



THE GIANT HANDS .- "THE HANDS SPREAD THEMSELVES OVER HIM, MAKING A PERFECT LITTLE TENT."

knocker, but it was too heavy for his strength. In an instant the hands appeared, and grasped the knocker, and gave such a rat-tat-tat, that it sounded like thunder.

The door opened with a sudden jerk, and in the porch stood the mistress of the mansion, scowling

like a bear.

The moment Willie saw her, he went backward down the steps, for she was an ogress, and in a voice like a very hoarse raven she cried:

"How dare you knock like that at my door, you little varlet?"

"If you please, princess, I wished to know whether you wanted a servant to assist in your fine castle?"

"Then come in, for my servants have all left me because I don't put my work out," said she.

With that Willie entered, and soon found that he had plenty to do; for his first job was to get the ogress's dinner ready, who, in truth, had a wonderful appetite, for there were many sorts of provisions-fish, fowl, beef, soup mutton, and hampers of vegetables.

He sighed as he looked upon such abundance, which would have been dinner enough for all the

people in his native village.

Again he sighed. As he did so, the giant hands appeared. If you could only have seen them truss this, skewer that, boil the other, turn out the sauces, pick the pickles, cut the bread, and put the dishes to the fire, you would have wondered.

The ogress dined, and said nothing for the first hour, eating as fast as she could, but when she had finished the last round of beef, she smiled upon her treasure of a servant, and said he was a better

cook than all her servants put together.

Selfish people are always ungrateful; and so the ogress was, for she wanted poor Willie to do more and more, cooking dinners and suppers, so that he had not a minute's rest; and one day, when she had been requiring more than usual, he turned round, and told her that she left him scarcely time to sleep, and that her appetite was frightful.

"Little wretch!" screamed she, "I have half a mind to snap you up as I would the wing of a chicken; and, remember from this moment, if my dinner is short of what I want, I will eat you to make up for what you have left undone.'

"Then I shall leave you," said Willie.
Rage made the face of the ogress glow like a furnace, and she made a pounce at poor Willie for his angry speech; and she would have caught him in her gripe, had he not dodged round a large bundle of vegetables which luckily lay on the floor.

Round and round she went after him, until he felt that he must be caught; when a very large hand grasped her round the waist, and hurried her, yelling, out of the kitchen, Willie following,

returning thanks for his escape.

They came to a large window which opened to the sea; the hand thrust the ogress out, and right above the rolling waves it held her, while the seabirds flew round about, with shrill cries, in terror at a sight so strange.

The hand let go its hold; and the ogress, with a fearful scream, whirled over and over, and fell with such a plump into the sea, that the spray flew over the highest tower, and the fishes swam away in terror.

Willie ran out of the front door, and when he got to the margin of the sea, he saw the good hands following him. They plunged into the sea close at his feet; he jumped into the palm of one, and seated himself.

Between the finger and thumb of each hand was one of his cooking-forks, stuck through two of the ogress's best handkerchiefs, which made very capital sails, catching the wind, and wafting him along over the sea just as well as the last invention in

As the moon rose, it found him safely landed and snug under the roof of a good farmer who had promised him work. The next morning he was working in his shirt-sleeves in the corn-field, reaping and sheaving and doing as much work as two stout men could do.

But there, under the shelter of the high corn, were the friendly hands working miracles; gathering up the corn, and putting it into sheaves in a manner that could not be done by mortal hands.

When Willie's first day waned, then came out the farmer, bringing with him his daughter, to

enjoy a walk in the cool of the day.

The farmer stared when he looked upon the golden rows of heavy corn, standing for his admiration in the well-tied sheaves. He looked from the little man to the fruits of his labor, and promised to himself to do his best to keep so good a servant; his daughter also, a beautiful girl, glanced an admiring look at the glowing face of Willie as he stood with sickle in one hand and cap in an-

"Oh, oh!" said the farmer, "if he can reap so

well, perhaps he can plow."

So the next morning found little Willie a plow-The hands guided the plow. and the land

was plowed in furrows.

Willie became quite head man, for it was found that he could be trusted with anything. One day when he was out on the mountains, where he had gone to gather the flocks for the shearing, heavy storms came on, and the floods deluged the valley, sweeping away in their headlong course the flocks and herds of other farmers. In a moment the giant hands spread themselves over the turbid waters, forming a most perfect bridge.

He drove the sheep across without fear, and reached his master's house in safety, much to the

joy of all, who had given him up for lost.

Willie lay down that night full of gratitude. He was nearly asleep, when a shout of "Fire!" roused him.

He ran down the stairs, rushed into the farmyard; there he saw his master with the servants running about frantic with fright; no water handy, no fire-engines, everybody shouting.

The flames made their way from room to room, and reached the chamber of the farmer's daughter.

What can be done now? When suddenly the giant hands appeared, and placing themselves against the side of the house, formed a ladder, up which Willie quickly sprang.

In a few moments he reached the window, and folding the girl in his arms, rushed down the friendly hands, and placed her, safe and sound, in

the embrace of her weeping father.

A heavily-laden wagon creaks along the winding road, covered with a tilt as white as snow; but what has it inside? You can peep and see; beautiful tables and chairs, and sides of bacon, and geese and chickens, and fair round cheeses, and rolls of golden butter, with white eggs peeping through the bars of the wicker-baskets.

Where is the wagon going? To market, perhaps. Ask the youth who is trudging by its side, with a smiling, happy face, ruddy with health and

the warm tinge of the sun.

At last the cottage-path is reached. His mother is standing at the gate. Willie shouts; such a hearty shout! His mother looks upon him, but cannot speak. He is soon in her arms.

Willie staid now with his mother, and the two managed a nice little farm, which became in a few

years a large one.

He then went to see the good farmer, and to see the farmer's daughter, too, who had admired him when he was reaping, and whom he saved from the

Soon after, Willie and Nellie-for that was her name—were married, and they lived many happy years.

# PUSSYCAT, PUSSYCAT, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

"Pussycat, Pussycat, where have you been?"

"I've been to London, to see the queen!" "Pussycat, Pussycat, what did you there?" "I frightened a little mouse under a chair."

NCE upon a time there lived in the south of England a poor man who ought to have been a very rich man, for he was heir to the great estate of Wealthydale. But when the old lord of Wealthydale died, some distant cousins of his said that his will was not a good one, and that they ought to have his property.

They went to law about it, and they spent all their money, and the rightful heir spent all his money, and still it was never settled who should

have it.

So the fields were not sown, and the cattle were not tended, and Wealthydale Castle fell to ruin, while its real owner lived in a little tumbledown

cottage outside the park gates.

He had no money left to pay wages, so his servants went away from him one after the other, until there was only one creature left in the house with him, and that was the cat. She was a very handsome cat, and came of a good family, too, for she was the great-great-great-great-grandchild of Puss-in-Boots. She often wished that her greatgreat-great-great-grandfather's boots had not been worn out long before her time, for she was very fond of her master, and wished she could do something to help him.

"Why do you stay with me, Pussycat?" said her master (that was her name, for she had always been called Pussycat). "I have no cows now, and I cannot afford to buy you milk.'

"Do you think I am such a bad mouser that I cannot catch mice enough to feed me?" replied Pussycat. "You need not think I am going away, master. Why, what would become of your cheese and candles, if I were not here to look after them ?"

"Well, you are a good little Pussycat," said her master; "and as soon as I have brought out my discovery, you shall have everything that you can

want."

Pussycat turned away her head that he might not see her smile, for the great discovery that her master was going to make was, what glow-worms' light is made of. As soon as he had found this out, he meant to invent lamps that should be lighted in the same way, and felt sure that he should make his fortune by them; but Pussycat did not feel sure.

Her master spent all his time in trying to make this discovery, except that he worked a little in

his garden.

But meantime the money was all spent, and the cottage roof was falling in, and things looked worse and worse; even Pussycat was hard up, for she had destroyed all the rats and mice of the neighborhood.

"Dear master," she said one day. "how soon will you invent your glowworm light ?—for we are

sadly in want of a few shillings."

"Well, Pussycat," he said, "I begin to be afraid that I shall not succeed for some time unless I could get a firefly to compare with them. could easily send for some if I only had my estate, but they are not to be had any nearer than Italy, and it would cost too much."

"I'll tell you what, master," said Pussycat, sitting very upright. "You go to London and speak to the king, and get him to make a law that you

are to have your estate back again."

"The king is so busy, I am afraid he would not listen to me, Pussycat.

"Speak to the queen, then."
"I am afraid that would not do any better,
Pussycat."

"Well, if my master won't go, I will," thought Pussycat. "I know I am only a poor little puss, but my master has been very good to me, and what a pleasant thing it would be if I could do him some good in return."

But Pussycat was afraid to tell what she meant to do, lest her master should say it would be of no

use. So she only said:

"Master, will you give me a holiday for a few

days? I want to go away on a visit.'

"Certainly, my good Pussycat," he replied. "But you must have some money for your journey. Here is all I have got—take as much as you like."

"Well, it is no bad thing to have a little money in one's pocket," observed Pussycat, thinking that the money would be well spent if it got back the estate.

She counted it, and found that there was fivepence halfpenny.



THE GIANT HANDS.-" THE HANDS THRUST THE OGRESS OUT." SEE PAGE 127.

"This will be plenty," said she, taking the halfpenny.

She wrapped it in a beach-leaf, tucked it carefully under her left fore-leg, and very early the next morning she began her journey to London.

It so happened that at that time the king was gone on a visit to Wales, and only the queen remained at home in the great London palace. She was sitting on her chair of state, embroidering a pair of gloves, as a present for the king when he came back, and her ladies were sitting working and talking round her, when suddenly one of them stopped and said:
"Hark! I fancied I heard a noise."

Scrabble, scrabble scrabble, it went-scratch, scratch, scratch!

"Dear me! what can it be?" said the queen,

jumping up.

"Oh!" cried one of the ladies, and fainted away on the spot, while all the others screamed and ran about. But they could not find out where it was, nor what it was.

"Perhaps it was your majesty's little dog

Joujou," suggested one of the ladies.
"No," said the queen, "for I have sent
Joujou out to take a walk with the youngest page. Perhaps it was nothing at all, and anyhow here comes our luncheon, so let us sit down and eat it."

But scarcely had they sat down, when-

Scrabble, scrabble, scratch, scratch, "Oh, there it is again!" cried the queen. And she dropped the spoonful of whipped cream and honey that she was going to eat, all down her lap, and ran out into the middle of the room. All her ladies ran out too, and

there they stood, looking about them.
"It sounded just under her majesty's chair," said one of the ladies, presently, in a

whisper.

"So it did," said the queen. "Lady Alice go and look underneath, and see if you can find anything there."

"I really—I should be very happy," said Lady Alice, "only stooping always makes my head ache. Suppose you go and look, Lady Bertha?"

"Oh, no, indeed I cannot!" said Lady Bertha. "I should be frightened out of my wits for fear something should jump out at

"Scrabble, scrabble, scrabble, scratch, scratch, scratch!" replied the thing under the chair.

At the same moment a page opened the door, and said:

"Please your majesty- He, he, he, he, he!"

"Stop laughing, you unmannerly boy!" commanded the queen, "and say what you have got to say."

"Will your majesty please to grant an audience to-- He, he, he, he !" replied the page.

"Certainly," said the queen. "It is the Spanish ambassador, no doubt. Behave prop-

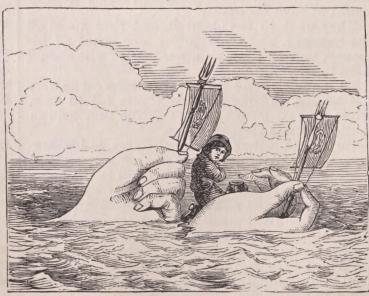
erly, you naughty boy, and show him in at once. And the queen put herself into a stately attitude, and her ladies grouped themselves behind her, and the page threw open the door, and in marched-Pussycat.

As soon as they saw her, the queen and all her ladies clapped their hands together and laughed,

even more than the page had done.

It was not much wonder that they laughed so; for Pussycat, wishing to show her respect for the Queen, had spent her halfpenny in half a yard of blue ribbon, which she had tied round her neck, leaving two long ends. And as she was told that ladies always wore feathers to go to court, she had pick up in the fields a tall, black feather out of a rook's wing, and had stuck it upright on the top of her head, so that it went wiggle-waggle at every

Pussycat was not a bit taken aback at being received like this, for she thought it might be the



THE GIANT HANDS .- THE LATEST INVENTION IN BOATS. SEE PAGE 127.



THE GIANT HANDS.—46 THE HANDS GATHERED UP THE CORN AND PUT IT INTO SHEAVES."—SEE PAGE 127.

royal way of welcoming a guest. So she walked straight up to the queen, and stretched herself and gave a great yawn, which is the height of catcivility.

"Oh, what a nice little cat! Here, puss, puss, puss!" said the queen, throwing down a reel of

colored silk for her to play with.

Pussycat just gave it a tap for politeness' sake; but she thought the queen might have known that she was not a kitten.

Just as the queen was going to roll it again, the ladies began to scream, for there was the noisescrabble, scrabble, scratch, scratch, scratch, scratch—louder than ever.

Now Pussycat, who had hunted mice all her life, knew at once that it was nothing but a little mouse under the chair, and in a moment she was there herself. When the poor little mouse saw this great creature come bouncing in, with ribbons fluttering, and feather wagging, and whiskers bristling, he was in such a fright that he cried:

"Squeak, squeak! Oh, please don't hurt me-squeak! and I will run away and never

come back again. Squeak, squeak!"

And away he scuttled as fast as ever his terrified legs could go. Pussycat came out from under the chair again, with her tail very upright.

"Oh, the good cat! Oh, the excellent pussy! She has frightened it quite away!"

cried all the ladies.

"You shall stay with me and be my pussy,"

said the queen, stroking her.

Bus Pussycat jerked her tail from side to side, which is the same among cats as shak-

ing one's head, and she answered:
"I would not stay, not if your majesty should give me two cows for myself, and the key of the royal larder."

"Why not?" said the queen.
"Because I could not bear to leave my master," replied Pussycat.

"And who is your master, little puss?" said the queen.

Then Pussycat told her all about her master and his estate, and why she had come to London. And the queen listened, and said she would do what she could. Only she begged Pussycat not to tell anybody a word about it, for she should like it to be a surprise to

Pussycat rubbed herself against the leg of the queen's chair, and prorised to keep it a secret. Then, for joy at having succeeded so well in her errand, she ran round after her tail, caught it, pretended to kill it vigorously with her hind paw, and then gave three jumps with her legs stuck out very stiff, and scampered out of the palace.

She lost no time in the journey home again, and when she reached the cottage she found her master sitting studying the glow-

worm light, as usual.

He looked up when she came in, and

"Pussycat, Pussycat, where have you been?" "I've been to London, to see the queen,"

### replied Pussycat. Her master said again:

"Pussycat, Pussycat, what did you there?" "I frightened a little mouse under a chair."

"Ah, well," said her master, "I am glad you have come safe home again. You did not see any glowworms as you came along, did you? I am particularly in want of one just now."

Before long, Pussycat met the neighbors. They all knew that she had been away from home, and

asked the same question:

"Pussycat, Pussycat, where have you been?" And Pussycat always replied:

"I've been to London, to see the queen!"
"Pussycat, Pussycat, what did you there? "I frightened a little mouse under a chair."



THE GIANT HANDS. - "THE HANDS FORMED A MOST PERFECT BRIDGE," - SEE PAGE 127.

## And some of them would add:

"Pussycat, Pussycat, what did you more?
"I came back the same way I went by before."
"Pussycat, Pussycat, what did you bring?"
"A feather that fell from some passing rook's wing."

"Well, then," they would say, "it certainly was not worth while to go."

But then Pussycat would wink knowingly to herself, and think that it certainly had been quite

worth while.

Not a word did she say, however—not even when five hundred workmen came down from London and began to rebuild and furnish Wealthydale Castle, so as to make it better than it ever had been before.

Pussycat went up every day to inspect the work; and by-and-by she found tailors, and hatters, and hosiers there, inquiring for the master of Wealthy-

"He is staying in one of his cottages while his castle is being repaired," said Pussycat. you must not mind if he should tell you that he is not the owner of Wealthydale, for he takes strange And if he says anything notions sometimes. about glowworms, you may be sure that it is the right person.'

The tradespeople thanked her, and went to find the cottage. The first person who knocked at the

door was the tailor, and he asked:
"Is the Lord of Wealthydale at home?"

"There are no lords here," replied Pussycat's master. "I am only a poor glowworm hunter."

"Oh, it's all right, then," said the tailor, and at once began to take his measure. Round his arm, round his ahoulders, round his waist, flew the active bit of tape.

"Dear me, dear me!" said Pussy's master, "this poor man must be out of his mind. I must keep very quiet, for fear he should do something

violent.

So he stood quite still until the tailor had finished, and then gave a great sigh of relief. But no sooner was he gone than up came the shoemaker with the same inquiry.

"If you are looking for lords, you had better go to the castle," replied Pussycat's master. "No one lives here except a poor student of glowworms'

"Oh, very good—I understand," said the shoemaker; and out he whipped his foot-rule, and down he went on his knees to measure the student's foot.

"Dear, dear, dear! this is another of them," said the poor man. "How very unfortunate! I wonder what he is going to do to my foot?"

After the shoemaker, came the hosier, and the

hatter, and the glover.

When Pussycat came into dinner, her master

"I am afraid they must have built a madhouse near us, Pussycat. I have had had such a number of madmen here this morning."

"Indeed!" said Pussycat. "If they come again, I will go and speak to the Inspector of Nuisances."

And she set to work washing her face, to hide a smile.

Before long, the new things came home. Pussycat stole up when her master was in bed, and taking away all his old clothes, she hung the new ones in their place.

When her master got up, he was thinking so hard, as usual, of glowworms, that he never noticed the change until, putting on his coat, he missed the hole in which he always caught his

little finger.

"Halloo! is this my coat?" he said. "And where is that patch on my right knee gone to? and the crack in my boot? Pussycat, do you see

anything strange in my looks this morning?"

"No, master," said Pussycat, trying to keep her whiskers steady—"you look all right to me."

"Well, I suppose it was my fancy, then."

And her master sat down to his work as usual. In the afternoon Pussycat proposed a walk, and led the way through the park toward the castle. When they came in sight of it, her master said:

"Why, I do believe somebody has been repair-

ing the house!"

"Let us go in and see it," said Pussycat, and

in they went.

The servants all came to meet him, and went about asking his opinion of this thing, and what he would like done with that thing; and the more he told them that he was not the master of the place at all, but only a hunter for glowworms, the more they bowed, and smiled, and nodded to one

They were still in the house when there was a noise of clattering of horse-hoofs and rumbling of

"There is somebody coming," said Pussycat.

"Let us go and see who it is."

And when they came to the hall-door, behold it was the queen herself, with all her ladies, and pages, and attendants. Nobody else came forward to open the carriage-door, so Pussycat's master

As the queen entered the hall, she said:

"I am glad to be the first to wish the master of Wealthydale joy on his return to his own

"Please your majesty, I am not the master of Wealthydale," replied he. "I have been telling everybody so all day, only they will not believe

"Yes, but you are," said the queen. estate is given back to you by law, for Pussycat came and told me all about it, and I have had matters set right. I hope you will be very happy here, and do a great deal of good in the neighborhood."

"Dear me! is all Wealthydale mine?" he exclaimed. "What a great deal I shall have to do! However, Pussycat, now I shall be able to send to

Italy for some fireflies."

"As for you, little Puss," said the queen, "you have kept my secret so well that I make you a lady in your own right, and you shall have a place at court whenever you will come and visit

Pussycat rubbed her cheek against the queen's hand, and gently bit her finger, to show her grati-

She never went to court again herself, however, for she found plenty to do in the castle. But she was married soon afterward to a very gentlemanly cat, who undertook to look after the stables and granaries, and as soon as her eldest daughter was of age to come out, she sent her to court, where she became a great favorite.

The master of Wealthydale became so busy before long in attending to his farm, and his people, and his schools, that the secret of the glowworms'

light remains undiscovered to this day.

Pussycat had a large and prosperous family. Even now you may know her descendants by a mark like a coronet which they wear stamped on their foreheads. Her great delight was to sit by the fire in her master's library, and to tell her grandchildren the wonderful story of how she had been on a journey to London to visit the queen; how she was dressed up, and what she did there, and how frightened poor Mousey was under the

# LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD.

1 ND now," said grandmamma, "we have come to a story about an old woman like come to a story about an old woman like me and her little granddaughter."

"Was she a nice grandma, like you are?" asked

"And did she tell her little granddaughter any nice stories, I wonder?" said Maudie, thought-

"Did she wear spectacles, grandmamma?" asked

"I think she did, and took snuff as well," replied grandmamma.

"What a funny old woman !" struck in Johnny,

contemptuously.

"Did anything particular happen to her or her

little granddaughter?" asked Willie.
"That's just what I am going to tell you about," answered grandmamma; "so, now silence, and I'll begin."

The children settled themselves comfortably in very much their old positions, and grandmamma

began.

"Very many years ago-

"I say, grandma," broke in Johnny, "all your

fairy-tales are about long, long ago."

"Of course they are," answered grandmamma. "There are no fairies now. I never saw one, even in my young days. They had all disappeared long before that.

"How unkind of them !" said Lina, mourn-

fully; "I should so like to see one."

"Am I to go on with my story?" asked grand-

mamma, somewhat sternly for her.
"Oh, please, please!" chorused the children; and silence having been once more gained, the old lady began her story again.

#### CHAPTER I. -A PRESENT FOR GRANNY.

VERY many years ago, before you or I were born, there lived in a cottage beside a wood, a

woodcutter, his wife, and little daughter.

The man gained his livelihood by cutting trees in the forest, on the borders of which he lived; while his wife reared poultry and kept cows, sending eggs, cream, milk, butter and cheese to market.

Now, in this particular part of the world, the women, when they mounted up behind their husbands' backs on Dobbin, or Bobby, and started off to market to see their own commodities well disposed of, and to lay in a stock of necessaries for their own homes, wore, as a rule, a long red cloak, which reached down to their heels, and was made with a comfortable and natty little hood, which drew closely round their faces, protecting them from wind and weather, and which was at the same time useful and becoming.

Whether it was that the woodcutter's wife had an old cloak which had become too small for her, or not, I can't tell; but, for some reason or another, she had from her child's tenderest years, dressed her in a little red hood, such as the women

wore when they went driving.

As in plenty of other places in the world, the neighbors were very ready to notice and make remarks upon anything that was at all out of the common way. So when the pretty little healthy child flitted about in their midst with her red cloak and rosy cheeks, one neighbor, standing at her cottage-door, would say to another:

"What a queer little thing that child looks in her red riding-hood, for all the world like an old woman cut shorter!"

This was the neighbor who was fond of finding fault, and whom some people called Madam Sharp-

"Ay, but she's a dear little pretty soul!" an-

swered another.

This was the neighbor who had always a good

word for anybody.

Pretty or plain, nobody could help noticing the little girl; and in the morning, when it was time to prepare for school, the mothers would say to their lazy boys and girls:

"There goes Little Red Riding-Hood; she's

always in time."

And so it was that the child was known all over

the village by that name.

Now you must not think that Red Riding-Hood's father could have sent her to school had he been only a woodcutter, for woodcutting is by no means the most lucrative profession in the world. He had also a good-sized patch of ground, where he raised crops of corn, potatoes, and what not. When the wheat had been threshed, it was sent to the miller's to be ground, and when it came back, converted into sacks of soft, white flour, the woodcutter's wife deftly kneaded it up into cakes, which, when they had been baked on the hearth, and cut open and buttered, made as capital an addition to a steaming hot cup of tea as you might wish to taste.

"I thought you said the story was about a little girl and her grandmamma," here in-

terrupted Master Willie.

"So it is," answered grandmamma; "but I haven't got to that part of it yet. I've only just begun it, and must beg you not to interrupt me again, or I shall never get to the end."

"Oh!" said Willie, apologetically, and somewhat indignantly, for he thought him-

self too old for correction.

As the woodcutter's wife always had her little girl up by daybreak in the Summer mornings, there was plenty of time before the school hour in which to run errands for her mother. So every morning Little Red Riding-Hood was sent through the wood to her grandmother's cottage, for the poor old woman was bedridden, and must have starved if her granddaughter had not come each day to bring her some food.

One morning the woodcutter's wife discovered that there was plenty of honey in the hive, so she put some into a jar, and said to herself: "To-morrow morning poor mother shall have this pot of sweet, new honey, which I am sure'll be a treat to her, with some nice, soft cakes,

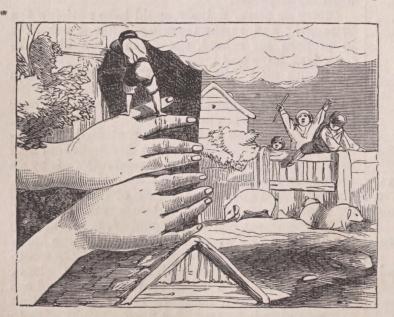
for better honey than this isn't to be got for love

or money."

So the next morning the good woman was down stairs even earlier than usual; and, having seen father off to the forest for his morning's work before breakfast, she went down to the garden to the hen-house, where the noisy hens were lifting up their voices to let all the world know the very thing that they wanted to keep a secret.

Poor, foolish things! What was the good of hiding their eggs in all sorts of out-of-the-way places, when they were so conceited that they could not keep a quiet tongue in their heads?

In spite of their clever hiding, their mistress had soon discovered the newly laid treasures, and bore back to the house at least half a dozen beau-



THE GIANT HANDS. "" THE HANDS FORMED A LADDER UP WHICH WILLIE QUICKLY SPRUNG." SEE PAGE 127.



THE GIANT HANDS.—"THE HANDS ARE DRAGGING IT ALONG."
SEE PAGE 127.

tiful fresh eggs. Then she went to milk the cow, and brought back a pail of warm, yellow milk.

By this time the fire had burned up beautifully, and heated the hearth, so that when Little Red Riding-Hood came down-stairs her mother was just putting some cakes down to bake.

#### CHAPTER II. -THE POLITE WOLF.

"Why, mother, you have been busy!" exclaimed Red Riding-Hood, as she looked round and saw the pail of milk standing in the sweptup kitchen, and sniffed out the delicious smell of baking.

"And I am afraid my little girl has been rather idle," replied her mother. "The sun has been up and at work for ever so long, and so has father. Molly was waiting for me when I went to her, and the hens have been cackling away for a good hour, and only one person was lazy. I don't

think I need say who it was."

Little Red Riding-Hood ran up to her mother and kissed her, saying:

"I really couldn't help it, mother; I never

woke."

"Ah, but you must wake to-morrow," said her mother. And then setting a cup of new milk and some bread and butter on the table, she added: "Now be quick and get your breakfast, for the cakes will soon be done for

granny's breakfast."

While Little Red Riding-Hood was eating and drinking, her mother took a little basket and laid in it some eggs and butter and afine fat chicken. Then, when the little girl was ready to start, she took the cakes up off the hearth, and, folding them in a clean white cloth, placed them in the top of the basket, which she gave into Red Riding Hood's hand, together with the jar of honey.

"Now be off to granny's as quick as you can, and say, 'Mother's love, and she's sent you some eggs and butter, and a nice fat

chicken, a jar of sweet, new honey, and some hot cakes.' And mind you don't stop on the way to speak to anybody, or pick flowers, or the cakes will be cold before you get there, and you'll be

late for school."

The little girl promised, and then started off. The bright morning sun shining on the dewy flowers made them sparkle like diamonds, and she looked wistfully at the foxgloves and harebells, and bright buttercups, as she passed them by. Putting down her basket and jar, she staid to gather a little bunch; but even in that short time some thief had stolen her basket, chicken, eggs, butter, and all, leaving behind only one already half cold cake. Taking this in one hand and the

jar of honey in the other, she went on soberly enough for some little

Presently she heard a rustling amid the brushwood that abounded in the forest, and on looking round she perceived an old gray wolf making straight toward her.

At first she was terribly frightened, but the sound of her father's ax at no great distance reassured

"Father'd soon come and kill the wolf if he were to try to do any-thing to me."

Now the wolf heard the sound of the ax, too, and, being a cunning old fellow, did not attempt to molest the little girl, knowing that if he did, he would perhaps be killed himself. So he thought, "I'll make friends with little miss, and await a more favorable opportunity."

He stepped very politely up to Little Red Riding-Hood, and said to her, as gently as he was able:

"Good-morning, little girl. What a pretty, bright cloak you have on, and what rosy cheeks you have."

"What a nice old fellow he is !" thought Little Red Riding-Hood; "I'd no idea wolves were so polite."

"Where are you going, my little girl?" asked the wolf, as he walked along

by her side. "Mother sends me to granny's every morning, to take some breakfast—I am going there now," answered the child.

"Let me carry that heavy jar for you," said

the wolf.

"No, thank you," replied Little Red Riding-Hood, thinking she had better not trust her new friend too far.

"Does your grandmother live far from here?"

asked the wolf.

"Not very," replied the little girl; "but she's very old and bedridden, and so I go to her every morning.

"But if she's bedridden, how does she let you

in?" asked the wolf.

"Oh, I knock at the door till she cries out,



PUSSYCAT. PUSSYCAT, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN ?- "THE QUEEN SAID COME HERE, PUSS; WHAT A NICE CAT!" "- SEE PAGE 131.

'Who's there?' Then I say, 'It's me, granny; I've come to bring you some breadfast, with mother's love.' Then she always says, 'Pull the bobbin, and the latch will fly up.'"

"And then you go in, I suppose?" said the

"Yes," answered the little girl.

"Which way are you going?" inquired the wolf, when they came to a place in the wood where two pathways met.

"I am going this way," answered Red Riding-

"Oh, then, I must wish you good-day, for I am going this way," said the wolf, and off he started

as quick as he could trot.

You see, Little Red Riding-Hood had quite forgotten her mother's warning about staying to chatter to anybody; and I am sadly afraid she must have forgotten that her mother told her to make haste and not to loiter on the way, for on spying a pretty butterfly, she again set down her jar and cake, and chased it from bower to bush. But the butterfly was not to be caught, and when she gave up the pursuit in despair and returned to the place where she had left the honey, she found that the cake had been stolen.

"What shall I do now?" thought she. "What-

ever will granny say?"

But at this moment something else attracted the little girl's attention, and she was off in a trice. When at last she was quite tired with running about, she sat down on the grass to get cool, and amused herself by picking the flowers to pieces that were within her reach.

Presently she started up.

"I really must be quick, or I sha'n't be back in time for school," she exclaimed, as she perceived the shadows creeping closer and closer to the bushes.

But what was her dismay when she found that

the jar was perfectly empty!

"Oh, how foolish I was to run away and leave the things here!" thought Red Riding-Hood to herself. "How cross granny will be at not having any breakfast; and how mother will scold me when she finds out all about it! I had better get on now as quickly as I can."

And this time she started off in good earnest.

CHAPTER III. - WHAT BECAME OF RED RIDING-HOOD.

In the meantime, the wolf trotted on through the wood, and soon found the cottage. He rapped at the door, but his claws made a great noise, and the old woman started up in bed, and said:
"How loudly Red Riding-Hood knocks this

morning! It can't be her."

So she made no reply.

In a minute or two the wolf rapped again, but still the old woman did not answer. He was getting terribly impatient, for he was afraid that Red Riding-Hood would be there before he could get

"She does sleep heavily," thought he to himself.

"I must knock louder."

So he rapped again, louder than before, and the

old woman thought that perhaps her granddaughter had been knocking some time before she was awake, and that was the reason she made so much

"Who's there?" she cried.

"It's me, granny," answered the wolf, speaking as softly as he could. "Mother's love, and she's sent you some cakes and some honey for breakfast.'

"Oh, what a treat!" thought the old woman; "it's a long time since I tasted any honey." Then she called out, "Pull the bobbin, and the latch

will fly up."

So the wolf pulled the bobbin, and up flew the latch. Then the old wretch crept softly up-stairs into the room where the old lady was lying in bed, and thinking what a nice breakfast she should

have this morning.

When the poor old lady saw what sort of a visitor she had got, she uttered a faint scream, and smothered herself up in the bedclothes; but this did not protect her long, for the wolf pulled them off again, and leaping on to a stool placed by the bedside, jumped from thence on to the bed, and ate up the old woman in no time.

Then he slipped into bed, and popped on the poor old woman's night-gown and cap, so that he might be ready for Little Red Riding-Hood when she came; for, although he had eaten up the old woman, he was looking forward with great relish to the meal he should make off the plump, rosy

child.

Red Riding Hood ran swiftly along through the forest, feeling very ashamed and sorry to think she should so have forgotten her mother's warning. When she got to her grandmother's cottage she was almost crying, and she knocked so faintly that the old wolf scarcely heard her.

"Who's there?" he cried out, when Red Riding-Hood had knocked a second time, making his voice sound as much like the old woman's as he

could.

"It's only Red Riding-Hood come to see you," sobbed the little girl, wondering whatever she should say about the breakfast.

"Pull the bobbin, and the latch will fly up,"

said the wolf.

So Red Riding Hood pulled the bobbin, and up went the latch. She opened the door, and went in and up-stairs.

"Where's my breakfast?" asked the wolf.

"Mother forgot it," answered the little girl.
"Did she?" replied the wolf. "Well, it doesn't matter, for I feel very unwell. Jump into bed

with me, and keep me warm."

"Very well," replied Red Riding-Hood; and as she was undressing herself, she said, "Do you know, grandma, as I was coming through the wood I met such a kind wolf. He talked so politely to me that I wasn't frightened a bit."

"You are a foolish little girl, to stop and talk to anybody, when you are sent on an errand,"

said the wolf.

"You are not angry with me, are you, granny?" asked the little girl.

"No, my dear; I only wish you to be an obe-

dient little girl. But be quick, and get into bed, for I am very unwell."

As soon as Red Riding-Hood had got into bed, she could not help noticing how strangely her grandmother seemed to be altered—so she said:

"Granny, granny, how long your arms are!" "All the better to cuddle you with, my dear."

"But, granny, granny, what big ears you've

"All the better to hear your pretty voice, my dear.

"Granny, granny, how bright your eyes are!" "All the better to see you with, my dear."

"But, granny, granny, what huge teeth you've

"All the better to eat you with, my dear;" and when he had said that, he sprang upon the child

and ate her up.

The wolf then fell asleep; but he was not allowed to rest long, for the father of Red Riding-Hood, coming with some other men to see what had become of his little daughter, soon found out what had taken place. Then they fell on the wolf and soon killed him with axes. So he was punished for his cruelty.

## TOM KUMTOTHEPOYNTE.

NCE upon a time (if one may believe what people say) there lived a boy who bore the name of "Wandering Tom." He was a nice-looking lad, but rather lazy, as you may suppose from this title of his. He was always wondering whether it was time to go to school, whether it was pleasant out there in the fields, whether the nuts were ripe yet in the wood, and a hundred other things which I have not time to tell you.

His mother was a laundress, and, as she was a widow, and he her only child, he might have been very useful to her; but he wasted day after day wondering what he could do to help her, and then doing nothing. For talking about a thing and really doing it are vastly different, are they not? So all his neighbors and playfellows called the boy "Wondering Tom."

I am not sure, however, that I ought to say his playfellows, for I do not think he ever actually played. While he was wondering what game they should play at, and how they should set about it, and whose side he would take, the time was gone, and the game had to be given up.

One day Tom strolled into the wood, and he lay down on the grass in an open spot, and began

to wonder in his usual fashion.

It came into his mind that he would like to be wise, and rich, and great, and he wondered what people did to get themselves so. Whether he should ever be so; what folks would say when he was grown into a great man; would his mother keep on her washing then-and so on.

He had thrown his hat on the grass before him, when all at once an odd little fairy jumped out from underneath it, and stood in front of him.

Tom said, afterward, he was wide-awake, and was not dreaming; but I expect he was.

The little creature said her name was Kumtothepoynte; and when Tom began wondering what she came for, and where she had come from, she told him that perhaps she could help him to be wise and great, if he liked to ask her some questions; but he must be quick-for she could not

But Tom only wondered this, and wondered that, till, at last, Mrs. Kumtothepoynte lost all pa-

tience, and said:

"I tell you what, Master Tom, you'll never amount to anything till you leave off wondering, and begin working. Don't talk, but do, and maybe you'll be wise, and rich, and great. So now my time is gone, and I wish you good-morning."

Tom looked into his hat, but it was quite empty. He rubbed his eyes, and did not know what to make of it. Whether he had been asleep or not, he was more awake now than he had ever been in his life before. Kumtothepoynte had roused him

up at last.

He ran home at once, and said, as he went into the cottage;

"Mother, I'll take the linen home for you, and

I'll be back in no time;" and so he was.

His mother stared. Could this be Wondering

The next day he came home at dinner-time, and said he had hired himself to a carpenter, and he meant to be a master carpenter some day. His mother thought all this was too hot to last, but

she said nothing.

Years passed away, and one day the king had occasion to travel through the town. He had been there once before, and he had asked the name of the little boy with a nice face who was sitting on his mother's doorstep. Now he came down the same street, and he stopped before a carpenter's shop.

A young man was busy planing just within, and he had such a pleasant look that again the king

asked his name.

"Thomas Ready, please your majesty," was the

instant reply.

Yes, it was Wondering Tom of olden times, now grown so steady, industrious, and equal to all occasions, that the neighbors loved to call him Thomas Ready.

And the king graciously replied:

"Then, Thomas Ready, I appoint you one of my royal master-builders from this time forward."

Thus the boy that turned from dreaming to doing became in the end rich and great and pros-

Well, now, do not say that this is only a story, and has nothing to do with you; for though you may not see Kumtothepoynte jump out of your hat, yet that thing may be just what you want. You may be fond of dreaming, as well as "Wondering Tom." Perhaps you miss a hundred little ways of being useful to others because you are thinking of "some great thing," and so do not see the small thing which lies directly in your path. Or you think you will do it by-and-by, and so, as you do not "come to the point," it is never done at



LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD .- SEE PAGE 135.

all. Perhaps, again, you lose the opportunity of learning something which it would be nice to know, because, as you say, you were "thinking of something else"—as if that were a good excuse! Dreaming again! No; don't be thinking of something else, but if there is anything you think you ought to do, do it at once.

# PATIENT GRISELDA.

CHAPTER I. -HOW THE MARQUIS WAS MARRIED.

In the old times, when men played the master harshly and poor women and children had often much to bear from them, there lived in Italy



LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD.—" WHICH WAY ARE YOU GOING?" INQUIRED THE WOLF." - SEE PAGE 135.

a great lord named Walter, Marquis of Saluces. Born heir to all of riches and power that his heart could desire, he gave himself up to the chase and other manly pleasures, caring for nothing but to have his own will, and especially despising the female sex; so that he came to the prime of life without showing any desire to marry and continue his ancient race.

This gave much concern to his vassals and dependents, who, after long deliberation, saw well to lay their wishes before him. They accordingly waited upon their lord, and, by the mouth of the oldest among them, spoke of the wrong he did his house through this obstinate bachelorhood, praying him, for their sake and his own, to take a wife who, by Heaven's blessing, might have an heir to the name and lands of Saluces, since they feared else to fall under the power of some stranger. Life was uncertain, they reminded him, and time was fleeting by, while now he had only to choose among the noblest ladies in the land, and there was none that would not gladly share his high rank. marquis listened to their petition in silence, then answered, shortly:

"So be it. You ask me what is no wish of mine; I consent to what you desire. But since I am giving up my freedom at your request, I must be left to choose my wife where I please, and require of you, on your part, that, whoever she may be, you honor her worthily as your lady and mistress, or I shall make you repent of having made me marry. Promise me never to complain of my choice; and if I choose wrong, I shall have no one

to blame but myself."

This they willingly promised, joyful that their lord had not refused to be persuaded by them, and only beseeching him further, to make sure, that he would at once fix the day on which they might celebrate the marriage. He named a day, and invited them all to his wedding-feast; then, thanking him for his graciousness, they took leave, and departed each man to his home, spreading the good

news throughout the country.

As soon as they were gone the marquis charged his officers to make preparations for his wedding in the noblest fashion. He ordered costly jewels to be bought, and rich robes, and all that belonged to a bride, but not a word did he say to any man of who was to wear these ornaments. It was in vain that they guessed, and hinted, and wondered; their lord remained at home, following his ordinary way of life as if no such matter were on foot. As time went on, and still he was seen to seek no company but that of his hawks and hounds, those who knew him best shook their heads in private, whispering to one another that this strange master of theirs must be befooling them, and never meant to be married after all.

But the marquis knew what he meant, though it was thus his humor to be silent. Near the gates of his palace lay a little village, in which lived an infirm old man, the poorest of all its poor inhabitants, kept from utter want by the care of his only daughter Griselda. She was the best child in the village, contented and industrious, no less humble than virtuous, as dutiful as she was fair, never

thinking of herself, but solely how to be the comfort and support of her helpless father. When he rode out hunting, Walter had often noticed this young maiden tending the few sheep by which she earned their hard livelihood. He saw that she was beautiful, he heard that she was good; and in his willful pride he had told himself that, if he must marry, he need look no further for a wife to suit

him as well as any other.

The day had come; all the people were making holiday; the bridegroom's palace, newly furnished in every part, was thronged by a gay crowd of knights and ladies and guests of every degree. But it was in vain that they asked one another who was to be the queen of this festivity. No one could guess her name, not even the damsels who had been appointed for her service; and the people began to think that their proud host must be putting some trick upon them. Yet none durst question him, when at noon he came out of his chamber, appareled in the utmost magnificence, and saluting them courteously, said:

"It is time to fetch the bride."

Without a word more he got to horse and set out for the village, followed by all his guests, still doubting and wondering. As the brilliant cavalcade rode along, they saw Griselda hurrying home with a pitcher of water from the well. She was trying to get her work done, so that she might join the crowd of villagers standing at the palace gates to catch a glimpse of their new lady. When she saw the marquis she fell on her knees. But he bade her rise and lead the way to her father's cottage, and so she did, little thinking that all this array was for her.

Coming to the cottage Walter dismounted and entered. The poor old man quaked in every limb at this strange visit, fearing what it might mean, but he could scarcely believe his ears when the

marquis addressed him by name.

"Î know thou art my faithful liegeman, and I have come to demand a proof of thy fidelity. I wish to make thy daughter my wife. Wilt take me for son-in-law?"

"My lord," stammered the old man, in amazement, "you may do as you please with me and mine; I can have no will in such a matter."

"That is my will," said the marquis; then turning to Griselda, who stood by all red and shame-faced, believing that their Iord mocked them, he asked, "What say you? Your father consents, and I know you will not refuse me; but first answer what I now have to ask of you. If I make you my wife, will you submit yourself to me in all things, have no will but mine, and, whatever may be my orders, obey them without a word or a frown, so that when I say yea you never say nay? Promise this, and I promise you my hand."

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed Griselda, "if such be

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed Griselda, "if such be your pleasure, I promise never to wish or do but what you shall command me; even should you order my death, I will suffer it without com-

plaint."

"Enough!" said the marquis, and taking her by the hand, led her out and presented this blushing maiden to his astonished guests. "My friends, behold my wife and your lady! I pray you to

honor and love her as you love myselt."

They all stared at her and looked at one another in silence, not knowing what to say. The marquis took no notice of their astonishment, but mounted Griselda upon a white palfrey and rode back to the palace with the village girl at his side. Arrived there, he gave her in charge to the bridesmaids, who stripped off her poor clothes and attired her in the rich wedding garments and ornaments which had been provided. To her this turn of fortune seemed as a dream; she trembled at every word of her suitor. Yet when she was thus arrayed as a bride, all who saw her declared that for grace and beauty she might be any king's daughter. The marriage was straightway performed with as much pomp as if she had been a princess; so in one hour the humble Griselda became the wife of that great lord.

#### CHAPTER II. -THE CRUEL TRIALS OF GRISELDA.

Thus suddenly raised from poverty to riches, Griselda showed herself well worthy of her new rank, which sat upon her with such grace that to those who had known the village maiden she seemed not to be the same woman. Envy itself had no word to say against her, so wise was she, and kind and modest withal. Every one who had to do with her went away speaking her praises. The fame of her goodness and bounty spread through the country, and all her lord's subjects prayed Heaven daily for her happiness. Men said now that the marquis had chosen wiser than they knew, deeming him more fortunate than he deserved to be. For her sake were pardoned often her husband's haughty manners and willful moods; while toward him she was always so gentle, so loving, so careful to please him in his smallest wishes, that he could not but confess himself the happiest of men. It was now a shame to him to think how he had judged women wrongly in his bachelorhood; his old scorn seemed strange to his present content. He found nothing but good in his wife; still the more he admired her virtues the stronger grew up within him a strange desire to put them to some hard proof, so foolishly do such men let themselves be tormented by their own

The happiness of the pair might be thought complete when a daughter was born at the end of the year. They had sooner it had been a son, but a son might yet come to be the heir of Saluces. The marquis took no small joy in his child, and yet the mad thought came to him, through this infant, to try his wife's constancy under the most cruel pain that he could inflict upon her loving

heart.

The child had been weaned, when one day he entered her chamber with stern looks, as of a man

much troubled in his mind.

"Griselda," he said, "you have not forgotten on what conditions I made you my spouse? You know how I took you from the meanest state, and how you promised to obey me in all things as becomes a perfect wife. You are dear to me still, but my vassals cry out against this ill-matched affection. They murmur at the chance of being one day the subjects of a wretched peasant's grandchild, and I cannot but heed their complaints. For the sake of their goodwill I must do with your child that which will be hard for you to bear as well as for me; therefore I come to remind you of your promise to suffer patiently whatever might seem good to me."

"Dear lord," replied Griselda, humbly, not showing any sign of dismay on her countenance, "you are my husband and master; my child and I belong to you, and however you please to deal with us, nothing shall make me forget the submission which I owe to you by right as well as by

promise."

So much gentleness and self-command astonished the marquis beyond measure. He retired with a feigned air of the greatest sorrow, but in his heart he was full of joy and love for his wife. None the less he persisted in carrying out his harsh purpose. Taking into confidence a trusty old servitor who had been attached to him all his life, he gave this man directions how to act, and sent him to the lady's chamber.

"Madam," said he, "you must forgive me for the grievous duty I have to do. You know right well that my lord's commands are to be obeyed. He

sends me to take your child."

The heart of Griselda sank within her, yet, forewarned as she had been by her husband's words, she now neither wept nor entreated, but gave the child one long kiss, and let the messenger snatch it from her arms. It was terrible for her to see the fierce looks which he bent upon the little one, as if he would have slain it on the spot, for thus had he been charged by Walter, and she made sure the infant was being taken to death.

"Go and do my lord's bidding," she said, firmly.

"But one thing I would pray you of your gentleness," here her voice trembled a little; "so it be not forbidden by him you serve, to bury my dear daughter where neither wild beasts nor birds of

prey may---

The cruel-seeming man said not a word, but carried off the child to its father, eagerly waiting to know how Griselda would demean herself in this trial. When he heard of her patient resignation, when he saw the child weeping for its mother, his heart failed him, and he was near renouncing his purpose; but he forced himself to overcome this weakness. He bid the trusty servant set out at once with his child for Bologna, and deliver it with a letter to his sister, whom he prayed to bring the girl up in all tenderness and secrecy; the man himself must be silent on pain of his life. So it was done, and none in the palace knew but that the child was dead.

After this the marquis watched his wife closely, yet never could be find that either by word or look she seemed to reproach him, nor did she ever speak of her daughter. She was as gentle and patient and careful to please him in all things as before. Thus the days went on till she again brought forth a child, this time a son.

Great were the rejoicings now that an heir was



PATIENT GRISELDA, -" HE SAW THAT SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL."

born to the house of Saluces. In his heart Walter was no less glad; and yet again came upon him the temptation to try his wife's obedience still further. Her grief, his subjects' hatred, his own self-tormenting, he cared for none of these in carrying out his mad humor to the end.

He let this child grow up till it was two years old, then one day burst upon his wife with a show

of angry countenance.

"How long," he cried, "is this base lineage to put division between my vassals and me? They murmur now more than ever, saying that no peas-

ant's grandson should come to bear rule over them. I would fain live at peace with men, if so it might be; and therefore, much as it grieves me, I think to deal with your son as I did with his sister. Thus I warn you, that you may learn betimes to take it patiently."

"Sir," said she, "I and my son are yours, to do with as you will. I, alas! have had small part in my children save woe and pain; but I am ready to obey as you com-

mand."

The marquis cast down his eyes for shame, and hastily withdrew, abashed before her mildness. Then once more the hard-faced servant came to demand her child. As before, she showed no sign of unwillingness, but kissed the pretty boy, gave him, as she thought, her last blessing, and let him be carried away from her without a tear but what she shed alone. This child also was

taken to Bologna, and brought up secretly

along with his sister.

The marquis marveled more and more at this steadfast patience of his wife. Had he not seen how tenderly she loved her children he would have thought her heartless; but that it was not so he well knew, and was at a loss what to think of her. He felt proud and glad that he had the best wife in the world; yet he grudged to women that they should be found more excellent than he had esteemed them. At times, cut to the heart by her gentle resignation, he had a mind to tell her all, to bring back the children, and let her enjoy henceforth the happiness she deserved; then again the mood took him to wait and see if this constancy of hers would not at length fail her. But it was in vain: he could never find her other than she had been from the first. Tho older she grew, the more true and loving she showed herself toward him; while Walter half feared and half hoped that even yet she might betray some natural resentment, and prove no such paragon of womanhood.

Thus years went by, and all people who knew how this pair lived together pitied Griselda heartily, and hated her cruel lord, who was believed to be no other than the murderer of his innocent children. But the patient wife would never hear a word against him, and kept her great sorrow hidden in

her own heart.

When she had already suffered so much, it might well be thought that the marquis would have spared his wife any further affliction. But there are hearts not to be cured of suspicion, and for whom the pain of others becomes a certain pleasure. The more he saw Griselda submissive to him, the more she appeared to have forgotten the past, the more obstinately did her husband resolve to put her to one last and worst trial. He had sorely wounded her as a mother; could she bear to be hurt as a wife?

All this while he had been carefully providing



PATIENT GRISELDA, -" FERVENTLY SHE PRAYED."

for the education of his children as became their rank, and took a fatherly pride in the accounts brought him of their handsome looks and noble dispositions. The girl was now fourteen years old,

the boy a few years younger, when their father sent his old servant to Bologna to bring them home, without disclosing this intention to any one. At the same time he spread a report that he repented of his marriage, as a mad freak of youth, that the Pope had granted him a dispensation, and that he purposed to take a new bride, of the greatest beauty and the proudest lineage, who was even then on her way to his palace.

This news too soon reached the ears of poor Griselda. She had feared as much for many a day, and now saw nothing for it but to arm herself with courage to meet the blow when it came. Not long was it left in doubt. One day her husband summoned her to the hall, where he was sitting among his chief vassals, and said to her before them all:

"Griselda, we have lived together these years, and I have no fault to find with you for your goodness and faithfulness. But in high rank there is a servitude: I may not please myself as every plowman may; and my people are daily cry-

ing to me to take another wife, who may bear me a worthy heir. So I purpose, and the lady will be here anon. Do you, then, give up her place with a goodwill, and go back to your father's house, taking with you whatever dower you brought, since thus it must be. No mortal can

always count upon prosperity, and I trust you will endure this stroke of evil fortune as befits one whom I have so highly honored.'

"My good lord,"

said she, without a tear or a look of discontent, "I know well that the daughter of a poor peasant is not fit to be your wife, and Heaven knows that in this palace of which you have made me the mistress, I have never forgotten to be grateful for your great goodness,

but have borne myself to you as your humble servant, and so I ever shall while I live. My life and all are yours, to do with as you will. May God grant your new wife all happiness and welfare! I



PATIENT GRISELDA .- "GRISELDA WAITED TO HAVE A LAST WORD OR LOOK BEFORE SHE LEFT."

willingly yield her my place, since so it pleases you, and leave without complaint the house where I have dwelt in such joy. I brought no dowry but the wretched clothes I wore when you wedded me-oh! how kind and noble you seemed on that day !- and I can call nothing else my own. Here is the marriage ring you gave me-take it back. Poor as I came from my father's cottage, so will I return, bearing with me only the honor of having been the blameless wife of such a spouse."

All present were moved by her gentle patience, and there were angry thoughts and secret words against her husband's cruelty. He himself could scarcely restrain what he felt, and must needs go out to hide his tears. But he steeled himself to perform all his design, even when he saw Griselda, barefooted, in her poor rags, waiting in the hope to have a last word or look before she left his house for ever.

"Stay!" he cried, roughly. "You can do me one more service. My bride is close at hand, and as no one knows better

than you what pleases me, I wish you to see that she is received and entertained, with all the train that accompanies her, in as noble a manner as may be. See to it."
"Sir," said she, "I owe you too much not to

serve and please you in all I can."

Then, without a murmur, she set to this task, going over the house, telling the servants what to do, seeing that the tables were rightly laid, sweeping and dusting

with her own hand, till everything was ready. Once more the palace was thronged with guests, and much they marveled to see Griselda busy thus in such poor guise, as humbly as if she had never been lady and mistress here. A great sound of



PATIENT GRISELDA.-" SHE FELL DOWN IN A SWOON."

trumpets heralded the approach of the expected train; all within hastened to the doors to meet them, and Walter bade Griselda come among the rest to welcome the lady who must take her place.

A sweet and lovely maid it was whom the marquis aided to alight from her horse, and all were fain to confess that this time he had chosen well for his wife. Griselda came forward, calm and gentle as ever, offering to conduct the lady to her chamber. She could not hate her rival; she even, though she knew not why, had a certain pleasure in looking upon her and the pretty boy, her brother, who accompanied her; she forgot her own troubles in pity for this stranger, mere child as she was, to bear with the humors of such a stern lord.

"Ha! Griselda, how think you of my new bride?" cried the marquis, who had watched her keenly for some sign of shrinking under this trial.

"Right well," said the patient woman. "If she have as much wisdom as beauty she cannot but be a good wife; and if Heaven hear my prayers, you shall not want happiness to your lives' end. Only one thing I beseech you, my lord. Do not torment her as you have done me, for she is a tender maiden, gently reared, and cannot endure so much as one bred in hard poverty. Be good to her; I ask no more."

At this Walter could no longer contain himself. "Oh, Griselda, my own Griselda, it is enough!" he cried. "Thou art my true wife; I have no other, nor shall have any but thee, as I hope to be saved. I have made thee endure more than ever woman endured, and never woman has proved herself so noble through all. Where can man find such another wife?"

In the midst of the wondering crowd he clasped her to his breast and kissed her in her rags, while she stood amazed like one wakened out of sleep.

"All these troubles are past," he said. "See! here is thy daughter and here thy son, whom I have kept privily till now only to try thy patience, as it need never be tried again. People said that I was a cruel father, but God forbid that I should hurt my own children or do wrong to their mother! Best of women, have now thy reward."

Griselda turned to the children, and one look told her that he spoke the truth. She stretched out her arms toward them with a cry of joy. But the joy was too much for her heart, that had never failed her in grief. As they ran toward her she fell down in a swoon. They, too, wept for joy and love, and no eye was dry that saw that meet-

ing.

Her son and daughter tenderly raised her up, and the ladies bore her to the bridal chamber, where they stripped off her mean clothes, and once more attired her as befitted a great lady, in cloth of gold and with a jeweled coronet on her heal. Then she was brought into the hall, leading her children by the hand, for she would scarcely now let them out of sight, and took her rightful place at her husband's side, amid the loud acclamations of the whole company. Walter himself was diligent, as well he might be, to cheer and comfort her, again and again beseeching her pardon, vow-

ing never more to try her patience, and treating her before all with the honor she had so well deserved. Soon the smile came back to her pale face; and the feast went on with such mirth and revelry that it was far more like a marriage than when the marquis wedded her from her father's

cottage.

Thus had this heavy day a happy end. Griselda lived now many years in prosperity with her husband and children. Whatever men thought of him, they could not enough praise the virtues of his wife. The memory of her constancy has been handed down from age to age as a lesson to us all how to bear adversity, for if a woman could be so patient toward a mortal man, should we not receive humbly all that God sends us? Great, truly, is the love and patience of woman, but when was woman ever so sorely tried as this Griselda!

# LITTLE BOY BLUE.

"Little Boy Blue, come, blow your horn!
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn.
Where's the little boy that looks after the sheep?
He's under the haycock, fast asleep!"

A ND so Little Boy Blue lost his place. But if I had been the farmer I would not have turned him off, and I think you will say the same when you hear how it was that he fell asleep.

A few months before he was turned off, Little Boy Blue was as happy a boy as any in the country. He lived with his father and mother and sister in a little cottage high up among the hills.

His father was a good old shepherd, respected by everybody, who always had plenty of sheep under his care. His mother spun yarn from the sheep's wool, and dyed it bright blue, and it was because he was always dressed from head to foot in his blue homespun cloth that her little son was always called Little Boy Blue.

He used to help his father to tend the sheep, and gathered wool on the downs and commons for his mother to spin, and always found time for a game of play with his sister in the evening, and such a rosy, merry little fellow, it would almost make you

laugh yourself to look at him.

But one very hard Winter, his father caught cold in going out to his sheep one snowy night, and he died. And his mother fell ill at the same time, and died a very few days after. So there were the two poor little children left alone in the world.

They had one relation, an uncle, who was a seacaptain. When he heard what had happened, he came and offered to take Little Boy Blue on board

his ship and make a sailor of him.

"But will you take Sister Azula, too?" asked Little Boy Blue.

No, the captain said, he could not take Azula.

She must stay on shore somewhere.

"Then I will not go with you, thank you, uncle," said Little Boy Blue. "I would not leave Sister Azula—no, not to be captain of the queen's biggest man-of-war."

So the children remained in their cottage on the

The farmer whose sheep Little Boy Blue's father had always kept, said that he would employ the boy about the farm in such easy work as he could do.

So he was given a horn, and his business was to keep the cows and sheep from straying, and drive them to the fields every morning, and home again every night, and, besides that, to run all the errands, and to help everybody who wanted help-

It was pretty hard work, for people soon got into the way of saying, "Oh, send Little Boy Blue;

Little Boy Blue will do it."

And he did not get much wages for his work: but it was just enough to feed him and his sister, and as they were easily contented, they got on well

enough all that Spring.

One sultry day in Summer, however, little Azula came back from the village, where she had been to buy oatmeal for their porridge, so ill, that she was obliged to go to bed, and could not get up for several days.

Poor Little Boy Blue thought she was going to die, as his father and mother had done. He could scarcely bear to leave her to go to his work, but then he must have money to buy her food and

medicine.

Every evening, as soon as his work was done, he would run home as fast as his little tired legs could go; and for three nights, when she was at the worst, he never went to bed at all, but sat up by her to watch her, and give her water to drink when she wanted it.

In the third night there came a change for the better; she did not toss about so much, and before the morning she was sound asleep and all danger

was over.

Little Boy Blue felt as glad as if somebody had given him twenty pounds, for now he hoped that his sister would get well again, and he went to his work with a lighter heart than he had done for

several days.

After he had turned out the cows and sheep, and done his usual morning jobs, he was sent to help in the hayfield. He raked and tossed and heaped the hay until dinner-time, and then he sat down with his bit of bread and cheese under a haycock, where he could watch the sheep and cows, and keep them from straying.

But what with having sat up for three nights, and having worked in the hot sun all the morning, poor Little Boy Blue was so tired and sleepy, that he had scarcely sat down on the soft, fresh hay than his eyelids closed over his weary eyes, his head dropped heavily to one side, and Little Boy Blue

was fast asleep.

He had been sleeping for nearly half an hour, when his master, who had just finished his own dinner, looked out of the window and saw the sheep all jumping over the fence into the meadow, where the new-mown hay was lying. And worse still, one of the cows had made her way into the cornfield, and was leaving a long trail of trampled corn behind her as she walked along. This was very provoking, and the farmer ran out into the field, calling out:

Little Boy Blue, come, blow your horn!

The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn.

Where's the little boy that looks after the sheep?"

added he, when no horn was blown in answer to his call. And then he came in sight of the very haycock under which Little Boy Blue was lying, and exclaimed:

"He's under the haycock, fast asleep!"

Poor Little Boy Blue started up when he heard that angry voice close to him. He ran to drive out the cow and the sheep, which had not had time to do much mischief, and then he came back to beg his master's pardon.

But the farmer was very angry, and said that he would not keep such a lazy little fellow in his ser-

vice—no, that he wouldn't!

In vain did Little Boy Blue tell him of his sister's illness, and how he had sat up with her, and beg to be forgiven, and promise never to fall asleep again; the farmer would not listen, but paid him his wages, and told him to get away, and never to come near him again.

Poor Little Boy Blue went slowly, slowly home, crying as he went. How should he get money to buy things for his sister now, when she would be wanting good food and clothes so much? What

would become of them?

Little Azula was so much better that she was sitting up in bed, and turned to greet her brother with a smile. - But Little Boy Blue hid his face in. the bedclothes and sobbel as he told her that he was turned off from his place, and did not know where he should earn money to buy their bread and porridge any longer.

Azula comforted her brother as well as she could, telling him that it was not his fault, and that he would be sure to get another place.

"Everybody knows that you are a good boy," she said; "and I am sure there must be plenty of farmers who will be glad to employ you.

So the next day Little Boy Blue set off to find a new master. But in vain did he go round from farmhouse to farmhouse with his little blue cap in his hand.

Nobody would hire him. Some said that they had servants enough already; some, that they could not employ such a little fellow; and others asked him why he had been turned off from his old place.

Day after day Little Boy Blue came sadly home,

and said, as he entered the door:

"No luck to-day, Azula."
"Never mind," Azula would say, "it will be sure to come, only be patient and keep up a good heart. And then I am getting so much stronger that I shall soon be able to spin again, for our dear mother taught me how to do it, and then I may be able to earn something, too."

I do not know how they would have lived during that time, if Azula had not had a little store of money which she had put away to buy them coals and wood for the Winter. This they spent on the food which they were obliged to get. But then when Winter came, what should they do without fires?

One day Little Boy Blue was returning home over the heather-covered hills from the house of a farmer who lived a long way off, and to whom he had applied with no better luck than he had met with before.

He was crossing a stream that ran merrily out of a narrow glen, and he felt so sad that he had a great mind to sit down on a big stone on the other side and have a good cry before he went home. Suddenly he heard a little voice close to him, as clear and sweet as a silver bell. It said:

> "Little Boy Blue, come down and keep For the fairy monarch his elfin sheep!'

Little Boy Blue looked about him, and there on

a bending lady-fern he saw the tiniest little fairy. dressed in a rainbow-colored coat, who held out his hands to him, nodding and beckoning, and repeating his invitation. Little Boy Blue answered:

"Oh, thank you, kind fairy, I cannot come, For my sister is sitting alone at home."

Then the fairy replied again in his bell-like voice:

"Go home for your sister, and let her come, too, And keep our sheep for us, Little Boy Blue!"

And Little Boy Blue ran home so fast—so fast that he scarcely felt the tufts of heather bend under his feet.

"I have found a place! I have found a place!"

he cried. "The fairies have asked me to Fairyland, to keep the fairy sheep. Oh, sister, will you come?"

Yes, Azula was ready to go anywhere with her dear Brother Blue. So he took her by the hand and led her gently, for she was still weak after her illness, up the hill and across the bog until they came to the entrance of the narrow

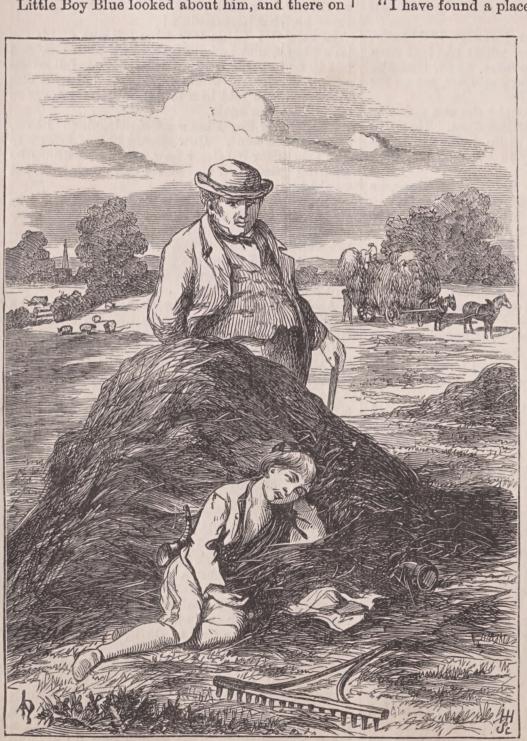
Their little fairy friend was still waiting for them, and when he saw them coming he spread out a pair of wings as light and transparent as those of a May-fly, and sang:

"Brotherly, sisterly, hand in hand, Follow me, follow, to Fairy-land!"

So they followed hand in hand along the glen. And as they went on, the glen grew narrower and narrower, and the sides grew steeper and steeper, until they closed overhead and formed a sort of grotto through which they went.

Ferns grew up the dripping sides, ground was soft with moss beneath the feet, and delicate creepers hung in festoons from the roof.

Still it grewnarrower, and the light grew dimmer, until it was so dark



LITTLE BOY BLUE .- " HE'S UNDER THE HAYCOCK FAST ASLEEP."



THE HORSE-STEALERS. - "THE HORSES GALLOPED OFF LIKE MAD." - SEE NEXT PAGE.

that their only guide was the fairy's wings, which shone and flashed like phosphorus on the waves, as he flitted on before them.

And the children followed down, hand in hand, till suddenly they turned a corner, the light burst upon them, and the children stood still with a cry

of delight, for there they were in Fairyland.
All was bright and sunny there. The fields were gay with hundreds of flowers, the trees were laden with golden and purple fruits.

A little stream came flashing merrily down in a hundred little waterfalls, and round it were feeding the fairy sheep, as white as hailstones among the

Fairy elves in rainbow color or green and gold were flying among the trees or over the meadows, and not far off sat the fairy king and queen in state with a moss rose for their throne, and a slender harebell for the canopy over them.

Little Boy Blue and his sister clapped their hands for joy when they saw all this brilliant

The fairy guide let them look about them for a while, and then he said they must come and be presented to the king and queen.

Then the children came near to the royal throne. and Little Boy Blue took off his cap and made his best bow, while little Azula curtsied low. And the king said:

"Little Boy Blue, I have heard how hard you have worked, and what a good, honest little boy you are, and why it was that you were turned off. Will you stay here with us and keep our sheep? You shall have fairy food to eat, and fairy clothes to wear, and shall always be happy with us."
"Oh, yes, kind fairy king, that I will!" cried

Little Boy Blue.

And all the fairies joined hands and danced around them, singing like a peal of sweet fairy bells:

"Little Boy Blue Is honest and true; And since mortals disdain To employ him again, Little Boy Blue shall stay here, and keep For the fairy monarch his elfin sheep!"

Then the queen said to Azula: "And what can you do, my little maiden?"

"Please your majesty, I can spin," said Azula. Then the queen ordered a distaff to be brought, and little Azula spun so finely and so evenly, that all the weaver-fairies clapped their hands and said:

> "Nobody but Azula Can spin a thread so fine; Nobody but Azula The fairy thread shall twine!

So Azula was appointed spinner-in-chief to the fairy queen. And she invented new patterns for their dresses, and became a great favorite with all the fairies.

As for Little Boy Blue, he was chief shepherd to his royal highness the king of the fairies, and was as much beloved as his sister.

And they were so happy there that they never wanted to come away; and there they are living still.

Have you never noticed, on a fire Autumn morning especially, the hundreds of gossamerthreads floating along through the air-some catching against your face, and others high above your head? Those are the threads that Azula spins for the fairy-cloaks. There is a little fairy sitting on each thread, and guiding it straight to Fairyland for Azula to spin.

And if, when you are wandering among the hills, you should hear the far-off echo of an elfin horn, you may be sure that is Little Boy Blue in Fairy-

land, calling together his fairy sheep.

#### THE HORSE-STEALERS.

DRIEST EIRIKUR always warned all the herdsmen and other lads in the neighborhood of Vossosar against taking his riding-horses without his leave, as horse-stealing was very common in those parts; assuring them that if they disobeyed him, it would be at their peril. This put an end to the thefts for a long while, for the herdsmen held Eirikur in great awe, and knew full well that he meant what he said.

Two boys, however, thinking they could have a capital ride without its ever coming to the priest's ears, mounted two of Eirikur's horses, which were grazing far from the farm. But they were no sooner seated than off ran the horses at a mad pace toward Vossosar, without their being in any way

able either to guide or check them.

As soon as they saw that the horses were not to be managed, the lads tried to throw themselves off on to the ground; but, lo! that was not to be done, for their trousers had grown to the horses' backs!

"This won't do," said one of the lads. "We must get off somehow, or the horses will take us to Priest Eirikur himself, and I don't at all care to fall into his hands.'

With these words, he took a knife from his pocket, and cutting that part of his clothes which had grown to the horse's back, thus freed himself and leaped on to the ground.

But the other, either because he was not sharp enough or because he did not wish to spoil his trowsers, stuck where he was, shouting for help. So the horses galloped home to Vossosar, the one with the screaming lad on its back, the other with

the patch of trowsers.

The priest was outside the door when the horses came running home, and, stopping them, he took the patch of cloth from the back of the one, and said to the boy, who sat looking very helpless and miserable on the back of the other:

"Well! you find stealing the horses of Priest Eirikur of Vossosar great fun, no doubt. Get off, now, and take my advice: never touch my horses again, or it will be the worse for you. As for the other lad, he had more spirit than you, and deserves to be taught a little, for he promises to turn out a hopeful fellow.'

Soon after, it happened that the boy came to the priest, who showed him the piece of cloth,

and asked him whether he knew it.

Without betraying the least fear, the lad told

him all about the matter.

Eirikur, as much pleased with his openness as with his presence of mind, smiled, and bade him come henceforth and live with him, an offer which he gratefully accepted.

So the youth dwelt long with Priest Eirikur, and was very faithful to him, and learned of him-so people say-more than most folk know of the an-

cient art of magic.

### THE GOLDEN COW.

KING and queen chanced once upon a time to travel through a gloomy forest, accompanied by their only child, the Princess Isora, who, being an infant of tender age, was carried in the arms of

In those days the roads were so bad that carriages could not be used except in the immediate neighborhood of towns and cities; therefore, in so wild a country, the king and queen were forced to travel on horseback, followed by their attendants similarly mounted. But the infant princess and her nurse were carried in a litter borne on the shoulders of four men, and thus traveled at some little distance behind the rest of the cavalcade.

After riding for many hours, night began to fall apace, and the howlings of the wolves and wild beasts which frequented the forest filled the whole

party with affright.

They galloped on as fast as they could; but all at once a company of hungry and savage wolves rushed out from a neighboring thicket, and springing upon many of the terrified riders, tore them from their horses and devoured them limb from

In the flight which followed, some of the foremost of the party-among whom, of course, were the king and queen—escaped with their lives, though half-dead with fright. But the bearers of the litter containing the Princess Isora and her nurse, being on foot, were speedily attacked and eaten by the wolves, and the unfortunate nurse, giving up all for lost, thought to gain a few minutes more before meeting with so horrid a death, and, throwing the poor baby to the wolves, she ran off as quickly as her trembling limbs could carry her, expecting every moment to be seized by

the fierce pursuers.

By a most singular chance she succeeded in escaping from the forest unburt; but when she found herself in safety, she dared not tell the unbappy parents that she had cast their dear little baby to the wolves in order to save herself, but said that one of the animals had snatched it from her arms, and devoured it at a single mouthful.

So, all hope being over, the king and queen resumed their journey in the greatest affliction, and when they reached their own kingdom the whole court mourned for the loss of the pretty princess; and as for the queen, she was never seen to smile.

Now, a fairy who had been present at the princess's birth had fastened round her neck a fine gold chain of curious workmanship, from which was suspended a small crown composed of diamonds.

This chain was a charm to preserve her from a violent death; therefore the wolves glutted their appetites on the carcasses of the horses they had slain, but did not so much as touch a hair of the royal infant's head.

A shepherd who lived hard by, searching in the forest for a lost lamb, discovered the poor little baby the next morning, nearly perished with cold

and hunger.

He took it in all arms, and, warming it tenderly in his bosom, carried it home to his wife, who was equally astonished with himself at the surprising beauty of the little girl, and also at her singular ornament, which, with all their efforts, they could not succeed in detaching from her neck.

Having no daughter, they adopted the little stranger as their own, and brought her up with their only son. a boy of some three years old, named

Amyntas.

The fine linen in which the little princess was wrapped when the shepherd found her was embroidered with her name and the royal arms, which convinced the good man and his wife that their little nursling was of royal birth; but they lived in so lonely a place that they could gain no intelligence of her parents, though they did not hesitate to tell the little maiden their suspicions of her real parentage.

Accordingly, Isora became very proud and haughty, and when her playfellow, Amyntas, called her sister, she would say, "I am a king's daughter, Amyntas, and princesses do not call peasant boys brother," which grieved poor Amyntas sadly, for her loved her very tenderly, and there was nothing in the world he would not have done to give her

pleasure.

As Isora grew up, she was so fair and lovely to behold that nothing like her had ever been seen, and all the young men of the villages round about used to flock to the shepherd's cottage only to obtain a glimpse of her.

Isora, however, treated them all with the greatest disdain, and whenever any of them ventured to ask her hand at the village dances, she would reply: "I will dance with no one but Amyntas."

Yet Amyntas, though favored thus far, was not very successful in his wooing of the proud princess, for to all his entreaties that she would be his wife, Isora would reply, "Princesses do not wed with peasants"—an answer which caused him the greatest affliction.

Nevertheless, his love for the cruel beauty was so great that he never ceased to entreat her, till, wearied by his importunity, she one day said:

"I have dreamed for three nights running that a beautiful golden cow came to me and said, 'Pretty princess, take hold of my golden horns and mount upon my back, and I will carry you home to the kingdom of your royal parents.' Bring me this cow, Amyntas, and I will be your wife."

Then Amyntas grew very sorrowful at these words, and, forsaking his companions, he neither ate, slept; nor worked, but spent all his days and nights in wandering about the woods and fields,

sighing and lamenting his hard fate.

One day, having wandered further than usual from home, he came to a desolate-looking plain, in the midst of which flowed a dark and lonely river, and, being fatigued by his long walk, he sat himself down to rest a while on a large stone.

As he did so, he perceived a little one-eyed dwarf of very singular appearance working away with pickax and shovel at a large heap of stones

and ashes which stood by the river-side.

The little manikin did not appear to notice Amyntas, but dug away as busily as possible, carrying shovelful after shovelful of the stones and ashes and throwing them into the river; but the strangest part of the business was that, for every spadeful he threw away, two more appeared to be added to the heap, which therefore grew higher and higher the harder he worked.

As he dug, the little fellow sang these words in

a small, shrill voice:

"Into the water the ashes throw,
For one spade thrown two more will grow;
Dig, dig away for one year and a day.
Who digs for a year and a day, I ween,
Shall behold the cow of golden sheen."

"So say you, my little friend," quoth Amyntas. "Give me your pickax and shovel, and I will work for you for one year and a day."

Without more ado, the one-eyed dwarf handed him his tools, and was going off without another word; but Amyntas said:

"How shall I find the golden cow when I have worked a year and a day?"

Then the little man lifted up his cracked voice and sang:

"Dig through the stones and ashes deep.
And a golden ring through the earth will peep,
Which will open the door beneath the heap."

He then hobbled off, apparently highly delighted at getting his work done for him so readily.

Left to himself, Amyntas dug away with right good will; indeed, so hard did he work that by nightfall the heap was higher than his father's cottage.

He rose betimes next morning, and taking food and drink with him to last him three days, he worked so well that at the end of that time the

heap was a good-sized hillock.



THE GOLDEN COW. - "BY A MOST SINGULAR CHANCE SHE SUCCEEDED IN ESCAPING UNHURT FROM THE FOREST."

And this he did for many weeks, till at last it was almost half a day's journey to get to the top of his heap before he could begin his work, so that he went home only one day in seven. All this time the good shepherd and his wife thought that Amyntas had surely taken leave of his senses, and he was the laughing-stock of the village; but Isora did not cease to say, "Bring me the golden cow, and I will be your wife."

It was very hard and dreary toil, and often the heart of poor Amyntas would sink within him as he beheld the heap growing higher and higher, and found himself apparently further than ever from the road which was to conduct him to the golden cow; but for the love of his princess he toiled on all day and almost all night, till, at the end of six months from the time of his commencement, he perceived that for every shovelful which he dug away, another went along with it, so that

the heap began to get smaller as fast as it had before increased.

He now labored on cheerfully, and at the end of the year and a day he perceived, to his great joy, a golden ring shining through the earth. He seized it, and found that it was attached to a trap-door in the ground, which he pulled open, and a flight of steps was disclosed, down which Amyntas descended with a beating heart, and found himself in a charming meadow, in the midst of which stood a beautiful cow of purest gold.

Intoxicated with delight at the sight of this

object of his wishes, he sprang forward to seize it, but before he could reach it he felt himself whirled into the air by a strong wind, and the next moment he was standing on the earth in the self-same spot where he had been working for the last twelve months, but no sign of the trap-door was to be seen, only a large heap of stones and ashes, and the little one-eyed dwarf digging away for all the world as if he had never left off since the unlucky young man had first beheld him.

"How now, you ill-favored little miscreant!" cried Amyntas, half-choked with rage and mortification at this provoking sight. "I will break every bone in your misshapen body if you do not

keep your promise!"

There was no reply, and Amyntas, in a towering passion, seized the little man by the throat and shook him till his one red eye threatened to start out of his head. Yet the little fellow did not seem the least concerned, but shook off the rough grasp of his companion as composedly as possible, and resumed his work, singing in his shrill, cracked voice, these words:

"Into the water the ashes throw,
For one spade thrown two more will grow;
Dig away, dig away one year and a day—
Who digs for a year and a day, I ween,
Shall milk the cow of golden sheen."

"Milk it yourself," quoth the young man, sulkily, and strode home in a very angry and disconsolate state.

The Princess Isora was waiting for him at the door of the cottage, for he had told her he would certainly bring her home the golden cow that evening; and when she saw him return alone, she became very angry, and would listen to no explanation; therefore Amyntas bethought himself that, after all, he had better work for the one-eyed dwarf another year.

"Who knows," thought he, "but that if I may approach the cow near enough to milk her, I may

succeed this time in catching her?"

Comforted by the hope, he trudged to the scene of his former labors, and there stood the stones and ashes, and the busy little manikin digging away like one possessed, all the time singing his ditty.

"Give me the pickax and the shovel," said Amyntas, "and I will work for you yet another year and a day."

No sooner said than done. Away hobbled the dwarf, and to work poor Amyntas went in his place.

All happened just as before, and at the end of the appointed time the golden ring appeared through the earth; but

when Amyntas opened the trap-door and descended into the meadow, an ivory stool and a silver milking-pail stood by the side of the golden cow.

Amyntas, seating himself on the stool, began to

Amyntas, seating himself on the stool, began to milk the cow; but what was his wonder and delight when, instead of milk, shining gold fell into the pail. He milked the pail quite full, and then thought to lead away the cow, but the moment he touched her for that purpose, he was whirled, as before, into the air, and once more stood by the river-brink, but with his pail of gold by his side.

The ashes and stones were standing on the very spot whence he had descended through the trapdoor, and there, too, was his old friend the dwarf, working and singing as merrily as ever.

Amyntas did not stay to listen to the dwarf's song, but hurried home as fast as his legs could carry him, and flung his riches, with sparkling eyes, before Isora and his parents. As for the latter, they overwhelmed him with caresses and

"Ah," they said, "the good neighbors said that Amyntas was mad, but some folk's madness is



THE GOLDEN COW.—" SHE THEN MOUNTED ON THE COW'S BACK BEHIND AMYNTAS."

wiser than other folk's sense, and for our parts, we always thought our son a wise youth."

But Isora was not tempted by the wealth of Amyntas, and to all his entreaties she returned the same answer:

"I will never be your wife till you bring me

home the golden cow."

Poor Amyntas saw no help for it, and once more was fain to seek his old acquaintance, the one-eyed dwarf, whose ditty now ran:

"Into the water the ashes throw, For one spade thrown two more will grow; Who works for me days and nights three, Shall bear the bride to her own country; Work, work away by night and by day, And carry the golden cow away.

Therefore Amyntas set to work with a lighter heart, and for every spadeful he threw away, two more went with it; but he was so weary of his work that the three days and nights seemed as though they would never end.

At last the golden ring appeared to his longing eyes, and when he descended into the meadow, there stood the beautiful golden cow decked with wreaths of flowers and evergreens to welcome him.

She did not wait to be sought, but hastening up to Amyntas, knelt down for him to mount on her back, and he had no sooner done so than he found himself, cow and all, safely landed by the waterbrink; but no heap of stones and ashes were to be seen, neither was the dwarf visible; only Amyntas heard a shrill, cracked little voice, which could have belonged to no one else, singing these words as he rode home:

> "Stones and ashes shoveled away, And the golden cow is won; Rejoice and feast by night and by day, And carry the princess home."

When Amyntas brought the cow to Isora, she thanked him a thousand times, and, throwing her arms around his neck, she said:

"I will now consent to be your bride; but let us first seek my dear parents."

She then mounted on the cow's back behind Amyntas, and the beautiful animal carried them safely to the kingdom of Isora's father and mother.

When they entered the city the good people ran out open-mouthed with wonder at the sight of a handsome youth and a lovely maiden riding on a golden cow; and the king and queen came to the palace windows to ascertain the cause of all the shouting and excitement; but when the cow had reached the palace-gates, it stopped of its own accord and related the wonderful story of the Princess Isora to her astonished parents, who, when they had looked at the gold chain around her neck, knew her instantly to be their long-lost child, and falling on her neck, embraced her with great tenderness.

As for Amyntas, the king declared that no one was so worthy as he to obtain the princess's hand; and nothing being wanted but the presence of the worthy shepherd and his wife to complete the general happiness, the golden cow was dispatched to seek them; and on their arrival at the court, the wedding was celebrated with great splendor and rejoicing.

The young couple lived happily for ever after, the golden cow never ceasing to supply them with riches.

### ROBERT OF SICILY.

CHAPTER I. -HIS PRIDE.

MONG all the great ones of the earth few King of Sicily. He had two brothers, one of whom was Pope of Rome and the other Emperor of Christendom. Robert himself was a fair, strong man, a mighty king, a renowned conqueror, and accounted the flower of chivalry. His power was equaled only by his pride, through which he neglected to humble himself before his Creator, and to be just and merciful toward his fellowmen; but for this the hand of Heaven was stretched out to chastise him.

Upon the eve of St. John he had gone to church to hear even-song, yet thinking more of worldly honor than of holy faith. In the choir they sang: He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble and meek. Hearing these words King Robert said within his haughty heart:

"It is but a priest's fable, this song which they sing so often. What power, forsooth, can put me down, me that have destroyed all my enemies and own no peer, far and wide? A likely thing that such as I should ever be other than I have been!"

Forthwith, as the chant sounded in his ear, a deep sleep fell upon him. The service ended, but Robert slept on. When the congregation left the church, there came among them one like him in face, form, and garments, to whom all did honor as to their king, who was still sleeping within. This was no other than an angel sent to abase his pride by teaching him on what tenure he held all his greatness and prosperity.

When Robert awoke he found himself in darkness and alone; his crown, his royal robes, his signet-ring, and all the trappings of his state were gone from him, he knew not how. Bewildered for a moment, he remembered where he was, and groped his way to the door, which he could not

"Beshrew these knaves of mine; they shall smart for leaving me thus!" he muttered, angrily, and began to shout louder and louder for some one to let him out.

By-and-bye the old sexton heard this outcry he was making, and came to see what might be the

"What dost thou there?" he cried from with-"Some thieving fellow, surely, come to rob the church. Help! help! in the king's name!"

"Silence, dotard, and let me out forthwith. I

am the king!

Hastily at this word the sexton unlocked the When it was open, Robert rushed forth like a madman, hurling the old man to the ground as he passed, and ran to his palace, eager to command the punishment of those who had treated him with such scant respect. Arrived at the gate he knocked furiously, calling on the porter to let him in without delay.

"Oh, ho!" answered the porter; "and who mayst thou be to have thy bidding done thus?"

"Thou shalt know full soon who I am," cried Robert. "Open the gate, knave, or the gallows shall teach thee to know thy lord.

The porter laughed scornfully.

"Knave in thy teeth! My lord is the king who even now went into the hall with all his train, so begone without more ado. This is no place to play the fool."

"I tell thee I am the king," raged Robert.

"A fine story!" quoth the porter; but he undid

the gate to see this presumptuous man.

No sooner had he opened it than Robert burst in and smote him on the face, with, "Knowest thou me now?" Then it was for the porter to be angry. He struck back at the madman, as he took him to be, knocked him down on the ground, and handled him so roughly that his face was covered with blood, and he could scarcely speak. Some of the servants came running up at the noise, who bound Robert fast, and in this sorry plight, stained from head to foot with dirt and blood, brought him into the hall amid the jeers of all who were wont to pay him reverence.

The king was almost beside himself for tury, and what was his amazement to see in his own place a prince, the very image of his person, before whom they dragged him, and the porter, bowing low, made his complaint.

"My lord, may it please you, here is a mad fellow who will have it that he is the king, and threatens me with the gallows if I do not own

him."

A peal of laughter rang through the hall, which was redoubled when Robert cried:

"Who art thou that sittest in my seat? What

treachery is this?"

"Peace!" commanded the feigned king, rising, and every voice was hushed and every eye fixed upon him. "Who art thou that fearest not to bear\_thyself so lordly here?"

"I am the king, and no other. My eldest brother is the Emperor, and the other is Pope of Rome. They will well repay thee for the wrong thou doest me, so I bid thee beware, impostor."

"I am the King of Sicily," said the other, "and thou art a fool, upon whom it is well for thee that I have pity. I will keep thee for my fool, that thou mayst learn to know thyself. Ho, there! have in a barber and shave this man's crown. Let him have the robes of a fool, a bauble for sceptre, an ape for councilor, and a hound for the taster

of his meat. Such is my will."

"This to me!" exclaimed Robert; but it was in vain for him to rage and strive and swear he would die before they should do him such villainy. He was held fast while a barber shaved his head in the fashion of a fool, then a motley dress was put upon him, a fool's bauble thrust into his hand, and an ape brought and fastened to him to be his companion day and night, while all present kept

mocking him the more the louder he declared himself to be their lord, and threatened them with his utmost vengeance when this jest should have come

"Now, fool, art thou a king?" asked his second

"Ay, and will be yet," muttered Robert, his

heart bursting with shame and grief.

In this guise how should men know him when he had much ado to know himself? Never was king brought so low! The meanest page and groom now made sport of him, as of the hideous ape which he had to lead about wherever he went. He was thrust out to sleep in the kennel with the hounds, he had to eat with them from the same mess, and he wellnigh died of hunger before he could bring himself to such fare. This was the man who had said in his heart: What power can ever make mè other than I have been?

Time went on, and Robert fell into sullen despair. He ceased to declare his name, since it called forth nothing but mockery. He asked no better than to slink apart and be left in peace with that ape, his only friend, to weep and lament the day he had been born. None heeded the poor madman, and he himself began to think he must be indeed mad, when he saw how the other king, bearing his name and likeness, was honored by all men as he had

Every day this king had Robert brought before him and asked:

"Fool, how sayst thou? Art still a king?"

"Yea, and that thou knowest," said Robert ever, and the other looking steadily upon him again bid him bethink himself and come to a better mind.

#### CHAPTER II. - HIS PENITENCE.

MEANWHILE it was well with Robert's subjects, who rejoiced to find their master no longer oppress them as he had done before. Now he knew how men had hated as much as they feared him, and every hour he heard the praises of him who ruled in his stead. For how says the chronicle?

> "The angel was king full long, But in his time was never wrong-Treachery, falsehood, nor no guile, In all the land of Sicile. Of all good there was plenty; Among men love and charity And in his time was never strife, Neither between man nor wife; But every man loved well other-Better love was never of brother. Then was that a joyful thing In land to have such a king."

When some years had passed thus, the Emperor came to Rome to visit the Pope, and they sent for the King of Sicily to meet them there. The angel set forth attended with royal magnificence, so that in every city through which he passed, men said they had never seen such a right noble and stately king as this, while they laughed at the poor fool riding behind the train, with an ape perched beside him on his sorry piebald beast, a bauble in his hand, and a fool's garment all bedecked with fox



ROBERT, KING OF SICILY.

tails and jingling bells to make merriment wherever he went. But Robert took courage, saying within himself:

"Full soon now I shall wear my rightful garb and confound all these traitors, for it cannot be

but that my brothers will know me."

They arrived at Rome, and came into the presence of the Pope and Emperor, who gladly welcomed the king their brother, as they believed, clad all in rich white robes bordered with ermine and pearls. But as they were bidding him take his place by their side, Robert ran between and would have embraced them had they not spurned him back.

"What fool's trick is this?" cried the Emperor. "My brothers, speak, who am I?" he entreated

them, with eyes full of tears.

"Our brother's fool, and a fool, indeed," quoth the Pope. "You go beyond your license, fellow. I never saw you before, nor ever saw a fool so hardy as to claim such brotherhood."

Robert could but stare wildly upon them, dumb to find that even his own brothers knew him not. At a word from his master he was dragged away, scourged, and thrust into prison, to teach him better manners. There he lay miserably, while the seeming king was entertained at Rome till the time came for him to return to Sicily, taking the fool in

his train as before.

After this, Robert abandoned all hope of being restored to his greatness. He wished now for nothing but death. In his abasement he saw well by what misdeeds he had deserved thus to fall, how foolishly he had vaunted his own might, how rashly he had despised the power of Heaven, how unjustly he had borne himself toward those set below him. Bitterly he repented and prayed for mercy; then a milder mood took him, in which he thanked God for having thus taught him his folly before it was too late. No longer he thought of his kingdom but of his sins, and of the judgment before which high and low alike must bow.

"Ah, Lord!" he said, "it is right that I be no better than a fool, who have so greatly sinned. Wretch and fool that I am, I know now what I scorned in my wisdom! Only give me grace to receive these chastisements as more blessed than all the prosperity that once tempted me to pride."

When next the angel called for him and asked if he still thought himself a king, Robert meekly

replied:

"Nay, I am a fool, and a fool of fools, and it is

well for me to be none else."

Then the angel took him by the hand and led him into a chamber apart, and spoke thus, his face

shining with heavenly light:

"Dear friend, now thou art wise who hast owned thy guilt in the sight of my Lord and thine. For this was I sent to chasten thee, and I rejoice that thou hast put away thy hard heart. Now art thou forgiven; be a king as before, but hereafter remember to dread the King of kings, who alone hath power to cast down and to raise up, before whom thou and all men are but fools in their own strength. I go back to heaven, where there is more bliss in one hour than the greatest ones of earth can know in a thousand years. Do thou, then, so fill thy place in this world that thou lose not the crown of that which is to come. King Robert, farewell!"

Therewith his royal robes fell from the angel's form, and he vanished in the twinkling of an eye. Robert sank on his knees and remained long in prayer. When he rose, once more arraying himself like a king, he passed out into the hall, where a crowd of lords and noble knights awaited him.

Now all rose up to do him honor, and not one of those who had jeered and mocked him an hour before but was ready to obey his least word. It was as if a vail had been lifted from their eyes, or as if all that had befallen him since the hour he



ROBERT OF SICILY. -" NEVER WAS KING BROUGHT SO LOW."

fell asleep in the chapel were but a troubled |

Henceforth King Robert reigned on in all welfare, but he abated his pride and bore himself as remembering that he was the servant of Heaven. He governed his people justly; he was merciful to his enemies and gracious to the poor and lowly. Thus men loved him whom before they had feared; and, when his time came to die he was lamented as a prince no less good than great.

### HOP-O'-MY-THUMB.

CHAPTER I.-A SMALL BOY.

HERE once lived a poor man and his wife who were very miserable because they had no I the trees. As ill-luck would have it, the tender,

children. They were sitting one evening by the fire, and listening to the stormy weather outside, when the husband started from a reverie into which he had fallen, and exclaimed, "How miserable we are without any children! If we only had one I should be perfectly satisfied."

"So should I," replied his wife, "even if he were no bigger than my

thumb.

Some time after this a little child was born to these two; but how was the good woman surprised when, on taking the child in her hands, she found

that he really was very little bigger than her

thumb!

"See," she said to her husband, "I have got what I asked for; but if he is small he is a dear, pretty little fellow, after all, and if he grows quickly and thrives well may turn out a fine child

But unfortunately the little sprite did not grow quickly at all, and so, when his parents saw that he would be a dwarf all the days of his life, they

christened him Hop-o'-my-Thumb.

Now little Hop-o'-my-Thumb, although he was so small, was no fool, but while he was quite young showed signs of shrewdness and ready wit by no means common among the class to which he belonged.

One day when his father was going to the forest he said, "I wish I had somebody to mind the

horse for me while I'm about my work."
"I'll do that for you, father," said Hop-o'-my-

Thumb, springing up from the corner in which he was breakfasting off the leg of a sparrow and a picnic biscuit.

"You," replied his father; "you mind the horse! Why, you are not big enough for him to

"Never mind that, father; I'll manage it if

you'll only trust me.

So his father took him with him to the forest, and left him and the horse and cart under a tree. Then Hop-o'-my-Thumb jumped into a branch that was waving close to the old mare's ears, and spoke to the creature so skillfully that she never once attempted to move.

Presently a rollicking schoolboy came by, swishing a cane as he went, and scattering the ground with the little branches and leaves he whisked from

> green branch on which Hop-o'-my-Thumb was perched came in his way, and before you could have said "Jack Robinson," it had been cut off and thrown across the boy's shoulder, with the little dwarf holding tightly on.

> "I must look out sharper than this next time," thought Hop-o'-my-Thumb. Just then they

> emerged from the forest, and soon came to an orchard. This the schoolboy soon entered, by clambering over the wall, greatly en-dangering Hop-o'my-Thumb's life. The boy then climb ed up an apple-tree,



ROBERT OF SICILY.—" HENCEFORTH KING ROBERT REIGNED ON IN ALL WELFARE."

when Hop-o'-my-Thumb, seizing the opportunity that presented itself, jumped on to a fine golden pippin, and, seated across it, felt more comfortable than he had done for some little time.

"Well, I'm high enough in the world now," thought he. "Hallo! what's up?" he exclaimed, as, with a sudden jerk, he felt himself rapidly falling through the air. Presently the apple on which he was seated, and to which he had held tightly during its rapid descent, touched the ground.

"I wonder how many miles I came then,"

thought the little fellow.

There he staid till it was nearly dark, and he had just fallen comfortably asleep, when he felt himself raised up as suddenly as he had fallen.

"Hallo! what have I got here?" exclaimed a rough voice. "I thought I'd got an apple, and I find I've got hold of a pygmy."

I must tell you that in the waning light Hop-o'my-Thumb, perched upon the apple, appeared to

the man like a piece of the tree and a few leaves, and he was not a little surprised to find, on catching hold of the supposed stem, that he had left the apple behind.

"You had better let me go," said Hop-o'-my-

Thumb.

"Not I," replied the man, putting the little fel-

low into his greatcoat pocket.

These were by no means comfortable quarters, for Hop-o'-my-Thumb found himself among a great many odd things, such as stale tobacco-pipes, hard bits of bread and cheese, and several others of the same kind, that were not quite to his liking.

As they were going along the man stooped and picked something up. He seemed to have found a treasure, for he kept on gloating over it, and saying, "My eye, what a beauty! I wonder what that'll be worth, now," and so on. Presently something came tumbling on to Hop-o'-my-Thumb's head, and must have done him some damage had he not managed with a good deal of dexterity to get out of the way.

Before long the man entered a public-house, and taking the thing he had found out of his pocket, he

exclaimed:

"There, my comrades, what do you think of that bracelet? Isn't it a beauty?"

"Where did you get that from?" asked several

voices.

"My Lady Florella took it off her own fair wrist and gave it to me, in consideration of my saving

her from falling out of her carriage."

"You thief, you stole it!" cried out Hop-o'-myThumb, from the depths of his hiding-place.

"Who says I stole it?" asked the man, angrily. "It's a lie; I didn't."

"You did; you know you did," cried Hop-o'-

my-Thumb.

- "It's no use for you to try to tell lies about it, my man, when you've got a conscience that speaks as loudly as that," exclaimed the landlord; and the man, who had forgotten all about the little creature he had got in his pocket, really believing that it must be his conscience that had served him this trick, made the best of his way out of the inn, for fear anybody should attempt to molest him as a thief. By-and-by he thrust his hand into his pocket, and finding our hero, the whole thing occurred to him.
- "You little wretch, I'll kill you!" he exclaimed.
  "You'd better not," replied Hop-o'-my-Thumb,
  with the most perfect coolness.
  "Why not?" asked the man, angrily.

"Because of what would happen to you after-

ward," answered Hop-o'-my-Thumb.

"Well, then, I'll have nothing more to do with you," said the man. Whereupon he took the little fellow out of his pocket and placed him by the roadside.

"That's capital; just what I wanted. And now I'll be off home, for mother and father will wonder where I've got to," thought Hop-o'-my-Thumb, and there and then started off.

By-and-by he heard two dogs talking. "You know the man that's got a son no bigger than his thumb?" said one.

"Yes," replied the other.
"Well, he's lost the little fellow; and it seems he's offered a reward to any one who will bring him back, so I am going to see what he'd offer, and if it's worth my while I'll undertake to find him."

"Am I not in luck's way?" laughed Hop-o'-my-Thumb to himself, springing on to the puppy's

Off trotted the dog as nimbly as possible, and in

this way Hop-o'-my-Thumb reached home.

The poor man and his wife were quite delighted to see the little fellow back again, for they were sadly afraid they should have lost him altogether; and when he told them his adventures they patted him on the back and laughed heartily.

#### CHAPTER II. -HOP-O'-MY-THUMB'S DREAM.

Now, AFTER Hop-o'-my-Thumb was born, his mother had plenty of other children, and each baby as it was born was so much finer than the last one, that when it came to the seventh the youngster was bigger at five years old than most children are at twelve, and our little hero, who was the eldest of all his father's and mother's children, was by far the smallest.

But although the laborer and his wife had been very anxious to have one son, they had never bargained for seven; and they soon found that to provide food and clothing for so many was no joking

matter.

Each year made matters worse, for things were not so prosperous with these poor people as they had been formerly, till at length one miserable year came when they were all like to starve. Despite their mother's endeavors to make ends meet, she found one evening that they had only a few roots left in the pantry.

"Alas!" said she, "we must all starve, for when

these are gone where shall we get more?"

"How foolish we were to wish for any children!" said her husband, moodily. "If we'd never had any, we shouldn't have come to this plight."
"Don't say that !" exclaimed his wife; "I would

not have been without my children on any ac-

count."

"What are we to do with them?" asked the father. "We can't see them starve."

"God forbid!" replied the poor mother.

The husband and wife sat some time longer, gazing moodily into the fire. By-and-by the woodcutter started up and exclaimed, "Yes, I will, I must do it!"

"Do what?" inquired his wife.

"An idea's come into my head," he replied, "and it is that I should start off early to-morrow morning, and take the children with me.'

"I don't see how that will help us." "What, not if I leave them there?"

"You would not do that, surely?" said his wife. "I had rather do that than see them starve before my eyes. Who can tell whether some kind person might not take pity on them and give them food? And even if they do die, we shall not be obliged to look on without being able to give them

any help."
"You say truly," replied his wife, tearfully.

Then they arranged that next morning the children should be waked earlier than usual, and, after having had their scanty breakfast, should accompany their father to the forest and be left behind.

Now, somehow or another, little Hop-o'-my-Thumb couldn't manage to get off to sleep at all, and hearing a great deal of talking going on in the kitchen, he crept down-stairs. On peeping in at the door, he perceived his mother and father seated by the fire, engaged in earnest conversation. He also noticed that tears were streaming down his mother's face, so, popping under her chair, he quietly listened to the whole plot.

"This is a pretty go!" thought Hop-o'-my-Thumb; "I must see if I can't prevent it."

But, although he thought and thought it all over, he fell asleep at length without having concocted any scheme by which to save himself and his brothers.

While he was asleep he dreamed a strange thing; he thought he was walking by the side of a stream, whose bed was composed of round white pebbles, and that the pebbles called out to him, "Come, Hop-o'-my-Thumb, pick us up, and fill your pockets with us, and we will show you the way out of your difficulty."

Before the day had fairly broken, Hop-o'-my-Thumb crept down-stairs, and out of the house. He wended his way along, through meadow and field, till he came to the stream that had been pictured to him in his dream. All here was as he had then seen it. A gleam of early sunshine broke through the trees, and flung itself across the stream, discovering on its way a thousand lovely flowers. Through the transparent water Hop-o'-my-Thumb could see the white stones shining, and a few were lying scattered about on the bank. He soon filled his pockets with the pebbles within reach, and, having returned home, slipped up-stairs and into bed without his absence having been discovered.

An hour or so later some one knocked at the

door.

"Who's there, and what do you want?" asked

Hop-o'-my-Thumb.

"It's me," replied his mother. "Be quick and get up; father's going to take you to the forest with him."

"What's that for?" he asked.

His mother did not reply, but went straight

down-stairs into the kitchen.

A miserable meal had been provided for the children, made from the few roots that hung in the cupboard and a few dry crusts.

This having been dispatched, their father put on his cap, and, taking his ax in his hand, bade them

follow him.

"Good-by, my children," exclaimed the poor

mother, with tears in her eyes.

"What are you crying for, mother?" asked Hop-o'-my-Thumb; "anybody would think we were going away altogether, instead of coming back this evening."

At these words the poor woman only cried the more; and as she turned into the house to hide her tears, she could not help thinking what a strange thing it was, under the circumstances, that her little son should have said what he did.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" she sobbed; "can it be possible that I have seen my dear children for the last time?" Then, when she grew calmer, she remembered how cleverly her first-born had found his way back to her when he was quite a young child; and she could not help thinking that his clever brains would preserve him from evil on this occasion, and perhaps bring him safe home again. But there were the six other children who were not so clever as Hop-o'-my-Thumb; and the poor woman thought sadly of her next eldest son, who had been lame from his birth.

"At any rate," she exclaimed, starting up, "if I must part with my sons, I will see the last I may of them." So, putting on her jacket and hood, she ran along till she caught sight of the little party. Hastening her footsteps, she soon overtook them, and saying that, as the day was so fine, she thought she would come, too, she took her place between her husband and the seven children who followed, one after the other, from the tallest to the shortest, Hop-o'-my-Thumb coming last.

In this order they entered the forest, Hop-o'my-Thumb all the while singing to himself as unconcernedly as if he had known nothing whatever about the fate in store for him; but, cunning little fellow, every now and then he dropped one of his little white pebbles, and so left a trail behind him by which to find his way back. Thus they traversed hill and valley, dell and dale, and at last entered a part of the forest so overgrown with huge fir-trees as to be almost dark. When they had penetrated some distance further into this dismal place, their father called to them to stop, and asking them if they were not rather tired, told them they might rest themselves on the grass or play about as they pleased.

While the youngsters were enjoying a game of hide-and-seek, their father and mother slipped off and ran as quickly as they could down the hill.

Hop-o'-my-Thumb, who had been looking out for this moment, started from behind a large dock where he had hidden himself; and, presenting himself before his parents, exclaimed, "Hallo, father! where are you going to in such a hurry?"

"I shall soon be back," answered the woodcut-

ter, evasively.
"Oh, you needn't trouble," said Hop-o'-my-Thumb, indifferently; "I'll bring the boys home, never fear."

"Very well," replied his father; but in his own

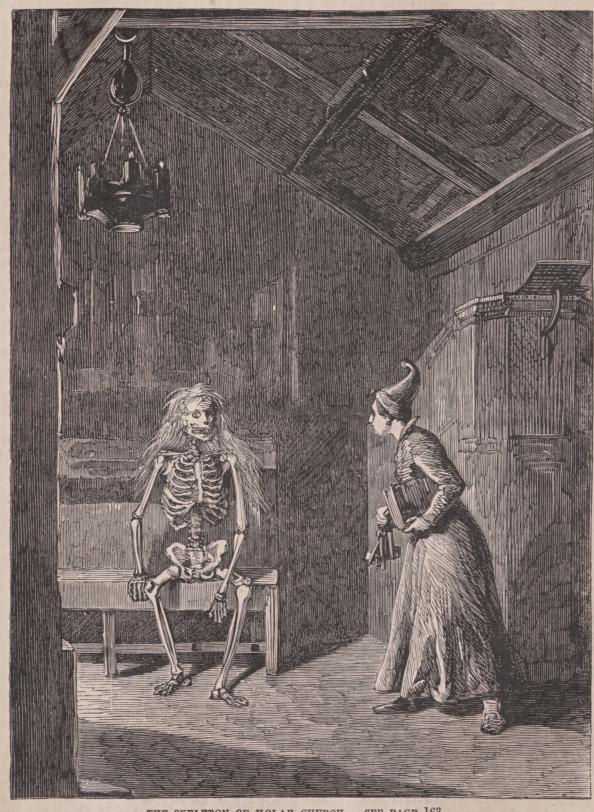
mind he said: "I very much doubt it."

By-and-by the six brothers discovered that their parents were nowhere to be found. They ran hither and thither, searching behind bushes and trees, calling loudly to their parents, but all in vain. No sound came to them except the echo of their own voices. Then the poor boys were in a great way for fear they had lost themselves, but none of them suspected the truth.

All this while Hop-o'-my-Thumb had been look-



HOP-0'-MY-THUMB.-" 'HO, HO! HE EXCLAIMED, GLEEFULLY, AS HE DRAGGED ALL THE YOUNGSTERS FROM THEIR HIDING-PLACE."



THE SKELETON OF HOLAR CHURCH -- SEE PAGE 163.

ing on and enjoying the fun; but seeing that in the sombre wood it was already getting dark, he thought it high time they should see about getting back.

Calling his brothers together, he said to them: "Now, I don't know what you think, but my opinion is that if we wait here for father and mother to come to us, we may wait till doomsday."

At this the younger ones began to cry, and the elder ones said, "Let's go back by ourselves."

"All right," replied Hop-o'-my-Thumb. "Who knows the way?"

None of them spoke a word. They had not thought of this, and now they all hung their heads in despair. They must have come at least twelve miles through the forest, six of which were entirely new ground to them.

When Hop-o'-my-Thumb thought they were sufficiently despondent, he exclaimed, with a knowing look, "Well, I think I know the way; so, if you like to follow me, I'll undertake to bring you

safely home."

The brothers were very glad to hear this, and followed their little brother cheerfully. The little white pebbles shone up brightly under Hop-o'-my-Thumb's feet, and guided him easily back along the circuitous route by which their father had purposely brought them.

The moon had risen brightly, and was shining in on the hapless couple in the cottage. The poor mother rocked herself to and fro, and her husband sat looking at her without speaking a word.

Rat-tat-tat-tat! came at the door.

"Who can that be, at this time of night?" ex-

claimed the woodman, in some surprise.

He got up and unbarred the door, when, lo! and behold, there stood his seven sons, with Hop-o'my-Thumb at their head!

"However did you find your way?" he asked. "Oh, I found it as easily as possible," replied

Hop-o'-my-Thumb, unconcernedly.

The tired boys soon sought their beds, and, worn out with the day's adventures, fell into a sound sleep.

#### CHAPTER III. - THE GIANT.

THE next morning the woodcutter called his children up betimes, and giving them each a crust of bread, led them to another part of the vast forest. Hop-o'-my-Thumb, who had been expecting this, slipped his crust of bread into his pocket, and as they went along strewed the way with crumbs. But for once Mr. Sharpshins was outwitted by some very simple opponents, for the birds picked up the scattered crumbs, and thus destroyed the clew he thought he had left safely behind him.

Poor Hop-o'-my-Thumb was certainly at a loss when he discovered the trick he had been served. His brothers had depended upon him, and therefore felt no fear; but when night came on, and they found themselves still wandering about in the very midst of the forest, they were terribly alarmed.

Not so Hop-o'-my-Thumb. He didn't know what fear meant, but marched bravely on at the head of his six shrinking brothers.

Presently he noticed a large, bare-looking tree,

which seemed to tower above the rest.

"You stay here," he said to his brothers, "while I go and see what is to be seen."

The next moment he was mounted on a high branch, anxiously scanning the surrounding country. Far away in the distance he perceived a ray of light glimmering through the trees.

He decided to follow it till he came to the cottage or house from which it proceeded, and then beg a night's shelter for himself and his brothers.

On they went, pursuing the ray of light, with many a weary footstep, when, at length, emerging from the denser part of the forest, they found themselves at the gate of a beautiful mansion.

They entered the inclosed ground in which the castle stood, and Hop-o'-my-Thumb, discovering a trumpet, blew so loud a blast that in a few seconds bolts and bars were drawn back, and the figure of a very big woman appeared at the top of a long flight of stone steps which led up to the door.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" she

inquired. "We are seven brothers lost in the forest," answered Hop-o'-my-Thumb; "and we beg of you to

give us some supper and a night's lodging."
"Poor children," replied the woman, compassionately, "that I would willingly do, but I am the wife of a giant, and if I were to take you in he would soon find it out, and eat you all up."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! What shall we do?" cried the six brothers, mournfully, when they

heard the words of the giantess.

Hop-o'-my-Thumb stood and considered the state of affairs for a few seconds. "If we stay in the forest we shall die of cold and starvation, or, perhaps, be devoured by wild beasts, and worse can't happen to us if we go in here. We shall at any rate get a supper, and I'll see if I can't outwit Mr. Giant."

"Would you be so kind as to let us have some supper, ma'am ?" asked Hop-o'-my-Thumb.

The giantess hesitated some moments; then she

"You may come and have some supper if you like; but mind, I have warned you of what you

may expect."
"All right, ma'am," answered our hero, fearlessly, as he marched up the steps, closely followed

The woman pushed back the door, and led them through a spacious hall into a square, lotty room. She then spread some food before them, and the poor hungry creatures fell to with right good will. They were thus pleasantly engaged when a key sounded in the door outside, and a heavy footstep was heard in the hall. "Get under the bed," exclaimed their kind hostess, quickly; and under the bed they all scrambled, as quickly as their trembling limbs would allow them.

Only just in time, for they were barely hidden

when the giant entered.

"H'm, h'm!" exclaimed the giant, snifflng the air," "what is it that I smell?"

"Smell?" asked his wife, in a surprised tone. "Yes, smell," replied the giant, in a tone which made the little people under the bed quake. "I smell some children hereabouts.'

"Then they are your own, I should think," re-

turned the giantess.

"Hallo! What do all these dirty plates mean?" asked the giant, in a tremendous voice, as he caught sight of the table at which the seven brothers had been feasting.

"I suppose they mean that the children have

had their supper."

"Don't tell me!" thundered the giant; and with that he began to search in every nook and cranny of the room. He was not long in coming to the bed. "Ho, ho!" he exclaimed, gleefully, as he dragged all the youngsters from their hiding-place.

The monster then began to sharpen his knife, while the poor boys begged and implored him not

to take their lives.

The giantess, who had been looking wistfully on, was suddenly struck with an idea. Taking up little Hop-o'-my-Thumbin her hand, she exclaimed, "See here, what little shriveled-up morsels they are. Leave them to me to fatten them up; have for your supper to-night the half sheep that I have roasted for you."

"Your advice is good," replied the giant. "They are, as you say, but lean morsels at present. We will fatten them up for a week, and see what they will be like by that time. And now let them get to

bed."

So the poor little fellows were safe for the present; but Hop-o'-my-Thumb determined that with a week's respite they must be fools, indeed, if they did not escape altogether. While his brothers were sleeping he got up and began peeping cautiously about, to see what plans he had better form. He soon discovered a bed close to their own, on which were sleeping seven boys, the sons of the giant, each wearing on his head a crown of gold.

"This is lucky," thought he, as he carefully removed the seven crowns, placing one on each of his brothers' heads; then placing the baby's crown on his own, he jumped into bed by the side of his

sleeping brethren.

#### CHAPTER IV. -A RACE.

BY-AND-BY the giant, who had not tasted any children for some time, became so impatient that he felt he could wait no longer. Creeping stealthily up-stairs in the dark, for fear of disturbing them, he came to the bed where Hop-o'-my-Thumb and his brothers lay. Passing his hand over their heads, he discovered the crowns, and then turning away to the other bed, he took his large knife and slew every one of his own children.

Hop-o'-my-Thumb, who had been wide awake all this while, and heard everything that had taken place, saw they must make good their escape as soon as possible, before the giant should find out what he had done. Rousing his brothers, he bade them follow him as quickly as possible, and not

utter a word.

They crept silently down-stairs, and were fortunate enough to discover a broken window. Through this Hop-o'-my-Thumb shoved each of his brothers, following, last of all, himself.

Once fairly outside they took to their heels, and never stopped running till the sun had broken through the clouds, and not so much as a tower of the giant's castle was visible. Then they staid a minute or two to rest.

"I wonder," said little Jack, "whether the giant

has missed us yet."

"Oh, look, look; look there!" shrieked one of

the brothers, in an agony of terror.

They looked round, and beheld the giant in the distance, striding after them at a fearful rate. Hop-o'-my-Thumb perceived, from the length of each stride, that he must have on a pair of Seven League Boots.

Here was a to-do. It was impossible to escape from the giant by running away. There was but

one thing to be done, and that was to draw back into a cave that stood by the way, and trust that the horrid monster might by some fortunate accident omit to search it.

Even brave little Hop-o'-my-Thumb trembled with fear as the giant approached their hiding-place. He came nearer and nearer, and made straight for the cave. Seven hearts inside it went

pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat.

"I am dreadfully tired!" exclaimed the giant; "I will sit down here and rest." So he threw himself down on the grass, and leaned against the walls of the cave in which the fugitives were hidden.

Presently the cave shook, and a sound like a distant peal of thunder echoed from wall to wall.

"Now's our time," said Hop-o'-my-Thumb.
"The giant is asleep, for I hear him snoring."

The boys crept stealthily out, and shot off in different directions, for they had agreed that this would be the best plan, as by these means the giant could not possibly catch all of them at once, and even should he catch one the rest would have a

better opportunity to escape.

Hop-o'-my-Thumb saw his brothers depart, but he did not follow them, for he was determined to make one desperate effort to disarm their enemy. Without making the slightest noise he crawled along the grass to the giant's feet, and with a tremendous tug, which threw him on his back, succeeded in pulling off one of the Seven League Boots. In an instant he was up again, and, pulling off the other, jumped into them, and in two strides placed forty-two miles between himself and his still sleeping adversary.

The first thing he did, now that he knew his foe could not follow him, was to return to the giant's house and empty it of all its gold and treasures. With these he enriched his parents and brothers, so that there was now no need for the woodman and his wife to wish to get rid of their large

family

They all lived happily together for the rest of their lives, and Hop-o'-my-Thumb became famous all over that country for his bravery and daring exploits.

### THE SKELETON OF HOLAR CHURCH.

NCE, on a Winter evening, it happened that Jon Aranson, Bishop of Holar, wanted a book which he had left lying on the altar of the church; so he called his household folk together, and asked which of them would do him the favor of fetching the book to him. They all shuddered at the idea, and all drew back, except one maid-servant, who declared herself quite willing to go, and not in the least afraid.

Now the bishop, having enemies—as who has not?—had made a tunnel from his own house, which was called the palace, underground to the church, with a view to being able, if need should ever be, to take sanctuary at a moment's notice, and unobserved.

Through this tunnel the maid went, having pro-

cured the keys of the church; but when she had taken the book from the altar, she determined not to go back through the tunnel, which she had found dismal and ghostly, but rather round the other way.

So she walked down the church with the keys to the outer door; and looking toward the benches where the women were wont to sit, she saw there

a human skeleton, with long, yellow hair.

Amazed at this, but in no way frightened, she went up to the figure, and said:

"Who are you?"

Upon which the skeleton said:

"I am a woman, and have long been dead. But my mother cursed me, so that I cannot corrupt

Then the maiden went through the door into the choir, and saw sitting there, on one of the benches, a wondrous ugly old woman in a red hat, to whom she addressed herself, asking her to be good enough to forgive her daughter and remove from her the curse. The old hag answered :

"Well, it is not often that you living people ask favors of me, so for once I will say to you,

Having thanked her for her goodness, the maiden went back toward the outer door, but when she came to the place where she had seen the skeleton, she found there only a heap of dust. So she went on toward the door, and, as she opened it, she heard a voice, which cried after her:



LITTLE ELSIE. - " ELSIE CLASPED HER HANDS ROUND THE DOVE'S NECK, AND AWAY THEY WENT THROUGH THE AIR." - SEE PAGE 166.

and return to the dust whence I sprung. Now, therefore, my good girl, I entreat you to release me from this ban, if it lies in your power."

"But," answered the girl, "it does not lie in my power, so far as I now know. Tell me how I can help you."

Then the skeleton replied:

"You must ask my mother to forgive me my faults, and to annul my curse; for she may very likely do for the living what she refuses to do for the dead. It is a rare thing, indeed, for the living to ask favors of the dead."

"Where is your mother, then?" asked the

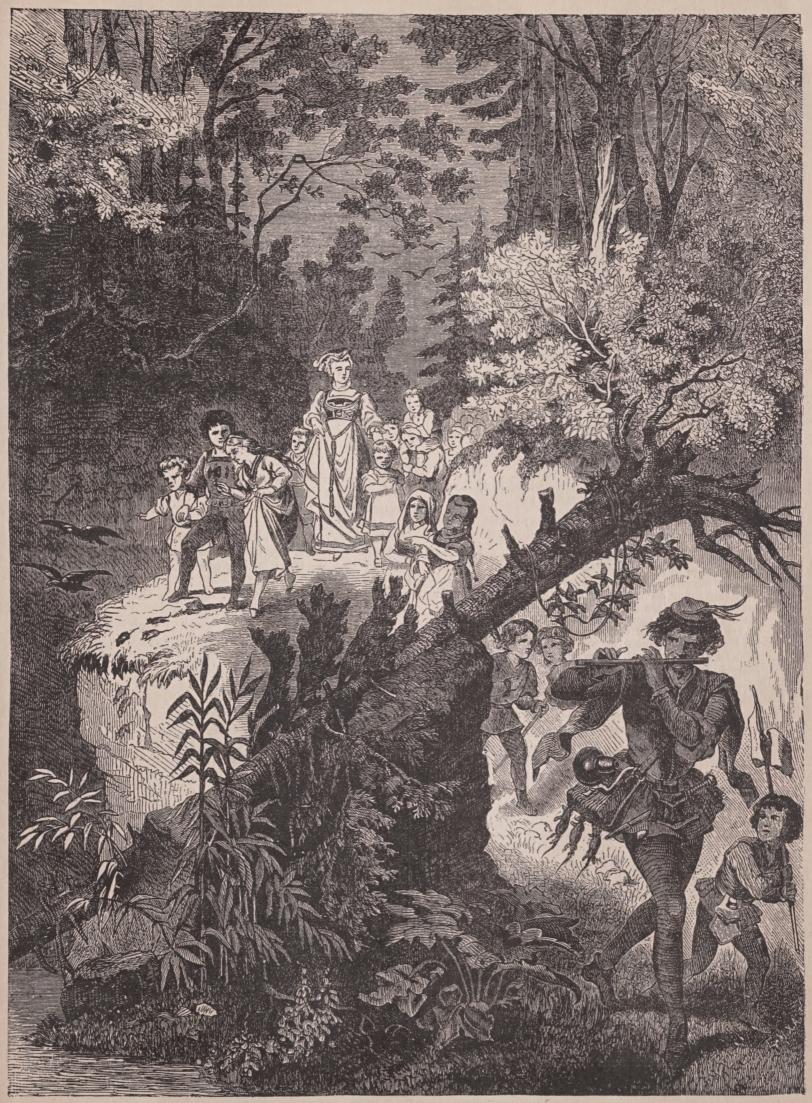
"Oh," said the other, "she is here, there, and everywhere. Now, for example, she is yonder, in the choir."

"Look at my red eyes, how red they are!" And, without looking round, she answered:

"Look at my black back, how black it is!"
As soon as she had shut the door behind her, she found that the churchyard seemed to swarm with people who were shouting and screaming direfully, and who made as if they would stop her. But she, summoning up courage, rushed through the middle of them, without looking either to the right or to the left, and reached the home-building in safety.

As she delivered the book to the bishop, she

"So loud were the voices of the goblin band, That five echoes for each were found In the mountain-rock, though far they stand From Holar burying-ground."



THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN .- SEE NEXT PAGE.

## THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

ONCE more he stept into the street,

And to his lips again

Laid his long pipe of smooth, straight cane; And ere he blew three notes (such sweet

And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musicians cunning
Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling, that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling, at pitching and hustling,
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a barnyard when barley is scattering,
Out some the children running Out came the children running. All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood As if they were changed into blocks of wood, Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by—
And could only follow with the eye
The joyous crowd at the piper's back.
And how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street. As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However, he turned from south to west,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast

Great was the joy in every breast.
"He can never cross that mighty top! He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"
When lo! as they reached the mountain's side
A wondrous portal opened wide, As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed; And the Piper advanced and the children followed: And when all were in to the very last, And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain side shut fast.
Did I say all? No! one was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he used to say:

"It's dull in our town since my playmates left;
I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me;
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land."

# LITTLE ELSIE.

DON'T know how in the world you pass your time, neighbor, without any children round you," said the mother of a great crowd of

boys. "Well," answered her visitor, "I should not wish as many as you have; though, if I had just one sweet little girl to love, it would certainly make me much happier. But, good-by; I can find something to do at home, even if there are no children there."

All the way home she thought: "I really wish

I had one little baby, to make a pet of."

"Excuse me, madam; I did not observe you." It was a very tiny old woman, who was standing directly in her path. She was dressed in a red cloak, and her face was hidden by the hood, which was drawn over it.

"You shall have your wish, my little lady," said

the old woman. "Go, now, into your garden; search carefully among the flowers, and in one you will discover a little baby."

"Oh, dear! is it possible? Come with me,

good mother, and point out the flower."

But the old woman only laughed, and shook her head; then, when they reached the gardengate, she had disappeared.

So the little lady ran in haste to a splendid rose

bush, which was the pride of the garden.

"Have you my baby, oh, beautiful Rose?" she asked.

"No, indeed; I have quite enough of my own to look after! See all those buds coming up around me, and daily growing handsomer."

"Don't be offended, Rose. I am sorry I have

troubled you.

A tall, magnificent sunflower was standing

"Have you my little baby hidden in your golden leaves?"

"I have to watch the sun going down, madam. Until he sets, I never remove my gaze. Pray, go and question some of the other flowers."

"Pretty Pink, may I look in your half-open

buds for my-

"Ah, ah! Pray, don't touch me! A horrid old bee has just been here, and carried off ever so much of my perfume. O-h, o-h! it has given me the spasms!"

"Why, sweet Pink, you have such a quantity, surely you can spare a little for the poor bee. But I wonder if, in flying over the garden, he saw

my baby."

And on her way to the beehives the little lady

observed some lowly blue flowers.

"Forget-me-nots, with your beautiful starry eyes, is there a little baby under your leaves?"
"Indeed, madam, I should hope not; for the

gardener put his great foot down here, and almost

killed some of our own young ones."

A honeysuckle was climbing higher and higher every day, and clinging by its branches to a tall tree, though some of the tendrils and sweet flowers trailed upon the earth.

"Have you my baby up there?" asked the

little lady once more.

"Do you expect me," replied the honeysuckle, "to pass my time singing, 'Rock a-by, baby, on the tree-top'? I have enough to do to take care of myself, when the wind blows."

"Oh, how cross all the flowers are this evening! But it is almost nightfall, and I guess they

are sleepy."

At that moment the lady beheld an elegant white lily, bending its fair head toward her, as if it would say:

"Come here—come here!"

She went to the lily, and there, sitting smiling at her, was the loveliest little creature!

"Oh, you pretty darling!" she cried. And taking out her lace handkerchief, she wrapped it round the fairy baby, for its clothes were only made of white rose-leaves, and they felt damp with the evening dew.

So she carried it jinto the house, and having

found a small basket lined with silk, she placed the baby in it on the table, and the little fairy child was soon asleep.

"What do you think of my baby?" inquired

the lady, when her husband came home.

"Why, is it not rather small?" inquired he,

looking through an eyeglass.

"Oh, yes; but she will grow, of course. And then, you know, it will not cost much to buy her

"That is true," he answered.

They called the little child "Elsie." She was a dear little thing; but once, having had the misfortune to fall into the cream-jug, and at another time to be half-smothered in the sugar-bowl, she was compelled afterward, at meal-times, to sit in her basket on the table.

But in a few years Elsie certainly did grow rather taller, and she could talk so wisely that she was quite a companion for her "mamma," as she

called the little lady.

There was, however, one great trouble. Every year the old woman in the red cloak came to fetch Elsie away, "to visit her own people," as she said, and always seven whole days passed before she brought her home again.

"Kiss me good-by, mamma, for here is the little old woman," said Miss Elsie, one day, when

the year came round again.

"I wish the old woman was-"

"Hush, hush, mamma! We must not offend her. Put on my best white dress and my blue

sash. There, now, good-by!"

"I do wish the old woman and all her troublesome relations were under the sea!" said Elsie's mamma that night, she felt so lonely without her little daughter; and she feared the day might come when they would persuade her to remain with them altogether.

But let us see what became of Elsie.

"Take fast hold of my cloak, child," said the little old woman.

Elsie obeyed her, but was quite out of breath

when they reached the hillside.

"Coo, coo!" said the little old woman, as she watched a pretty white dove soaring over their heads-"Coo, coo!"

And then the dove alighted upon the ground at

their feet.

"You must carry my little child quite safely, dove."

And she took off Elsie's sash, and tied her to

the dove's wings.

Elsie clasped her hands round the dove's neck, and laid her little soft cheek down upon his feathery head, and away they went through the

When he stopped in his flight, and returned to the earth, there was a little fairy waiting for them with a red cloak over her arm. She helped Elsie off the dove's back, and bidding him "fly away

home," led her into a splendid grotto.

At the sides were pillars of crystal, and cach pillar had wreaths of flowers twined round it, and the roof glittered with stars until it was more brilliant than the noonday sunshine.

At the upper end of the grotto sat the fairy queen, and numbers of lovely little elves were

dancing and sporting round her.

Elsie's eyes were so dazzled with the splendor that she could scarcely see; she felt, too, rather shy, for they all paused in their dance, and looked

"Please, your majesty," said Fairy Dewdrop, who had brought Elsie from her home, "I don't know how the child is to come next year, for the dove will not be able to carry her. If she only had wings! How I pity the poor creatures on the earth who go walking about on their long legs!"

"Fairy Dewdrop! What an expression!" "Excuse me, your majesty; I meant to say

their feet.'

"Well, let the child go and amuse herself. I

will speak with her to-morrow.

Elsie soon became more friendly with the fairies; some brought her flowers, and others sparkling gems, until her little arms could carry

"Fairy Dewdrop," she said, at length, "I am very tired and sleepy, and I think I caught cold coming through the air. Have you a bit of yellow

jack you can give me?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the fairies. "What a funny name! Whatever sort of stuff is that?"

"Oh, some horrid thing, I suppose, that the folks upon the earth eat!" answered Dewdrop.
But Elsie went to sleep, and did not heed their

remarks.

Next morning the fairy queen sent for Elsie.

"Come here, child," said she; "would you not like a pair of green and golden wings? Then you could fly."

"I can walk, thank you, ma'am."

"But when you come to live here, you must

appear like the other young ladies."
"If you please, ma'am, I would rather not come any more, for it makes my mamma sad; and I love her dearly, for she is very kind to me."

"But look at our flowers, Elsie."

"We have flowers, too."

"Yes, but in Winter yours fade away, and sometimes are covered with snow."

"Ah! then I run out to play; and last Winter I helped Bill to make a snow man.'

"And pray, who is Bill?"

"One of our neighbor's children, ma'am."

"Elsie, when I gave you in charge to the white lily, I really expected you would have grown up more genteel; but I despair of you. So now you may return to your home. But before you leave, I will grant you one request."

"Thank you, ma'am! Then I should wish to be rather taller, for now when I go out, every one says, 'See that little fairy child!"

"And you ought to be extremely proud of such a compliment, Elsie." said Dewdrop; "but I think, if the queen gives her permission, you had better return to the creatures who eat yellow jack, and are obliged to walk on their-feet.

So the queen waved her wand, and Dewdrop, called "Coo, Coo!" when down flew the white

dove, and carried home Little Elsie.

"Oh, dear, dear mamma, I'm never going to

leave you again !"

And every week they put a mark on the wall, to see how much taller she had grown, and really, after a while you would never have believed that Little Elsie had once been a fairy.

#### OLD STINE AND THE BROWNIE.

A BOUT the time when I was confirmed, I saw an old Swedish lady, whom we asked for a story

"About that time, our old servant, Stine, was living with my parents. She came to us from a

captain's, who had given up the sea. It was a very quiet place. They never went anywhere, and nobody came to see them. The captain only took a walk as far as the quay every day. They always went to bed early. People said there was a brownie in the house.

"Well, it so happened that Stine and the cook were sitting in their room one evening, mending and darning their things. It was near bedtime, for the watchman had already sung out, "Ten o'clock"; but somehow the darning and the sewing went on very slowly indeed; every moment "Jack Nap" came and played his tricks upon them. At one moment Stine was nodding and nodding, and then came the cook's turn—they could not keep their eyes open; they had been

early up that morning to

wash clothes.

"But just as they were sitting thus, they heard a terrible crash down-stairs in the kitchen, and Stine shouted:

"'Lor' bless and preserve us! It must be

the brownie!'

"She was so frightened she dared scarcely move a foot, but at last the cook plucked up courage, and went down into the kitchen, closely followed by Stine.

"When they opened the kitchen door, they found all the crockery on the floor, but none of it broken; the brownie was standing on the bit kitchen table, with his red cap on, and hurling the one dish after the other on to the floor, and laughing with great glee.

"The cook had heard that the brownies could sometimes be tricked into moving to another house, when anybody would tell them of a very quiet place; and, as she long had been wishing to play a trick upon this brownie, she took courage and spoke to himher voice was a little shaky at the time-that he ought to remove to the tinman's over the way, where it was so very quiet and pleasant, because they always went to bed at nine o'clock every evening — which was true enough, as the cook told Stine later;



OLD STINE AND THE BROWNIE.—"THE BROWNIE WAS STANDING ON THE KITCHEN TABLE, HURLING THE ONE DISH AFTER THE OTHER ON TO THE FLOOR."



SLOWMAN THE SLEEPER .- "THE THREE NAUGHTY PIXIES TORMENTED THE LOVELY CHILD."

but then the master and all his apprentices and journeymen were up every morning at three o'clock, and made a terrible noise all day.

"Since that day they never saw the brownie any more at the captain's. He seemed to feel quite at home at the tinman's, although they were hammering and tapping away there all day; but people said that the gudewife put a dish of porridge up in the garret for him every Thursday evening; and it's no wonder that they got on well and became rich when they had a brownie in the house. Stine believed he brought things to them. Whether it was the brownie, or not, who really helped them, I cannot say," said Mother Skau, in conclusion, and got such a fit of coughing and choking after the exertion of telling this, for her, unusually long story.

# SLOWMAN THE SLEEPER.

CHAPTER I.

OUSIN HERBERT, please, you are to go and play croquet with the others," said Lily Nevil to a young cousin who was staying at her father's house near the sea-side.

"It is too much trouble, Lily," was the reply. Herbert was lying on a bench on the lawn. He had appeared to be asleep for the last half-hour.

"It is very naughty of you not to go and play; I shall call you 'Slowman the Sleeper,' if you do not get up and go," said Lily.

But after standing a minute or two beside her

But after standing a minute or two beside her cousin, wondering whether he would do her bidding or not, she seemed suddenly to have changed her mind on the subject. She nestled up to Herbert, and whispered—though there was no one within a hundred yards to overhear her:

"If you won't go and play, you will tell Lily a

fairy tale, I know,"

"A fairy tale!—that's really a good joke," said Herbert. "If you will go back to your sisters and say how very sorry I am to be so tired, I'll go to sleep for a little while, and perhaps I may dream about fairies—that is, they will come to me in my sleep, and tell me some of their adventures."

In a few minutes Lily came back, quite out of breath. She ran so fast, partly because she wanted to know what the fairies had told Cousin Herbert while she was away, and partly because she was afraid of forgetting the message she was charged

with for him.

"They say—Alice says," panted she—"they say you are a Taugenichts. Do you know what that means, Cousin Herbert? And Alice says those who are not good for work are good for—no! that's not it——"

"Those who are not good for play are not good

for work; is that right, Lily?"

"Yes; and," added Lily, in a whisper, "I think they don't like you because you he about on benches and on the grass, and sit half asleep in easy chairs; and because you are always so tired and won't play."

"They should not choose such rough games, then—croquet is so fatiguing; it's quite too much

for me."

Lily found a seat on the bench on which Herbert was lying.

"Have the fairies said anything to you, Cousin

Herbert?" said she, in a low voice.

"You did not give me time to go to sleep, so they could not come to me in my dreams," replied Herbert, suddenly sitting upright, and appearing

really as if he were only just awake.

The lawn, including the croquet ground of Cliff House, extended to the edge of the cliff, and a singular and very desolate scene spread itself out beneath it. It looked over the estuary of two rivers, between which and the sea ran a very dangerous bar, stretching nearly all the way from cape to cape, if such they could be called where one point was low and sandy, and the other a rock scarcely rising twenty feet above the level of the highest tides.

On this rock stood a lighthouse, to warn mariners away from the dangerous bar in bad weather. When the tide was high, the channel was deep enough for vessels of moderate burden; but not after half-tide, when the water was running out,

or before half-tide, when it was flowing.

A large ball was drawn up on the lighthouse tower when there was water enough to pass the bar; when it was too low, the ball was let down. And when the weather was very thick, the machinery that raised the ball caused a bell to ring which could be heard far out at sea, but it only rang when the channel was deep enough for vessels to pass the bar.

"Do you know what takes care of the light-house ball, Lily?" as'ted Herbert.

sure," returned she.
"Simple Lily! On the contrary, it is a great
white seagull which lives in a hole in the wall of
the lighthouse, close beside the ball."

"Hans Cassel, the German clockmaker, to be

"Does he always stay there?" said Lily, open-

ing her eyes very wide indeed.

"No," replied Herbert; "he goes out into the bay very often to get cod-liver oil to keep the works moving smoothly and regularly, and that is why the fairies don't like the seagull, and are always at enmity with him."

"Cod-liver oil! that is kept in great bottles! I see it at the chemist's. Why does he go out into

the bay to get it?"

"The gull goes out to kill the codfish; then he gets the oil from them, and anoints the wheels and pulleys and bars that move the ball. Now certain fairies are great friends of the codfish—for there are sea fairies, though they can live out of the water; so, of course, they are enemies of the sea-

gull.

"Seeing the seagull take so great an interest in the ball, the fairies naturally thought that it was his most cherished toy and plaything. So they determined to watch what he did with his ball, that they might devise some means of spoiling his fun. When the tide was going out, therefore, a party of three fairies took the form of cockles, and opening the mouths of their shells they were able, from some sand-bank of the bar, to see the manœuvres of the seagull, whose name was Silverwing.

wing.

"As Silverwing lived, as I have told you, in a hole in the wall of the lighthouse tower, he had, of course, access to all the machinery within, which he kept in most excellent order. So that now, as the tide was going out, he had only to creep out of his hole, and sit upon the ball, and down it went, slowly and majestically, as low as it

would go.

"Then Silverwing laughed for joy, and stretched out his gleaming pinions, and sailed away over the bay to make war upon the codfish for the sake of the codl-iver oil.

"The fairies watched day after day when the tide was going out, and every day they saw Silverwing playing thus with his ball, riding upon it as it sunk; and, when it rose up again as the tide came in, he had another ride on it before he fixed

it in its place near the top of the tower.

"Now the sea fairies, who hated Silverwing, were great friends of some land fairies called Pixies; they lived in the wild, mountainous region called Dartmoor. On the top of the highest of its hills, named Zestor, they have built a most beautiful palace; the roofs are of crystal, and the pillars are adorned with rubies and emeralds and sapphires and topazes; and diamonds are set in multitudes in the capitals of the pillars, among beams and flowers and scrolls of gold. When you see the rainbow arching over the tops of those hills, you behold a faint reflection of the precious stones of the Pixies' palace, in its beautiful colors. But the palace itself is entirely hidden from mortal eyes. I know some very sharp ones that

have searched for it keenly, but they have never seen it.

"Now I must tell you that the Pixies are rather a mischievous race of fairies; one bad habit they have is, however, I believe, shared by all fairiesthat is, the habit of stealing children. It so happened that the Pixies had taken a fancy to a sweet little girl whom some of them had seen when on a visit to their relations in Brittany, and they had stolen her; and three trusty Pixies had put her on board a ship which was bound for this very port of Avonmouth, where the pretty child was to be landed and conveyed by means best known to Pixies to this wonderful palace on the top of

"Now this vessel came into the bay on the very day fixed upon by the malicious fairies to spoil Silverwing's fun. If their friends the Pixies had informed them that the ship was to be expected at that time, they might possibly have behaved very differently; but though they were very intimate, the Pixies knew that these sea-fairies were rather spiteful; so they kept the matter to themselves, which it is often prudent to do in regard to one's very intimate friend.

"The tide rose, and the ball was hung properly in its place. Silverwing looked out upon the stormy bay.

"'That ship,' said he, 'won't be able to come in this tide; she can't make way against such a furious wind."

"The tide fell—it fell soon because the wind

and the stream drove it back.

"'Aha!' said Silverwing; 'I said that ship would be too late! The sandbanks are getting uncovered—and what a sea! I must let down the ball.'

"So he came out of his hole, spread his wings, and seated himself on the ball. Lily! guess his horror—for he was really a well-intentioned fowl -when he found that the ball would not stir!

"'Oh, goodness me!' cried Silverwing, 'the tide is going out fast, and the ship will think there is water enough on the bar for her to pass.'

"'Poor Silverwing! Little did he imagine, when he was pushing with all his might at the ball, that the malicious fairies were under it, pushing it up as hard as they could, and really laughing at his distress, if you could have heard them through the roating wind and raging sea. And he, poor bird! there were tears—real tears—in his eyes as the ship drew nearer and nearer the breakers-with the little stolen child on board, you know. Nearer and nearer it came -- But what are they all running after-from the croquet ground, I mean? And what a wind is getting

"Alice's hat-Alice's hat !" cried Lily. running to join the chase. "Come, Cousin Herbertcome! It will be over the cliff directly; oh, what

"If people will play croquet on a cliff when the equinoctial gales are blowing, they must take the consequences," said Herbert, slowly getting up from his favorite seat, and strolling into the house, where he was staying on a visit.

#### CHAPTER II.

ALICE'S hat was blown over the cliff. The cliff was not very high nor very perpendicular, but the wind was rising, and no one thought it prudent to venture down the rough, broken rocks in search of the hat. Herbert would not come to help—he was so lazy!

So Alice had to run back to the house with her hair picturesquely floating, like the grim Earl of Coventry's, "a yard behind"; and she met Herbert at the hall-door, which he with difficulty held open, so violent had the gale now become.

"Oh, Herbert! I have lost my hat! why didn't you come and get it up for me? It is gone over

the cliff !"

"I thought this pleasant breeze would blow the cobwebs out of your brain, Ally," returned Her-

Herbert was a grown-up cousin of the young Nevils—that is, he was about twenty; he was at Oxford, and would soon return there, as the "long" was now drawing to a close. All his cousins and the rest of the party collected at Cliff House would have liked him very much if he had

not been so lazy—that was his great fault.
But, after all, I am not quite sure that he did not afford them more amusement in laughing at him for this fault than he would have done if he had been ever so active; and, altogether, he certainly was a great favorite at his uncle's, and spent

a part of every vacation at Cliff House.

Luckily, the hat was Alice's garden hat, and had been out in many storms; so in itself it was no great loss, and all would have gone on merry as a marriage bell if it had not happened that Herbert, instead of being himself merry and full of fun as usual, was extremely silent and thoughtful at dinner-time. So much so that the conversation at last went on without him, and he was quite forgotten till Lily and some others of the children came into the dining-room after dinner. Then Lily whispered to her mamma, "Mamma, where's Cousin Herbert? I want him to finish the fairy

Mrs. Nevil looked at Herbert's vacant place. "I did not see Herbert leave the room," said she.

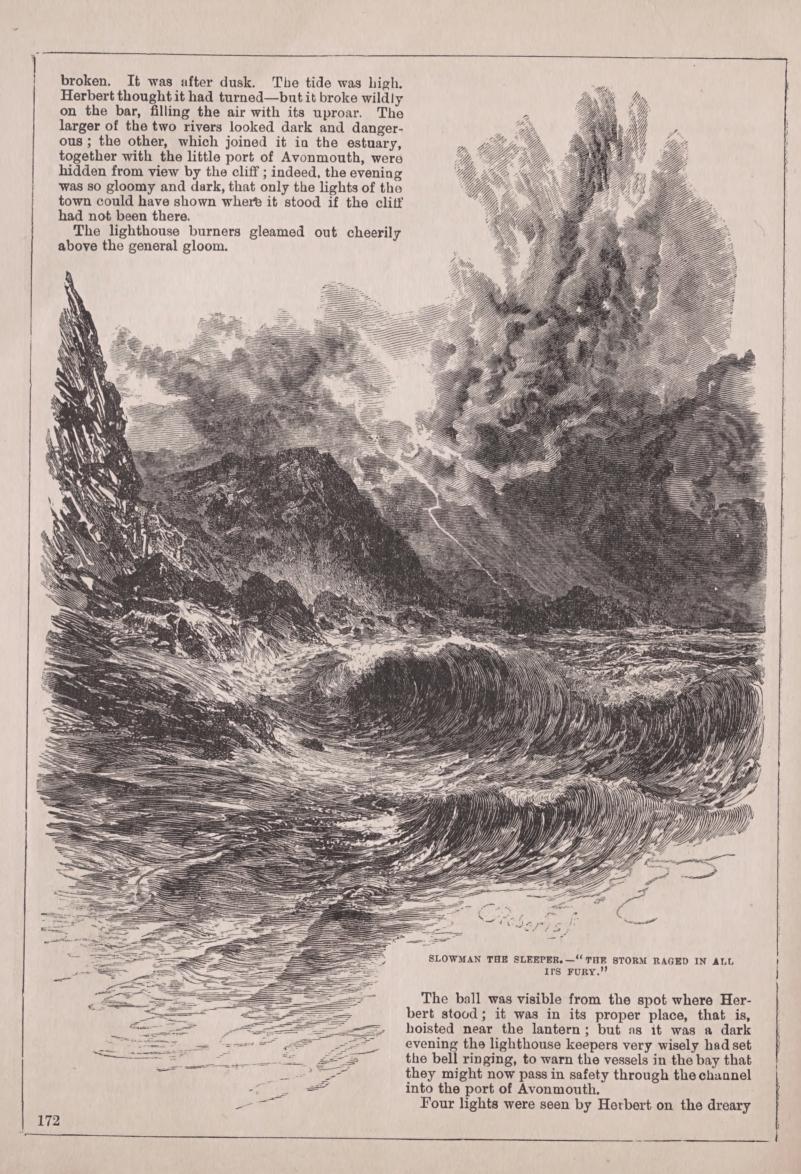
"Nor I," said Mr. Nevil; "but it's as well not to inquire too closely. I don't doubt the younger branches will benefit by his absence when they see him again."

Mr. Nevil thought his nephew was preparing some surprise for the children; for in amusing them, at least, he often forgot to be lazy. So everybody adopted this idea, and even the children were contented, except Lily, whose head was running on Herbert's fairy tale.

It was odd that Herbert's head had also been running on the fairy tale—at least, on the subject of it, and that was the reason he had left the dining-room silently at the same time that the

servants quitted it.

He stood with his head uncovered, and in his thin evening dress, outside the hall-door and looked out. The wind had risen into a strong gale, and the swift clouds from the southwest were dark and



sea. One was stationary, apparently belonging to a vessel at anchor near the shore, and also near the bar—the others were far out—too far, Herbert

about the bar was that the time of tide was more uncertain at Avonmouth than at most other places. The wind affected the tides in a remarkable degree,



THE TWELVE WILD SWANS.—"SO THE PRINCESS GREW UP, AND SHE WAS BOTH TALL AND FAIR, BUT SHE WAS SO OFTEN SO STRANGE AND SORROWFUL, NO ONE COULD UNDERSTAND WHAT AILED HER."—SEE PAGE 178.

thought, to get in this tide. He only hoped they would notice the silence of the bell when the tide should fall—as most likely they would not be able to see whether the ball were up or down.

and also the varying amount of the water in the two rivers delayed or hastened them considerably.

Herbert was uneasy in his mind, he scarcely knew why; but something urged him to go to his The reason why so many precautions were taken own room, put on a rough fisherman's coat and trousers, and a sou'wester for a hat, and a pair of fisherman's boots—and to go out into the storm.

Avonmouth was a place much decayed from its earlier importance. It had been a very considerable port, but the water diminished yearly in depth from the accumulation of matter brought down by the two rivers; the bar increased in magnitude and danger, till at length even its deepest channels would only admit vessels of moderate burden. So that the town wore a melancholy air of decay and poverty.

A fine old church and a few ancient houses, once inhabited by prosperous merchants, alone remained to tell the tale of its former consequence. Most of the inhabitants still maintained themselves by working for or supplying the vessels that fre-

quented the port, or by fishing.

Herbert stood on the shore by the river, which was now very dangerous, for though the tide was with the stream the wind was against it, and raised short, breaking waves, of considerable size. The lights of the town were reflected in the harbor; the glare of the lighthouse reddened the waves that

leaped and broke upon the bar.

The tide was going down. Herbert looked from the shore where he stood—a bleak, sandy shore, with a boat or two drawn up high and dry—across the river. The lighthouse wore the appearance proper to it, with the ball in its place; the loud bell swung heavily out above the roar of the sea. Herbert lighted a match and looked at his watch. "What can those two fellows in the lighthouse be about?" said he to himself; "it is an hour and a half past high water—there cannot be depth enough in the channel to let any vessel, except the very smallest, pass."

Still the bell rang across the wide, dark river. Herbert mounted a shelving bank that gave him a view over the bar. The three moving lights were much nearer. The bell was certainly heard on board the vessels, which were all plainly intending

to cross the bar.

A sudden thought struck Herbert. He ran off as fast as he could to the town, and knocked at the door of a respectable-looking house in the high street. The inhabitants of the town kept early hours, and the summons was answered by a nightcapped head from an upper window.

'Come down instantly, Cassel," said Herbert. "Down!" screamed the clockmaker, holding on his nightcap with both hands, "do you think I am so big a goose to go out because you do call? You

are strange to me-

"Come down, I tell you!" cried Herbert; "there's something wrong at the lighthouse, with the machinery, I mean. Three craft will be wrecked on the bar if the bell goes on ringing in that way! Come down, I say?"
"Mein Gott!" exclaimed the little German,

drawing in his head, nightcap and all, and shut-

ting the window.

As Herbert waited, as he thought, an eternity for the appearance of the clockmaker, who was a wonderfully clever machinist - one of those geniuses whom a strange fatality sometimes buries in remote places—another man came hurriedly

down the street. Seeing Herbert, whom he did not recognize in the gloom, standing at Cassel's

door, he said:

"Have you heard the bell? the tide is going down fast and the wind is right upon the bar; if those craft try to take it they'll be wrecked. The man at the lighthouse must be asleep or dead. I'm going to get a fly to take me there by Ladyweir bridge."

"It is useless," said Herbert; "you will be too

late."

At that moment Cassel opened the door, wrapped up in such a manner as almost to look like that fatal ball still visible by the rays of the lantern near the top of the lighthouse tower.

"You must come with me; I am Mr. Nevil's nephew. Something is wrong with the bell and ball at the lighthouse."

"Where is your wagen?" said Hans Cassel. "At the water side; we must cross the river."

"Not I," said Hans, doggedly.

"There will be plenty of corpse lights in the churchyard if the tide throws up the mariners that are running to destruction on the bar, misled by that dreadful bell that nobody can stop but yourself. I don't envy you, Hans, that's all."

Hans was very superstitious; a great genius in his way, but much of a simpleton. He trembled all over, and began to feel for his latch-key in his

pocket. The wind had shut his door.

The second man who had addressed Herbert had

suddenly disappeared.

Herbert placed himself resolutely in front of the clockmaker's door, so that he could not approach it.

"I saw a corpse light the other night," resumed he, "just over the skipper who was drowned on the bar before the ball and bell were placed on the lighthouse. His chronometer was wroug; I would not be in the chronometer-maker's shoes—oh, not for anything-that light would-but what's that ?"

Herbert turned round. Hans Cassel turned, too; there, down the dark street, near where the church rose black and massive in the cloudy sky, was seen a crimson light making an irregular track, but cer-

tainly approaching the two.

"Mein Gott!" cried Hans, making a dash at his door; but Herbert stood before it firm as a rock.

"You must come with me. Are you a Christian man and refuse to come when you alone can save

the lives of Christians?"

The light drew nearer and nearer. Herbert was delighted to see the little watchmaker dart off at the top of his speed down the dark street in the opposite direction. He rushed after him and seized his arm in order to give his flight a tendency to the desired point. Both stood before long in the black solitude on the brink of the roaring stream.

"Oh, mercy!" exclaimed Hans. "You are never going to—"
"I am, though, and so are you," replied Herbert, pushing down the boat that lay near him with almost superhuman strength, but keeping an eye on the dark, round figure of the clockmaker.

"I will not, I dare not!" cried Hans; "that shreckliches black water!" Herbert strongly con-

templated lifting up that round bundle, the kerne, of which was the mechanical genius Hans Cassel, and depositing it bodily in the boat, when at that moment the crimson light was visible round the sandy corner of the cliff. With a shrill cry of terror Hans tumbled into the boat, and in another instant the strong arms of Herbert, alias Slowman the Sleeper, were urging a pair of heavy oars against the wild waves of the river.

Terrified as was the clockmaker at his actual position, he was a little consoled in his present peril when he beheld the crimson light on the shore he had left, standing still, as he fancied, with

a disappointed air.

"It cannot—no—it is impossible—it cannot follow me here!" muttered he.

Terrible was that struggle with the waves; the wind and the stream wrestled wildly together, but the skill and strength of Herbert kept the head of the boat in a slanting direction in regard to both; and with a thankful heart he at length leaped on shore, and dragged, rather than led, the watchmaker to the lighthouse.

The joy of the lighthouse-keeper at seeing two human beings, one of whom he recognized as the machinist, may be better imagined than described. "Come up, master," cried he; "the machinery is

all wrong! Oh! that dreadful bell!"

A fearful disaster had happened. The comrade of the lighthouse-keeper, in coming down the little stair from the lantern, had slipped and broken his leg. His mate with the greatest difficulty had got him down the stair; he lay in great agony in one of the chambers. They had been quite unable to discover where the machinery was wrong, nor could the one man capable of moving go, miles round, for help. The boat belonging to the lighthouse was, unfortunately, in a little cove on the further side. Worst of all, three vessels were approaching the bar, deceived by the bell; one, the man feared, was on the bar already.

"Bring all the rope you have," cried Herbert. He and the lighthouse-keeper dragged heavy coils

of rope down to the further beach.

There, indeed, was a fearful scene. The gale had increased to a violent storm, and a vessel appeared to be aground at the entrance of the channel, which was now becoming shallow from the fall of the tide. Two others seemed too near to escape the risks of the sandbanks.

Herbert and the lighthouse-keeper with great difficulty launched the boat belonging to the establishment. One end of the rope was made fast to a post on the shore. The coils were already in the

boat.

"If I don't come back," said Herbert, coolly, "you and the clockmaker had better carry your mate down to my boat and row him across the river."

"Not for my life!" said the man, "on such a night as this!"

Herbert pulled away toward the sloop, which was on the sandbank. It was not very far on, but must inevitably go to pieces when the tide should turn. It was, indeed, a pull for life or death. But the little boat and the fearless oarsman plunged deep and rose again and again, and passed in safety over the angry sea, till at length they reached the sloop. Not a moment was to be lost. She was in a very bad position, thumping heavily; she might break up any moment. The rope was put on board and made fast, and one of the sloop's crew of seven men trusted himself to it, and, passing along it hand-over-hand, made his way safely to shore.

Two others followed his example.

Herbert was in the boat; the terrible bell had ceased to pour its deceitful voice over the waves, crying out "Peace, where there was no peace." And as the boat rose to the top of the billow, he saw with a thankful heart the two other lights belonging to the vessels that had approached so perilously near the bar now moving away from it. So his work there was done, and the remainder of the sloop's crew came on board his boat; and though their own boat had been stove, the oars were safe, so they helped Herbert to row back to the little beach.

"I stopped the bell, sir," said the crestfallen machinist. "I never did know such a thing as the

machine going wrong.'

"In five minutes the two other craft would have been hard and fast on the bar," said the lighthouse-man, who was hospitably supplying the shipwrecked sailors with food.

"Who volunteers to cross the river with me to get help for this poor fellow?" said Herbert, pointing to the unfortunate man whose leg was

broken.

Two of the rescued men readily consented to do so, though the lighthouse-keeper endeavored to dissuade all the party from attempting so dangerous an undertaking. Herbert, being refreshed with some food and an hour's rest, was soon once more on the dark river. But he had rightly divined that the tide being now low, the wind had less power over the stream, and thus the second passage was attended with less risk than the first.

Several lights were moving on the beach. Herbert saw that he was expected back with the little machinist, who, however, preferred awaiting on the other side of the stream the subsidence of the storm. The first person he recognized was the Mayor of Avonmouth; he was the person who had spoken to him when he was standing at Cassel's

door.

"That unlucky bell!" said he. "So the sloop's gone to pieces—the crew, of course, lost, poor fellows!"

Herbert had not much time for explanation. He took the mayor with him to the house of the Avonmouth doctor, who was soon ready to go to the assistance of the poor lighthouse-keeper. His assistant followed him with the necessary appliances. Like two brave men as they were, they chose to cross the still dangerous river, rather than consume the precious time in the long and heavy ride across the distant bridge and along the shingly shore at the point of which the lighthouse stood. Two coastguardsmen undertook to row them across the stream. There was no time to lose, for when the tide should turn no mortal would be able to attempt the passage and live.



the way to Cliff House with Herbert, he told him that he had adopted the idea of frightening the little clockmaker into doing his duty by the fear of the corpse-lights, and had run to his own home for a lantern, which contained the light that had actually driven Hans Cassel over the river.

How well the mayor succeeded Herbert readily understood.

absence. "I wonder when I shall forgive him for not going down the cliff to rescue my poor hat?"

"Who did rescue it, if he did not?" asked one of her brothers. "It's in the hall, hanging on its usual peg."

"Dear me, how strange !" "Herbert is a good fellow," said Mr. Nevil. "He has but one fault, and that is his incurable laziness."

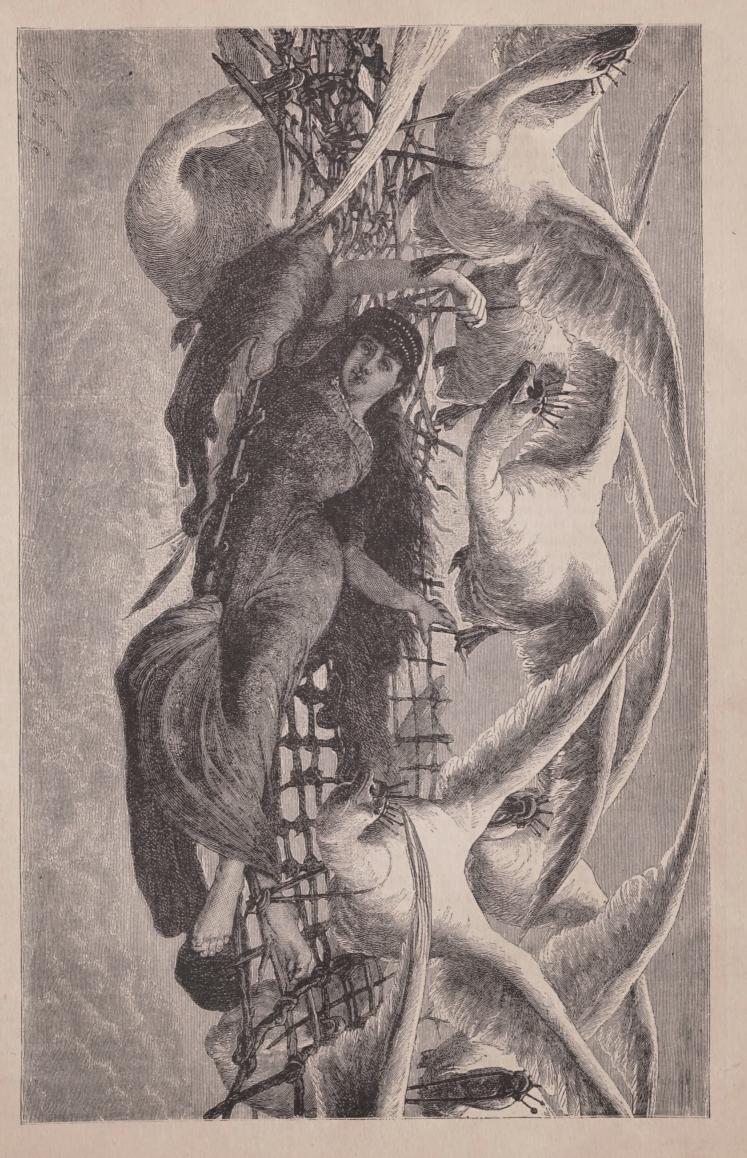
"Affectation, I should aunt.

naughty Cousin Herbert! Then you won't be able to tell me the rest of the fairy tale?"

"Oh, yes, I shall-or I will draw you a picture of its conclusion, which will do as well."

"Herbert," said Alice, "some more gallant knight than yourself has had the courage to go down the cliff for my hat, which you would not do. It hangs in the hall





THE TWELVE WILD SWANS,—"THEY MADE A FRAMEWORK AND MADE HER LIE ON IT, AND THEN THEY TOOK IT UP BY THEIR BILLS AND CARRIED HER WITH THEM TO A GREAT WIDE MOOR,"—SEE PAGE 178.

"I am so glad you have it again, Alice," returned Herbert, "it is such a becoming hat."

After breakfast Lily drew Herbert aside, and once more begged him to finish the fairy tale. "I want to know," said she, "which got the victory, the bad fairies or Silverwing."

"The bad fairies were very powerful," said Herbert, taking Lily on his knee, "and Silverwing, kind Silverwing, sitting there upon the ball, trying to make himself heavier and heavier, felt his heart very sad, indeed, for he could not press down the ball, and there was the vessel with the child the Pixies had stolen going on the bar as fast as she could, in the full persuasion that there was water

enough to permit her to pass it.

"Now it so happened that Silverwing's brother saw all that happened; and knowing that the Pixies of Dartmoor were more powerful than the wicked sea fairies, flew straight across the country, to their beautiful palace at the top of Zestor. Silverwing's brother was quite dazzled with the brilliancy of the crystal roofs, and the diamonds and other precious stones that adorned this splendid building, and with the lovely tints reflected from it on a rainbow which just then arched

"But, being a fowl of sense, he pulled the door bell with his beak, and was admitted to the presence of the fairy king and queen and all their

court, to whom he told his piteous tale.

"You may imagine the anger of these potentates at the malice of the sea fairies, directed so cruelly against the lovely child whom they themselves had stolen; and they sent Silverwing's brother back with the assurance that they would see to the matter, but that neither he nor Silverwing must be alarmed at what they said or at any-

thing that happened.

"Strange to say, when Silverwing and Silverwing's brother were able to compare notes, they found that just at the moment when Silverwing's brother had left the Pixies' palace, Silverwing had begun to feel himse'f growing heavier and heavier. A slight impression was made upon the ball-it began to sink. Silverwing's heart became lighter as his body gained more weight. He looked out at sea, and thought he saw the doomed vessel tacking about so as to avoid the bar. Evidently those on board saw the ball going down.

"Now, Lily, bring me a pencil and a piece of paper, and I will draw you a picture of Silverwing

pressing down the ball."

Lily, in a fever of delight, stood beside her cousin to see the wonderful sketch that was grow-

ing under his hand.
"There! that's the lighthouse tower—oh, it's so like! and there are three naughty fairies trying to push up the ball. What ugly little creatures they are! tormenting the lovely child! and there are Silverwing's wings-and-and a face between them. I declare-oh, Herbert! I declare it's exactly like Hans Cassel, the watchmaker!"

Lily's raptures were interrupted by the arrival

of a visitor. It was the Avonmouth doctor.

After speaking to Mr. and Mrs. Nevil, he came up to Herbert and shook him warmly by the hand.

"I'm glad to see you up and busy, Herbert," said he.

"Breakfast was half over when he came down,"

said Herbert's uncle, smiling.

"No wonder," returned Mr. Stephens. "I have brought you a message of gratitude from the people at the lighthouse," continued he, addressing Herbert; "and as to the sailors and fishermen at the port, I believe you will have to be carried in a triumphal procession round the old town The two other vessels that if you venture there. were all but on the bar are safe in the harbor. The pilots ventured out as soon as they had worked themselves clear of the sandbanks when they found the bell stopped. But the greatest escape of all was that of the brig that was at anchor. Seeing the night look so bad, she was just about to heave anchor and make for the channel, in order to come into port, when the bell left off ringing. She luckily held to her anchors, and came in safely at high water this morning."

Mr. and Mrs. Nevil looked very much surprised at this address, as did the rest of the party, composed of Herbert's cousins and some other visit-

ors staying at the house.

But Herbert rose and walked quietly out of the room, for he knew what story the doctor was about to relate, and he did not wish to hear it. As he passed his cousin Alice, he said:

"Alice, I hope you will present the ribbon of your hat to the gallant knight who found it at the foot of the cliff, and brought it home for you."

The profoundest silence reigned in the breakfast-room at Cliff House while the doctor related the events of the night, gathered from the worthy mayor, the clockmaker, the lighthousemen, and the sailors, and wound up by his own personal experiences.

Herbert's uncle listened with natural pride to the tale of the good doctor. A few tears stole down the cheeks of his aunt, and perhaps those of Alice as well. Lily stood beside Mr. Stephens with open eyes and mouth, as if she could have listened with them as well as with her ears. Her plump little hands held Herbert's sketch spread wide out.

Certainly none of the party ever called Herbert "Slowman the Sleeper" again, though he might deserve to be laughed at for his affectations. And the last two things we have heard of that lazy individual are, that though he still sometimes professes to be very much tired and extremely sleepy, when all the world knows that he is wide awake, yet he has helped to win the college boat-race, and is suspected of being likely to stand very high in the final class list.

# THE TWELVE WILD SWANS.

THERE was once a queen who was very rich and had several children; but as her children were born they were all boys, till at last she had twelve around her. They were handsome, good, and talented; but she longed for a daughter, and after the birth of each son she was more and more disappointed. There seemed no happiness for her in the world because she had no little girl to dote

One day in Winter as she sat sewing, she pricked her finger and the blood came. As she looked at the red blood on her finger and the white snow on the window where she sat, she fell a thinking how she had twelve sons and no daughter, and she said to herself:

"If I only had a daughter as white as snow and as red as blood, I shouldn't care what became of

But the words were scarce out of her mouth before an old witch of the Trolls came up to her.

"A daughter you shall have," she said, "and she shall be as white as snow and as red as blood, and your sons shall be mine; but you may keep them till the babe is a year old."

So when the time came the queen had a daughter, and she was as white as snow and as red as blood, just as the Troll had promised, and so they called her "Snow-white and Rosy red." Well, there was great joy at the king's court, and the queen was as glad as glad could be; but when what she had promised to the old witch came into her mind, she sent for a silversmith, and bade him make twelve silver spoons, one for each prince, and after that she bade him make one more, and that she gave to Snow-white and Rosy-red. But as soon as ever the princess was a year old, the princes were turned into twelve wild swans, and flew away. Their mother never saw them againaway they went, and away they staid.

So the princess grew up, and she was both tall and fair, but she was often so strange and sorrowful, and no one could understand what ailed her. But one evening the queen was also sorrowful, for she had many strange thoughts when she thought of her sons. She said to Snow-white and

Rosy-red:

"Why are you so sorrowful, my daughter? Is there anything you want? if so, only say the word,

and you shall have it."

"Oh, it seems so dull and lonely here," said Snow-white and Rosy-red; "every one else has brothers and sisters, but I am all alone; I have none; and that's why I am so sorrowful.

"But you had brothers, my daughter," said the queen; "I had twelve sons who were your brothers, but I gave them all away to g.t you;" and

so she told her the whole story.

So when the princess heard that she had no rest; for, in spite of all the queen could say or do, and all she wept and praved, the lassie would set off to seek her brothers, for she thought it was all her fault; and at last she got leave to go away from the palace. On and on she walked into the wide world, so far, you would never have thought a young lady could have strength to walk so far.

So, once, when she was walking through a great, great wood, one day she felt tired, and sat down on a mossy tuft and fell asleep. Then she dreamt that she went deeper and deeper into the wood, till she came to a little wooden hut, and there she found her brothers; just then she awoke, and straight before her she saw a worn path in the green moss, and this path went deeper into the wood; so she followed it, and after a long time she came to just such a little wooden house as that she had seen in her dream.

Now, when she went into the room there was no one at home, but there stood twelve beds, and twelve chairs, and twelve spoons—a dozen of everything, in short. So when she saw that, she was so glad, she hadn't been so glad for many a long year; for she could guess at once that her brothers lived here, and that they owned the beds, and chairs, and spoons. So she began to make up the fire, and sweep the room, and make the beds, and cook the dinner, and to make the house as tidy as she could; and when she had done all the cooking and work, she ate her own dinner, and crept under her youngest brother's bed, and lay down there, but she forgot her spoon upon the table.

So she had scarcely laid herself down before she heard something flapping and whirring in the air, and so all the twelve wild swans came sweeping in; but as soon as ever they crossed the threshold

they became princes.

"Oh, how nice and warm it is in here," they "Heaven bless him who made up the fire,

and cooked such a good dinner for us.'

And so each took up his silver spoon and was going to eat. But when each had taken his own, there was one still left lying on the table, and it was so like the rest that they couldn't tell it from

"This is our sister's spoon," they said: "and if her spoon be here, she can't be very far off her-

self."

"If this be our sister's spoon, and she be here," said the eldest, "she shall be killed, for she is to blame for all the ill we suffer."

And this she lay under the bed and listened to.

"No," said the youngest; "'twere a shame to kill her for that. She has nothing to do with our suffering ill; for if any one's to blame, it's our own mother.

So they set to work hunting for her both high and low, and at last they looked under all the beds. and so when they came to the youngest prince's bed, they found her, and dragged her out. Then the eldest prince wished again to have her killed, but she begged and prayed so prettily for herself.

"Oh! gracious goodness! don't kill me, for I've gone about seeking you these three years, and if I could only set you free, I'd willingly lose my

life."

"Well!" said they, "if you will set us free, you may keep your life; for you can if you choose.

"Only tell me," said the princess, "how it can

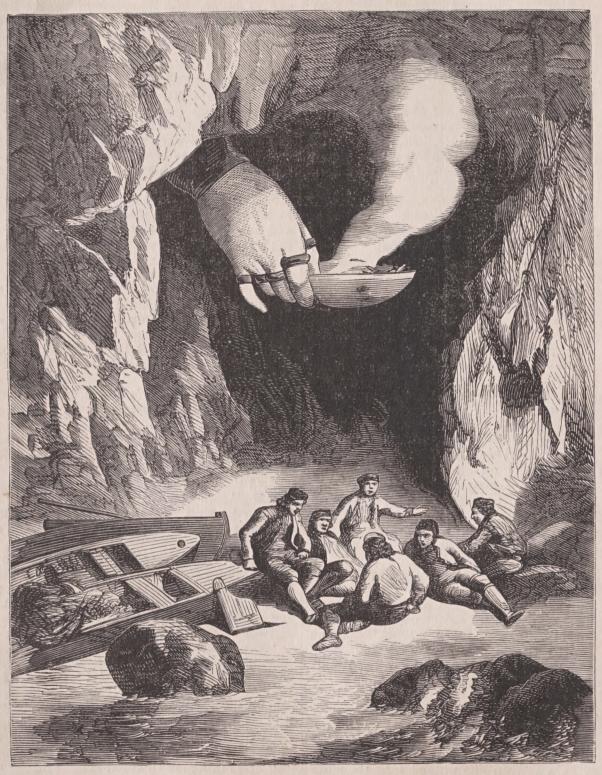
be done, and I'll do it, whatever it be."

"You must pick thistle-down," said the princes, "and you must card it, and spin it, and weave it; and after you have done that, you must cut out and make twelve coats, and twelve shirts, and twelve neckerchiefs, one for each of us, and while you do that, you must neither talk, nor laugh, nor weep. If you can do that, we are free."

"But where shall I ever get thistle-down enough for so many neckerchiefs, and shirts, and coats?"

asked Snow-white and Posy-red.

"We'll soon show you," said the princes; and so they made a frame-work and made her lie on it, and then they took it up by their bills and carried her with them to a great, wide moor, where there could. Every evening her brothers returned and carried her back with them. When she got home at night she set to work carding and spinning yarn from the down. So she went on a long, long time,



THE MAGIC HAND.—"THE ROCK OPENED AND A GIGANTIC HAND THRUST DOWN TOWARD THEM A BOWL FULL OF STIRABOUT." —SEE PAGE 182.

stood such a crop of thistles, all nodding and nodding in the breeze, and the down all floating and glistening like gossamers through the air in the sunbeams. The princess had never seen such a quantity of thistle-down in her life, and she began to pluck and gather it as fast and as well as she | flew off again, and were wild swans the whole day.

picking, and carding, and spinning, and all the while keeping the princes' house, cooking, and making their beds. At evening home they came, flapping and whirring like wild swans, and all night they were princes, but in the morning they

But now it happened once, when she was out on the moor to pick thistle-down-and if I don't mistake, it was the very last time she was to go thither -it happened that the young king who ruled that

take her home to his castle and marry her. ordered his servants to take her and put her up on his horse. Snow-white and Rosy-red, she wrung her hands, and made signs to them, and pointed land was out hunting, and came riding across the to the bags in which her work was, and when the



GOLD-BROW .- "I THEN LEAPED DOWN THE WATERFALL ." SEE PAGE 183.

moor and saw her. So he stopped there, and wondered who the lovely lady could be that walked along the moor picking thistle-down, and he asked her her name, and when he could get no answer,

king saw she wished to have them with her, he told his men to take up the bags behind them. When they had done that the princess came to herself, little by little, for the king was both a wise and a he was still more astonished; and at last he liked handsome man, too, and he was as soft and kind to her so much, that nothing would do but he must her as a doctor. But when they got home to the palace, and the old queen, who was his stepmother, set eyes on Snow-white and Rosy-red, she got so cross and jealous of her because she was so lovely, that she said to the king:

"Can't you see now, that this thing whom you have picked up, and whom you are going to marry, Why, she can't either talk, or laugh,

or weep !"

But the king didn't care a pin for what she said, but held on with the wedding, and married Snowwhite and Rosy-red, and they lived in great joy and glory; but she didn't forget to go on sewing at her shirts.

So when the year was almost out, Snow-white and Rosy-red brought a prince into the world, and then the old queen was more spiteful and jealous than ever, and at the dead of night she stole in to Snow-white and Rosy-red, while she slept, and took away her babe, and threw it into a pitfull of snakes. After that she cut Snow-white and Rosy-red in her finger, and smeared the blood over her mouth, and went straightway to the king.

"Now come and see," she said, "what sort of a thing you have taken for your queen; here she has eaten up her own babe."

Then the king was so downcast, he almost burst

into tears, and said:

"Yes, it must be true, for I see it with my own eyes; but she'll not do it again, I'm sure, and so

this time I'll spare her life."

So before the next year was out she had another son, and the same thing happened. The king's stepmother got more and more jealous and spite-She stole in to the young queen at night while she slept, took away the babe, and threw it into a pit full of snakes, cut the young queen's finger, and smeared the blood over her mouth, and then went and told the king she had eaten up her Then the king was so sorrowful, you own child. can't think how sorry he was, and he said:

"Yes, it must be true, since I see it with my own eyes; but she'll not do it again, I'm sure, and so

this time, too, I'll spare her life.'

Well, before the next year was out, Snow-white and Rosy-red brought a daughter into the world, and her, too, the old queen took and threw into the pit full of snakes, while the young queen slept. Then she cut her finger, smeared the blood over her mouth, and went again to the king and

"Now you may come and see if it isn't as I say; she's a wicked, wicked witch, for here she has gone

and eaten up her third babe, too."

Then the king was so sad, there was no end to it, for now he couldn't spare her any longer, but had to order her to be burnt alive on a pile of wood. But just when the pile was all ablaze, and they were going to put her on it, she made signs to them to take twelve boards and lay them round the pile, and on these she laid the neckerchiefs, and the shirts, and the coats for her brothers, but the youngest brother's shirt wanted its left arm, for she hadn't had time to finish it. And as soon as ever she had done that, they heard such a flapping and whirring in the air, and down came twelve wild swans flying over the forest, and each of them snapped up his clothes in his bill and flew off with them.

"See, now!" said the old queen to the king. "wasn't I right when I told you she was a witch; but make haste and burn her before the pile burns low."

"Oh!" said the king, "we've wood enough and to spare, and so I'll wait a bit, for I have a mind

to see what the end of all this will be."

As he spoke up came the twelve princes riding along, as handsome, well-grown lads as you'd wish to see; but the youngest prince had a wild swan's wing instead of his left arm.

"What's all this about ?" asked the princes. "My queen is to be burnt," said the king, "because she's a witch, and because she has eaten up her own babes."

"She hasn't eaten them at all," said the princes. "Speak now, sister; you have set us free and saved

us, now save yourself.

Then Snow-white and Rosy-red spoke, and told the whole story; how each time the old queen, the king's stepmother, had stolen into her room at night, and taken her babes away, and cut her little finger, and smeared the blood over her mouth; and then the princes took the king and showed him the snake-pit where three babes lay playing with adders and toads, and lovelier children you never saw.

So the king had them taken out at once, and went to his stepmother, and asked her what punishment she thought that woman deserved who could find it in her heart to betray a guiltless queen and three such blessed little babes.

The wicked woman saw that her doom was come. She could not speak a word; so she was cast into the snake-pit, and soon closed her wicked life.

# THE MACIC HAND.

THERE is an island on the coast of Iceland, called Skrúdur, which was formerly held by trolls or fairy giants. One day, a beautiful maiden disappeared; and this was not the man's only loss, for, after he had lost his daughter, it happened that every Winter, for several years, his best wethers always disappeared.

As a matter of course, people shunned the island as much as possible; but once, in the Winter. some fishermen were caught in a storm at sea, and were compelled to take shelter under this rocky

island.

When they had fastened their boats, they sat down near the beach, drenched as they were, and to while away the time, sang songs about the Virgin Mary-when suddenly the rock opened, and a gigantic hand came out, with a ring on each finger, and the arm clad in a scarlet velvet sleeve, which thrust down toward them a large bowl full of stirabout, with as many spoons in it as there were fishermen.

At the same time they heard a voice, saying:

"My wife is pleased now, but not I."

The men were at first terribly alarmed, but at

last, as the stirabout looked so good, they said grace devoutly, and being hungry, soon dispatched it.

When the men had eaten the stirabout, the bowl disappeared into the rock in the same way as it had appeared.

The next day the storm had abated, and they

rowed safely to the main land.

At the same season in the year following, the fishermen were again driven to seek shelter on this island by violent winds; and while they sat near the beach, being less timid and more reckless this time, they amused themselves by singing songs about Andri the Hero; when the same hand appeared from the rock, holding out to them a great dish full of fat-smoked mutton, and they heard these words:

"Now am I pleased, but not my wife."

So the fishermen ate the meat, and the dish was taken back into the rock. Soon afterward the wind fell, and they were enabled to row safely to shore.

Some years passed away, until Bishop Gudmundur visited that part of his diocese, in order to bind the malignant monsters in rocks and waters and mountains, by his prayers. When he came to Holmar, he was asked by the priest to consecrate the island Skrúdur; but the same night the bishop had a dream, in which a tall and splendidly dressed man came to him and said:

"Do not obey the priest's injunction, nor consecrate Skrúdur, for it will be very difficult for me to move away with all my chattels before your arrival. Besides this, I may as well tell you, that if you come out to visit that island, it will be your

last journey in this life."

So the bishop refused, on the morrow, to consecrate the island at all, and the troll was left in peace.

## GOLD-BROW.

ONG ago, a certain woman, named Audur the wealthy, lived at a farm called Hvammur, in the west country. The farm stood on the bank of a river, on the opposite side of which were rich cornfields.

But Audur had forbidden any seed to be sown on a particular spot where the land happened to be best, nor did she allow her servants to graze any cattle there, and if by chance any cows had been there, she forbade them to be milked the next day.

Once it happened that when Audur was very old, a young and handsome woman came to Hvammur, who declared her name to be Gold-brow, but nobody knew either whence she came or who she was.

She bought the land of Audur's steward, at which his mistress was very angry. By her magic arts Gold-brow accumulated immense wealth, but had to retire to a gloomy valley where she died.

Audur did not endeavor to reclaim from Goldbrow the ground which she had bought, but destroyed all the corn-fields round it, from the sea to a rocky river-gulf in one direction, and from the mountain to the river in the other. She also set up three crosses where the gulf joined the mountain (whence its name Cross-gult), and said: "During my life Gold-brow shall never cross this boundary."

And this came true, for during the life of Audur, Gold-brow neither brought her sheep and cattle to graze anywhere near the crops nor approached

them herself.

Now Gold-brow built on her piece of ground a farm and a large temple, where she made great offerings, and performed all sorts of witchcraft.

On her death-bed, she told her servants to bury her in a deep and precipitous gulf, where neither was the sun ever seen, nor church-bells ever heard.

In the gulf she pointed out, there was a vast waterfall, and under the waterfall a cave, and the water at the foot of the fall was very deep and its eddying awful.

To this cave Gold-brow was carried, and in it buried, with her head upon a chest of gold. Long afterward her ghost haunted all the mountains round, so that neither man nor beast was safe after twilight, and much mischief was done.

At this time a farmer lived at Hvammur, named Skeggi, who was a heathen, and addicted to witch-

craft.

This man suffered much from the persecutions of the goblin Gold-brow, who killed his herdsmen and his sheep for him one after the other. Skeggi became more wroth with her every day, and in proportion to his anger increased his desire to become possessed of her golden treasures under the waterfall, for he considered that her gold would be of infinitely more use to a living man than to a dead witch.

With this idea in his head, he one day started off for the waterfall; but so long was the way that it was evening before he arrived there. He commanded his two servants whom he had brought with him to let him down into the gulf with a rope. They did so, and he disappeared into the cave under the waterfall.

The two men who held the end of the rope, heard, atter a little while, the sound of heavy blows and loud shrieks beneath the water, and it was plain that some fearful struggle was going on there.

At last they became so horrified as to be on the point of taking flight, when Skeggi gave them the

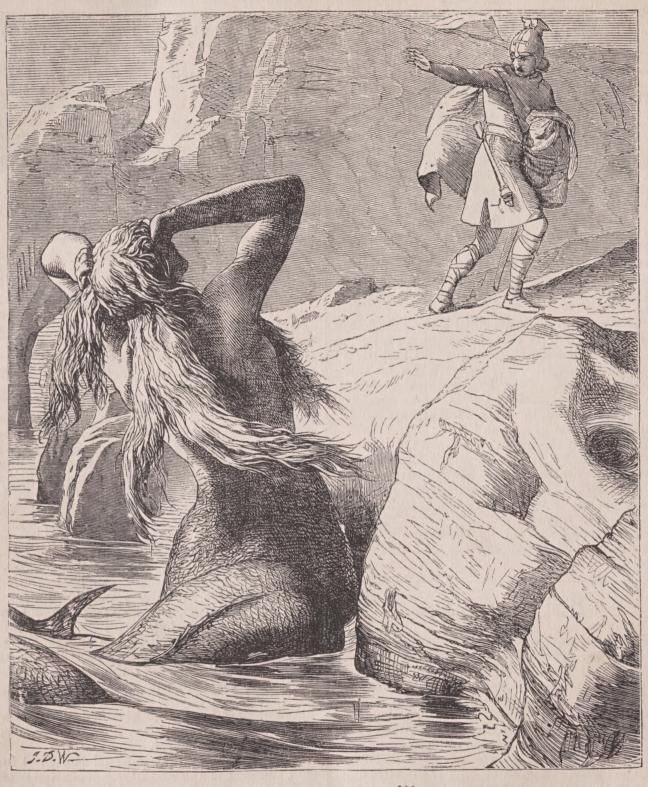
sign to pull up the rope.

When they did so they found the chest full of gold fastened to the end of it. They had scarcely pulled it up to the edge of the gulf before they saw the whole valley filled with a strange and spectral fire, whose flames flared higher than the very mountains, and letting 30 of the rope in their fright, they took to their heels, while the chest fell down again into the abyss.

Skeggi came home some time afterward, very weary, and covered with bruises and blood, but bringing on one of his arms a kettle full of gold, which he had managed to take out of the chest of

Gold-brow, and climb with up the rope.

But though he had fought hard with the ghost of the troll, he had been unable to subdue her, and



THE MERMAID .- SEE PAGE 186.

she became now more dangerous than ever, killing his sheep and his herdsmen, till at last he could get no servants at all.

Skeggi from this time became a changed man, and was so affected by the constant loss of his servants, that he fell ill and took, for a long time, to

At last one day, after his recovery, being without any herdsmen, he went out himself as if to watch the flocks.

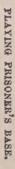
But he did not return either that night or the

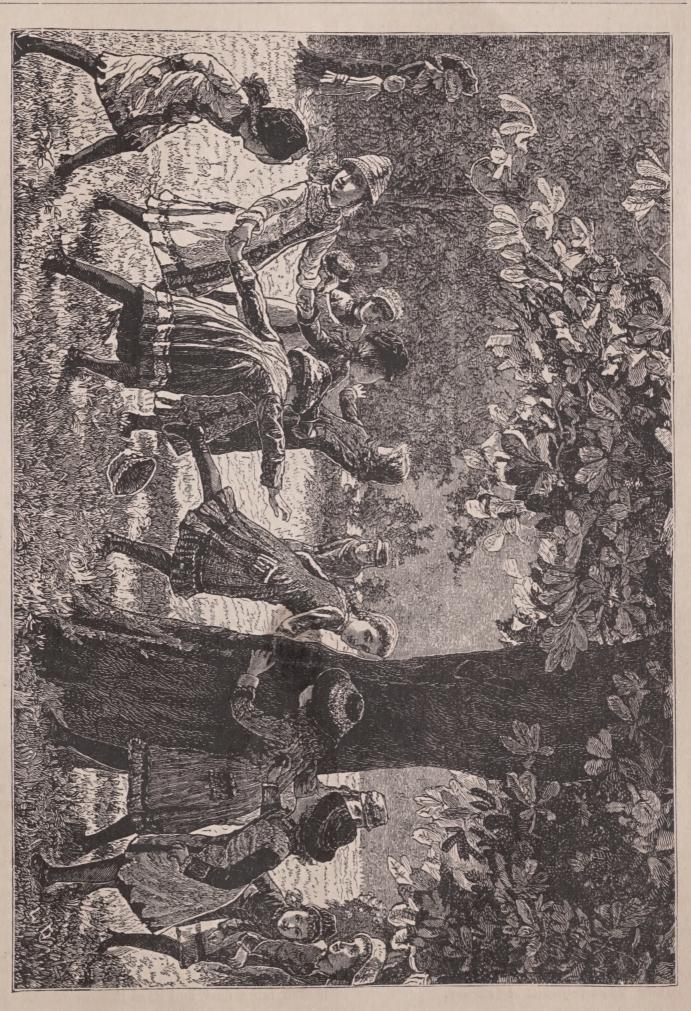
next. On the third day, however, he came back, more dead than alive, bearing on his back Goldbrow's treasure-chest.

He said: "You will not see much more either of the troll or of me."

And after these words he took to his bed, whence he never rose again.

Before he died, he ordered that the gold contained in the kettle should be expended in timber for building a church at Hvammur.
"For," he continued, "the first time I went to





the waterfall and struggled with the ghost of Gold-brow, I called upon Thor to aid me, but he deceived me and played me false. The last time I went to seek her, in my despair and anguish I called upon Christ, the God of the Christians, to aid me, promising to build a church to Him, and then leaped down the waterfall. Suddenly a bright gleam of light struck full into the eyes of the phantom-troll, and she became a stone in the midst of the gulf."

But in spite of all this, Skeggi died a heathen, and refused to be buried in the consecrated ground of the church which he had commanded to be built. So they buried him in the open country, and under his head placed the chest of Gold-brow.

#### THE MERMAID.

WHEN seven long, lonely months were gone,
The mermaid to his cavern came;
No more unshapen from the zone,
But like a maid of mortal frame.

"Oh, give to me that ruby ring
That on thy finger grances gay,
And thou shalt hear the mermaid sing
The song thou lov'st, of Colonsay."

"This ruby ring of crimson grain
Shall on thy finger glitter gay,
If thou wilt bear me through the main,
Again to visit Colonsay."

"Except thou quit thy former love, Content to dwell for aye with me, Thy scorn my finny frame might move To tear thy limbs amid the sea."

"Then bear me swift along the main,
The lonely isle again to see;
And when I here return again,
I plight my faith to dwell with thee."

An oozy film her limbs o'erspread, While slow unfolds her scaly train; With gluey tangs her hands were clad; She lashed with webbèd fin the main.

He grasps the mermaid's scaly sides, As with broad fins she oars her way; Beneath the silent moon she glides, That sweetly sleeps on Colonsay.

Proud swells her heart! She deems at last To lure him with her silver tongue; And as the shelving rocks she passed, She raised her voice and sweetly sung,

In softer, sweeter strains she sung, Slow gliding o'er the moonlit bay, When light to land the chieftain sprung, To hail the maid of Colonsay.

Oh! sad the mermaid's gay notes fell, And sadly sink remote at sea; So sadly moans the wreathed shell Of Jura's shore, its parent's sea.

And ever, as the year returns,
The charm-bound sailors know the day;
For sadly still the mermaid mourns
The lovely chief of Colonsay.

### JACK AND GILL.

"Jack and Gill
Went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down
And broke his crown,
And Gill came tumbling after."

NCE up in a time a brother and sister named Jack and Gill lived in a little cottage in a pleasant wooded valley. They were young—very young, the neighbors said, to set up house all alone; but they had no one belonging to them, and as they were hard-working, healthy children, they

got on very well.

Jack dug in the garden and fished in the stream, and gained many a loaf of bread and piece of meat by cutting firewood in the forest for the farmers and cottagers around. Gillian washed and baked and kept their home tidy, and when her other work was done she would sit and spin the flax which her brother planted in their little strip of field.

The baron, whose great, gray stone castle stood on the hill above, was very kind to them, and only charged them half the rent for their cottage that he might otherwise have had; and at Christmas he always sent them a present, a new cloak for Gillian, or a jerkin for Jack. He was so kind to all his tenants that there was great mourning when the old baron died, and the barony passed into other hands.

The new baron was a stranger, and even a foreigner, people said; for he and his household spoke among themselves in a foreign tongue. He was stiff and cold and silent, very different to the kindly old baron; and the people, who had made up their minds to dislike him before he came, soon began to hate him. He had new ways of farming which they did not like, and they grumbled even at his improvements. Jack and Gill grumbled, too; for the new baron did not spare them like the old, but charged them their full rent, and Jack and Gill felt themselves very hardly used.

"What did we want with a stranger like that coming to set himself over us?" growled Jack. "We'll show him that we are as good as he, for all his pride. Our good old ways won't do for him, indeed, and we must alter them all to please him!"

"He does not seem to get much pleasure out of that, or anything else," said Gill. "I had rather live here in our little cottage, although there is a hole in the roof, than up there in his great, gloomy castle."

There was one person in his great, gloomy castle, however, whom the baron loved so dearly that she was like a gleam of sunshine to him, and that was his little daughter. When she rode out beside him on her pony, the country people noticed that the grave baron could smile and talk with his bright little girl; and he was always finding out some present or some new excursion to give her pleasure.

After a time the little Lady Edda was no longer to be met in the lanes and on the heath; and when the baron came out, which was not often, he looked more dark and stern than ever. And one

day Jack brought home the news that the baron's little girl was very ill. He sent far and wide for doctors to come and cure her; and they came, but they could none of them do her any good. At last the baron sent for an old doctor who had been born in the place, and he said:

"Nothing will cure her except it be a bath from the waters of the enchanted well on the top of the

opposite hill.

"Let one of my yeomen go at once and fill a pitcher at that well," commanded the baron.

So the man went. But as he came down the

hill again with his full pitcher, his foot slipped, the pitcher was broken, and all the water spilt.

The baron chid him for his carelessness, without heeding his excuse that the ground itself had seemed to give way beneath him, and sent another

of his servants up to the enchanted well.

But his pitcherful met with the same fate. Yet another and another went, and the baron grew angly and fierce; for not one of them but fell and spilled his water before he reached the foot of the hill.

The villagers gathered together to watch them, and laughed as one after another came tumbling down with his load.

"Why is it that they cannot bring the water safely to the bottom of the hill?" asked Gillian.

"Because they are all strangers and intruders, replied a man among the crowd; "and the well, be it enchanted or not, is a good English well, and

likes them no better than we do.'

"Enchanted? Of course it is," said a very old woman who was commonly called Granny Bridget. "Why, neighbor Thorlson, my grandmother used to say she could mind the time when that well was a merry streamlet flowing all down this valley. But it came in the way of a wizard who lived on the hillside under the old ash-tree stump yonder, and he laid a spell on it, and there it lies imprisoned in its cave until such time as its waters may be drawn and put to some good and noble use. But no one has ever yet loosed the spell."

"If strangers cannot do it," said Gill, "why do not some of our own people go up and try what

can be done ?"

"And serve the baron? Not I!" said Thorlson. "If he wants our help, let him come himself and ask us for it. He has been proud and haughty enough—let him be a bit humbled now. There goes another of them, soiling his fine coat!"

Gilian did not like to watch any longer, and went back into her cottage. She busied herself there for some time, when a louder talking than usual made her look out again, and she saw the baron himself coming slowly and carefully down the hill, carrying a pitcher of water.

But even as she looked, he, too, slipped and fell like all the rest. And when the people saw it, they laughed; but Jack felt too sorry for the poor

father to laugh.

The baron did not seem to care for their laughter. He got up and shook the dust from his cloak, and pulling his cap lower over his eyes, passed through the crowd as if he did not observe that there was any one there.

"He don't care a bit," said one of the men.

"He do-s, though," said Jack.

And while the others went to watch the baron as he strode home, Jack turned to look at the precious pitcherful of water that was trickling uselessly down the path.

As he looked, he saw a little thin mist, like steam, rising from the spilt water, and a sound came from it, though so faint that he could scarcely feel sure that he heard it, which seemed to say:

> "Jack and Gill, Go up the hill, And fetch a pail of water. Jack and Gill, Give good for ill, And save the stranger's daughter."

"Why, who said that?" exclaimed Jack.

"Yes, Jack, do let us," cried Gill.

"Let us what?"

"Why, give good for ill, and save the stranger's daughter."

"What, you heard it too?" said Jack. "Then it could not have been fancy. But I don't se what we have got to do with it, and you know the baron has raised our rent, and he is so proud he will scarcely so much as say 'Good-morning,' if a fellow takes off his cap to him."

"But the little girl," said Gillian. "And it

would be doing good, you know."

"But the baron is rich, and he ought to do

good to us," objected Jack.

"So he ought," said Gill; "but that doesn't make any difference in our duty to him, does it? Why, he is just as much our neighbor as old Bridget, whose pigstye you worked at so hard yesterday."

Jack pushed his cap on to the back of his head

and looked puzzled.

"H'm, I suppose he is, though I can't say I ever thought much about it. I shouldn't wonder but you are in the right, Gill. Anyhow, if you will go up and fetch a pail of water to-morrow morning, I'll go with you."

Very early the next morning, before the sun had risen, Jack and Gill were on their way up the hill,

and soon reached the enchanted well.

The water looked very mysterious in its deep rocky cave. A few blackened fronds of hart'stongue fern trailed over the mouth, and there was a tinkling echo within as of drops of water falling into the pool. But Jack and Gill staid neither to look nor listen; hastily drawing the water, they began their journey down again, carrying the pail between them.

"Steadily, Gill," said Jack; "don't slip, or you

will be down."

"I cannot help it," said Gill; "it feels to me as if the whole hill were shaking. And what is that strange, rumbling noise that I hear behind me?"

"It must be a storm coming up behind the hill," answered Jack; "yet it looked fine enough when we started. "Never mind, Gill; we are more than half way down now. Ha, ha! they will find that we can do what all the fine serving-lads and men-at-arms-holloa!"

For before Jack could finish his speech, down he fell, and over he rolled, cutting his forehead pretty sharply upon a stone in the way.

Down went the pail, and out poured all the water, and Gill came tumbling after upon the top

of all.

"Oh, what a pity!" she said, looking at the empty pail. "But, dear Jack, you have hurt yourself. Is it very bad?"

And she dipped her kerchief in the slop, and be-

gan to bathe his forehead.

"That does me good; I scarcely feel it now,"

said Jack. "Oh, sister, look!"

He pointed to the enchanted water, for lo! the same white mist that they had seen before was ris-

ing from it, and they were now so near that they could see that it took the form of a beautiful maiden.

Her robe sparkled in the rays of the rising sun, like myriads of dewdrops, and the same musical voice seemed to float toward them from her:

"Think upon the baron's need;
Try again the kindly deed,
And save his little daughter.
Lesser haste makes better speed.
Jack and Gill,
Go up the hill,
And fetch a pail of water."

"I know they say, 'More haste, worse speed,' "

said Jack to himself; "but 1 suppose the other is the fairy way of putting it."

And Gillian whispered: "Oh, Jack, how beautiful! Do let us go again as she

says."

"And tumble down and break my head again," said Jack. "Never mind, it will be worth while, if it cures the little girl; so come along, Gill."

They were soon beside the enchanted well again. Instead of dipping their pail at once, they remembered the dewdropmaiden's warning, and stopped this time to look and to listen.

And as they stood, the tinkling echo within the cave seemed to form itself into words, and said:

"Take a pebble from the brink,

Let it in the waters sink; Pluck a daisy from the brim,

Let it on the waters swim;

Three times thirty count the charm:

Dip and fill, and fear no harm."

"That will not be very hard to do," said Gill. "Only can you count up to thirty, Jack?"

"Thirty! Yes, or a hundred," said Jack; "and more, too. Only I am not quite sure about the millions."



JACK AND GILL.-"THEY COULD SEE IT TOOK THE FORM OF A BEAUTIFUL MAIDEN."

"Well, luckily, we sha'n't want them," replied Gill.

Then Jack took up a white pebble that touched the very brink of the water, and dropped it in. And Gillian plucked a daisy, whose white leaflets kissed the water's brim, and flung it in.

Immediately the well began to toss and foam, and bubble and boil, until it seemed as if the cave could not hold it all; and the hill rumbled and shook as it had done when they had fallen down.

Gillian was frightened, and held fast by her brother.

But Jack put his arm round her, and boldly began to count. And when he had counted the first thirty, the shaking of the hill ceased. When he had counted the second thirty, the well left off tossing its spray over the ferns and mosses. And by the time he had counted the third thirty, it was as calm, and smooth, and still, as if nothing had ever ruffled it, not even a dragon-fly's wing.

The pebble shone white at the bottom, and the daisy floated motionless on the top. And the children dipped and filled without fear, and went safely and joyously down the hill, and up again on the other side of the valley until they stood before the

castle gate.

The warder was standing there, armed from head to foot, as though he were every moment expecting an enemy to arrive.

He let the children go in, however, as soon as he saw the pail of water, and called to a gayly-dressed squire to lead them to the hall. Here the baron himself met them.

Now Jack had made a fine speech as they came along,

which he was to say to the baron when he gave him the pail; but, behold! when the time came, the speech was all gone, and he could think of nothing better to say than:

"Please, sir, here's the water you wanted."
"I will gladly take it, my lad, if it be really

from the right well," replied the baron.

Jack did not know that somebody had been trying to get money from him the day before by bringing him water that was not drawn from the enchanted well, and he answered, in a huff:

"Oh, if you doubt our word, you need not take

it: it doesn't matter to us."

"Oh, but do, sir!" said Gillian. "We brought it because the doctor said it would do the little!



THE PRINCE OF LEAVES.—"THE PRINCESS WAS INDEED VERY BEAUTIFUL."

SEE PAGE 191.

Lady Edda good, and we are sure, if you try it, that it will cure her."

The baron looked at them for a moment, and then suddenly took up the pail and went away with it.

The squire went after, offering to carry it for the baron, and Jack and Gill were left alone in the hall.

They waited and waited, but the baron did not come back, nor send them any message. They grew very tired, but they dared not sit down, lest the baron should come in. They were hungry, too, for they had not breakfasted.

At last Gillian, speaking in a very low voice—for she was a little frightened in that great hall—

ventured to say: "Jack, do you think they have forgotten us?"

"I am sure they have," said Jack. "Come

along; we'll go home."
"I should like to know about that little girl,"
said Gill, lingering.

But Jack took her hand and said:

"You will know soon enough-come on. I

want my breakfast-don't you?"

But when the day passed away and evening came, and there had been no message from the castle, Jack grew very indignant, and said it was a shame of the baron; he might have said thank you for the trouble they had taken, at the very least.

"And sent us back our pail," added Gill. "But

I dare say he is with his little daughter."

"Catch me doing anything for him again, that's all," said Jack. "I am glad the neighbors don't know that we went to fetch the pail of water."

The next day at noon, however, just as Jack and Gill were finishing dinner, in walked the gayly-

dressed squire with the pail in his hand.

"My lord the baron returns you this with many thanks," he said. "And he desires your presence immediately at the castle."

Jack looked as if he had no mind to go, but Gill

cried:

"Wait a moment for me, Jack, and I shall be

ready to come with you!"

And with that she ran and fetched him his Sunday jerkin, for indeed his week-day one was nothing but patches and darns.

So they started in company with the squire.

Gillian's first question was

"How is the little Lady Edda? Did the water

do her good ?"

"Good!" said the squire. "It put fresh life in her at once. "Why, we thought she was dying fast; my master was like one distraught."

"What was the matter with her?" asked Jack.
"She seemed to be pining away," answered the squire, "partly for want of companions, and partly for love of her native land."

"She was born in another country, then?"

"Yes," said the squire, "in beautiful Normandy. Why, for the matter of that, we are all strangers here; and the trouble we have had to learn your tongue! My lord the baron is only just beginning to speak it rightly now."

"That was what made him so slow to answer, then, when we greeted him!" exclaimed Jack. "But what made him leave his own land, if he

loved it so well?"

"Troubles and misfortunes," said the squire.
"He has had plenty of them; but I do not see that we are any better off here, for there is no one to cheer him with a friendly word."

Did barons want cheering? It seemed odd; nevertheless Jack made up his mind to speak more

civilly to him if he had the chance.

The chance soon came, for the baron met them again in the hall, and thanked them so heartily for what they had done for his child, that Jack made bold to ask after her.

"Come and see her yourselves," said the baron.

And he led the way up flights of stairs, and along galleries and passages, till Jack began to wonder how many men it would take to defend the castle against an enemy, and Gill thought what work it must be to sweep it all out every day.

At last the baron stopped and opened the door, and they followed him into a room—but what a room it was! Jack and Gill had never even

imagined anything so grand.

There were Persian carpets on the floor, and silken tapestry on the walls, and painted glass in the windows, and on a carved couch in the middle of the room there lay a pretty little pale, fair-haired girl. There were pictures, and toys, and rare shells strewed about her; but she did not seem to care for them, or even to notice them.

She looked up as they entered, and when she saw Jack and Gill's faces of wonder and admiration, she suddenly clapped her hands together and

laughed merrily.

The baron looked quite pleased, and said: "Go

to the Lady Edda, children."

Gill made a step forward, but Jack was seized with such a fit of shyness that he would not stir until the little girl came and led them in.

She showed them her treasures, which were all new and wonderful to Jack and Gill, and told them about the pictures, and made them listen to the sound of ocean waves that still lingers in the hollow shells, and grew quite eager and delighted at their delight.

The time went so fast that when Jack at last looked up, he was dismayed to see how near sunset it was, and said that they must go home at

once.

Then little Edda pulled her father's head down close to her, and whispered something to him; and the baron said to Jack and Gill:

"My little girl is lonely here with no one to play with; if you will come and spend at any rate the greater part of your days with her, I will feed and clothe and take care of you."

Jack and Gill scarcely knew what to answer, but the baron saw that they would like it, and he

said:

"You, Gillian, shall be my daughter's companion and attendant; and you, Jack, snall be her page, and accompany her in her walks, and lead her horse when she rides."

"Oh, I'm sure!" said Jack, and then he could not think what more to say; so he and Gill bowed and courtesied with all their might, and little Edda called out to them as they went away to mind and come early to-morrow.

The neighbors had heard of their visit to the castle, and were waiting at Jack and Gill's cottage

to question them about it.

They had so much to tell about the baron's kindness, and what the squire had told them about his troubles, and how he was only just learning to speak the language, that even neighbor Thorlson began to think that his shy, silent manner might not be all from pride and sulkiness.

So next time that the baron rode into the valley, instead of glum looks and faces turned away, h met with civil greetings, to which he answered s

readily that before long the baron and his people were great friends, and they even began to allow that there might be some sense in his new plans

and ways of larming.

As for Jack and Gill, they spent almost all their time at the castle. Little Edda grew better so fast that in a few days she was able to go out on her pony, with Jack holding the bridle, and Gill walking by her side.

"Let us go to the glen where the dry water-course is," said Gill; "it is so pretty there."

And they threaded their way to it among the

Presently Jack said: "I fancy I can hear a sound of cunning water, as if the dry bed had a stream in it again. Yes, it has, too; and yet we have had no heavy rain. Why, Gill!" he exclaimed, after looking about him, "this stream must come from the enchanted well!"

"Then the spell is broken and its waters are

free again! I am so glad!' said Gillian.

And she and Jack told Edda all the story of how they had gone up the hill to fetch a pail of water, and how Jack tumbled down, and about the dewdrop maiden, and what old Bridget had told them about the well.

"I am very glad you went to fetch the water," said Edda, "and did as the dewdrop-maiden told you! How beautiful she must be! I do so wish

I could see her."

"Look yonder, where the stream falls over the rocks," said Jack. "I thought I saw the wave of her mantle then, as the sunbeam slanted across the

spot."

Edda slid down from her pony, and the three children went to the edge of the little waterfall, and stood gazing in delight at the beautiful dew-drop maiden who was there, hovering in her rainbow robe amid the spray.

"Hark!" said Gillian, presently ; "I think I can hear the same sweet, tinkling song that we

heard before.'

Yes, the stream was singing as it bounded joyously from stone to stone, and this was the song that the children heard:

"Joy, joy, for my wave Is no more a slave In the darksome cave; I am free, I am free!

I may leap down the hills, I may glide o'er the lea I may scatter fresh showers to grass and tree, I may join my stream-sisters who call to me, And with them embracing, so glad, so free, I may flow, I may flow, to the far-away sea!"

"Are you going so far, bright stream?" said little Edda. "Then take this flower with you to the sea, and bid him bear it to the shores of my fair Normandy, and carry this message with it, that we have found good friends and kind words and loving hearts, and we are happy now at last in our new English home."

And the dancing wavelets leaped up and caught the flower, and the stream sang more sweetly than ever as it bore it along, for the song it sang was of the power of kindliness and love, and everlasting

truth.

# THE PRINCE OF LEAVES.

In one of those parts of the world, commonly called Fairyland, there formerly reigned a king, so renowned for his rare qualities that he attracted the esteem and the admiration of all the princes of his time. He had many years past lost his wife, the queen, who had never brought him a son; but he had ceased to desire one since the birth of a daughter of such marvelous beauty that, from the moment she was born, he lavished all his affection and tenderness upon her.

She was named Ravissante by a fairy, a near relative of the queen, who predicted that the wit and the charms of the young princess would surpass all that had ever before been known or even could be expected from her present beauty; but she added to this pleasant prediction that the perfect felicity of the princess would depend entirely on her heart remaining faithful to its first love. In such a case, who can feel assured of a happy

destiny ?

The king, who desired nothing so much as the happiness of Ravissante, heartily wished that it had been attached to any other condition—but we cannot command our own fates. He begged the fairy a thousand times to bestow on the young Ravissante the gift of constancy, as he had seen her give to others the gift of intelligence and beauty. But the fairy, who was sufficiently wise not to deceive him respecting the extent of her power, frankly informed the king that it did not extend to the qualities of the heart. She, however, promised to use her utmost endeavor to impress the young princess with the sentiments that would be likely to insure her happiness.

Upon the faith of this promise, the king confided Ravissante to her care from the time she attained her fifth year; preferring to deprive himself of the pleasure of seeing her rather than run any

risk of marring her fortune.

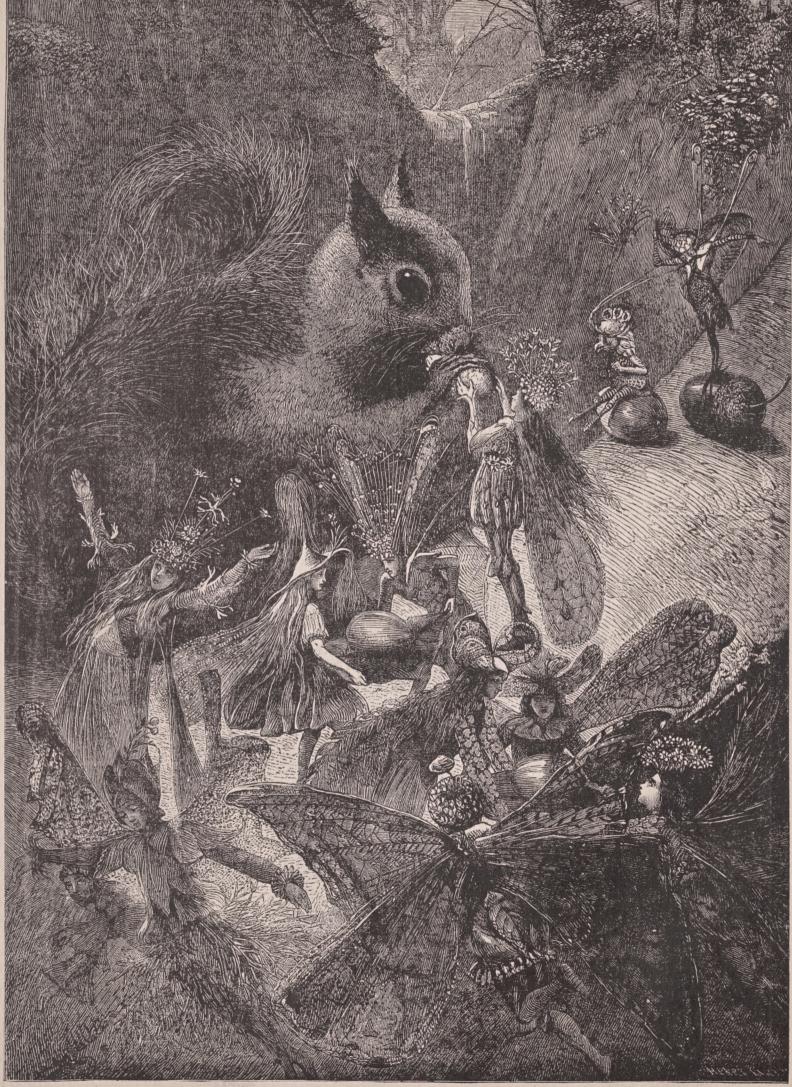
The fairy, therefore, carried off the little princess, who was very soon consoled for leaving the court of her father by the delight and novelty of passing

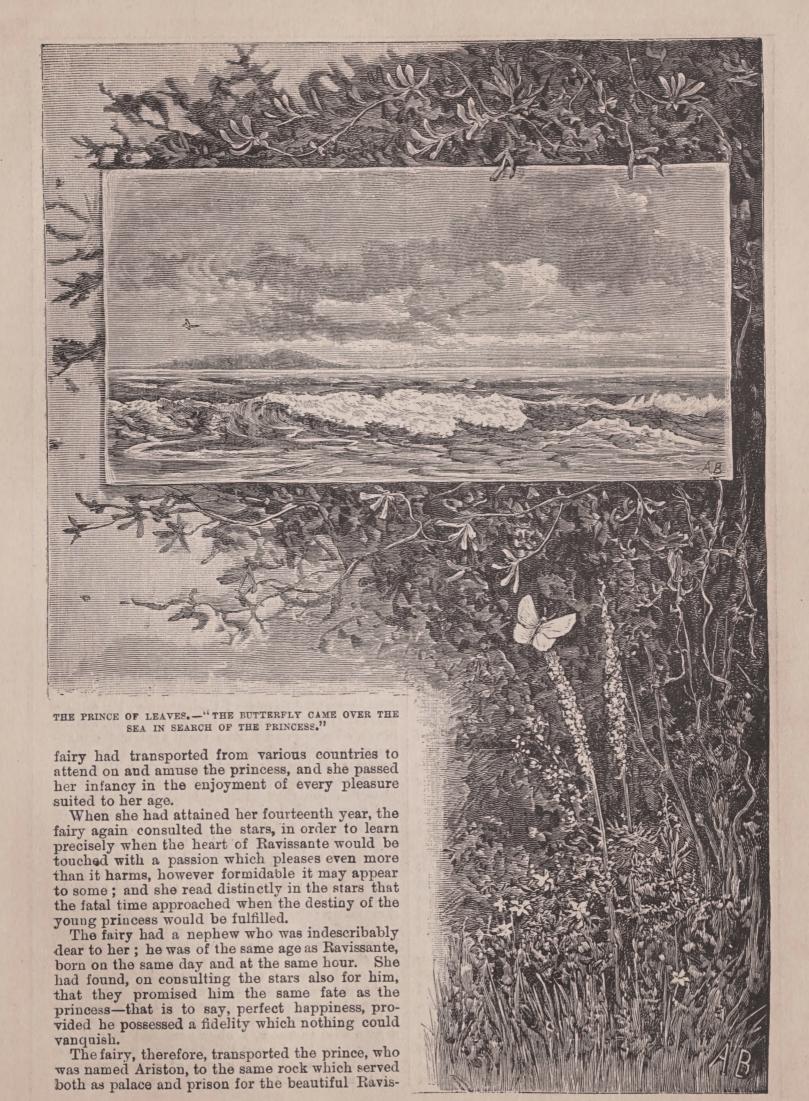
through the air in a brilliant little car.

On the fourth day after her departure, the flying car stopped in the middle of the sea upon a rock of prodigious size—it was one entire, shining stone, the color of which was exactly that of the sky. The fairy remarked with pleasure that the young Ravissante was enchanted with this color, and she drew from it a happy omen for the future, as it was the color which signifies fidelity.

Shortly after they had landed on it, the fairy touched the rock with a golden wand which she held in her hand. The rock immediately opened, and Ravissante found herself with the fairy in the most beautiful palace in the world; the walls were of the same material as the rock, and the same color prevailed in all the paintings and furniture, but it was so ingeniously mixed with gold and precious stones, that, far from wearying the eye, it equally pleas d in all.

The young Ravissante dwelt in this agreeable palace with several beautiful maidens, whom the





He there found her amusing herself with the young maidens of her court, by weaving garlands of flowers in a forest of blue hyacinths, where they were then walking; for the fairy, in bestowing on the rock the power of producing plants and trees, had limited the color of them to that of the rock itself.

She had already, some time since, apprised the princess that the Prince Ariston would soon visit the island, and she had added, in speaking of the prince, everything that she thought likely to prejudice her in his favor. But she deceived herself this time; and on the arrival of Ariston she observed nothing of that emotion or surprise which is the usual presage of a tender passion.

As for the prince, his sentiments were in perfect accordance with the wishes of the fairy; he became passionately in love from the moment he first set

eyes on Ravissante.

The princess received his attentions with indifference, and did not appear in the least touched by them. The fairy remarked it, and felt a grief which was only surpassed by that of the prince.

Ariston began to despair of the success of his passion; but he was too speedily obliged to confess that this very time, which he complained of so justly, and in which he felt so keenly the hopelessness of his love, had, notwithstanding, been the most happy period of his life.

A year after his arrival on the island he cele-

brated the return of that memorable day on which

he had first beheld Ravissante.

The fête continued, and Prince Ariston had at least the pleasure of engrossing the leisure of the princess, if he could not possess her heart. But he was deprived even of this gratification by a surprising spectacle which appeared far out at sea, and attracted the curiosity and attention of Ravissante and of all the court.

The object approached, and they distinguished that it was an arbor formed of interlaced myrtle and laurel branches, closed on all sides, and propelled with great rapidity by an infinite number of

winged fish.

This sight was the more novel to Ravissante, as she had never before seen anything of the color of this arbor.

The fairy, having foreseen that it would cause some misfortune to her nephew, had absolutely banished it from her island.

The princess watched for the approach of the strange object with an impatience which appeared to Ariston a bad omen for his love. She had not long to wait, for the winged fish brought the arbor in a few moments to the foot of the rock, and the attention of the princess and of all the court was redoubled.

The arbor opened, and out of it came a young man of marvelous beauty, who appeared about sixteen or seventeen years of age. He was clothed in branches of myrtle, curiously interlaced, with a scarf composed of various-colored roses.

This handsome stranger experienced as much astonishment as he occasioned. The beauty of Ravissante did not leave him at liberty to amuse himself by observing the rest of the splendid

scene, the brilliancy of which had attracted him from a distance.

He approached the princess with a grace which

she had never observed but in herself.
"I am so surprised," said he to her, "at all I find on these shores, that I have lost the power of expressing my astonishment. Is it possible," continued he, "that such a goddess (for goddess you surely must be) has not temples throughout the universe?"

"I am not a goddess," said Ravissante, coloring; "I am an unfortunate princess, banished from the states of the king, my father, to avoid I know not what misfortune, which they assure me has been predicted from the moment of my birth."

"You appear to me much more formidable," replied the handsome stranger, "than those stars which may have some evil influence on your fate, and over what misfortune could not such beauty triumph! I feel that it can vanquish everything," he added, sighing, "since it has conquered in a moment a heart which I had always flattered myself should remain insensible; but madame," continued he, without giving her time to reply, "I must, against my will, withdraw from this charning place, where I see you only, and where I have lost my peace of mind. I will return soon, if Cupid prove favorable to me."

After these words he re-entered the arbor, and

in a few moments he was lost to sight.

One day that she was (ccupied in various reflections whilst walking along the seashore, she arrived at the same spot which the adventure with the unknown visitor had rendered so remarkable, and was struck by the appearance of a tree of extraordinary beauty floating toward the rock. The color, which was the same as that of the myrtle arbor of the stranger, gave her a sensation of joy.

The tree approached the rock, and the monsters attempted to defend the entrance, but a little breeze agitated the leaves of the tree, and, having blown off a few and driven them against the monsters, they yielded to these light and harmless weapons, and even ranged themselves with a show of respect in a circle around the tree, which approached the rock without further impediment, and opened, disclosing to view the stranger seated on a throne of verdure.

He rose precipitately at the sight of Ravissante, and spoke to her with so much eloquence and so much love, that, after she had in a tew words acquainted him with her history, she could not conceal from him that she was touched by his devotion, and rejoiced at his return.

"But," said she, "is it fair that you should know the sentiments with which you have in-spired me before I am informed of the name even

of him who has called them forth?"

"I had no intention of concealing it from you," replied the charming unknown; "but, when near you, one can speak of nothing but you. However, as you wish to know, I obey you, and beg to acquaint you that I am called the Prince of Leaves. I am the son of Spring and of a sea-nymph, a relation of Amphitrite, which is the cause of my

power extending over the sea. My empire comprises all parts of the earth which recognize the influence of Spring; but I chiefly inhabit a happy island where the gentle season which my father bestows reigns perpetually. There the air is always pure, the fields ever covered with flowers; the sun never scorches, but only approaches sufficiently near to illuminate it; night is banished, and it is therefore called the Island of Day. It is inhabited by a people as amiable as the climate is agreeable. It is in this place that I offer you an empire, sweet and calm, and where my heart, above all things, will acknowledge your sovereignty. You must, however, beautiful princess, consent to be carried off from this rock, where you are retained in veritable bondage, notwithstanding the honors they pay you with a view to disguise the real state of the case."

Ravissante could not, however, make up her mind to follow the Prince of Leaves into his empire, in spite of the fear which she had of the power of the fairy, and the suggestions of her love; she hoped that her perseverance in rejecting the vows of Ariston would at length cause him to resolve to conquer his passion, and that the fairy would then restore her to her father, from whom the Prince of Leaves might demand her hand.

"I will leave you here," said the prince, "the subjects of a friend of mine, who is all o a prince. They will constantly attend on you, and by them you can often send me intelligence; but remember, beautiful princess, with what impatience I shall wait for it."

After these words he approached the tree which had conveyed him, and having touched some of the leaves, two butterflies appeared, the one white and flame-colored, the other yellow and light-gray. As he spoke, Ravissante perceived in the distance some of her nymphs, who came to seek her in the solitude, and she begged the Prince of Leaves to re-embark. He obeyed, notwithstanding the infinite regret he felt at quitting her; but he did not depart quickly enough to avoid observation.

They informed Ariston and the fairy of his return to the island, and from that moment, in order to take away from the beautiful Ravissante the means, and even the hope, of seeing him again, they erected a tower on the summit of the rock formed of the same stone; and, in order to render it more entirely secure, as the guard of living monsters had proved insufficient, they caused the tower and rock to be invisible to all those who should come to seek her, not daring again to trust to ordinary enchantments.

Ravissante was in despair at being immured in so cruel and impregnable a prison. Prince Ariston had not concealed from her that he had rendered it invisible; he had even attempted to make her accept this care for her safety as a proof of his tender devotion; but Ravissante felt her hatred and contempt for him increase daily, and he dared no longer enter her presence.

The butterflies, however, had not quitted her, and she often regarded them with pleasure, as having come from the Prince of Leaves.

One day that she was still more sad than usual,

and musing, on a terrace at the top of the tower, the flame-colored butterfly flew on to one of the vases filled with flowers, which ornamented the balustrade.

"Why," said he, all of a sudden, to the princess, "do you not send me to the Prince of Leaves? He will undoubtedly come to your relief."

Ravissante was at first so astonished at hearing the butterfly speak, that she was for some minutes unable to answer. However, the name of the Prince of Leaves assisted to dissipate her surprise.

"I was so astonished," said she, at length, "to hear a butterfly speak like ourselves, that I could not sooner reply to you. I can well believe that you could go to apprise the Prince of Leaves of my misfortune; but what can he do?—only distress himself uselessly. He cannot find me in a place which the cruelty of my enemies has taken care to render invisible."

"It is less so than you think," replied the yellow butterfly, flying round the princess in order to join in the conversation. "A little while ago I surveyed your prison; I flew, and even swam round it. It disappears when one is in the water; but when one is elevated in the air it ceases to be invisible. No doubt the fairy did not consider that road so easy as to require the same defense as that by the sea. I was about to give you this hint," continued the butterfly, "when my brother broke the silence which we have hitherto preserved."

This agreeable piece of news restored hope to the princess.

"Is it possible," said she, "that Ariston can have neglected any precaution which could gratify his cruelty and his love? No doubt his power, like that of the fairy, which is unbounded over earth and sea, does not extend to the regions of

This was precisely the reason which had prevented the prince and the fairy from rendering the tower and the rock invisible from the sky.

"But," added Ravissante, after some minutes' reflection, "can the Prince of Leaves have any power in the air?"

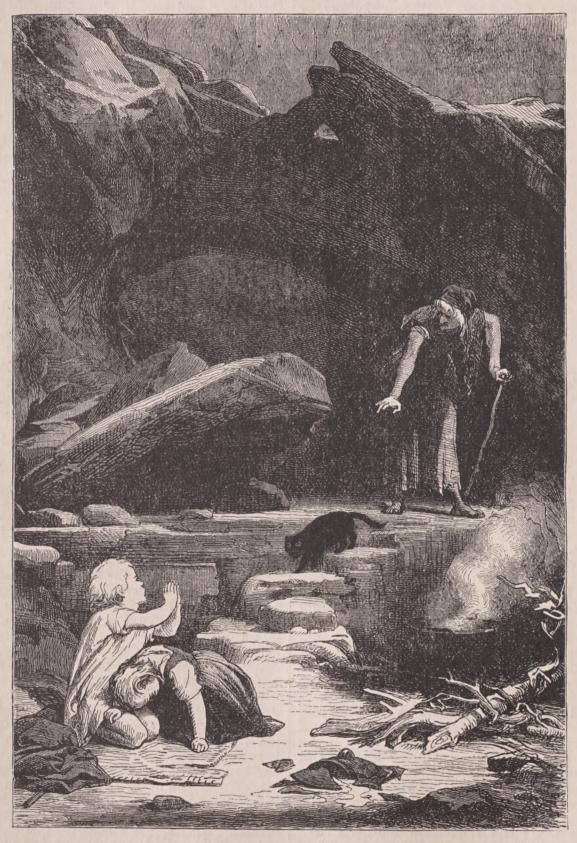
"No, madam," replied the flame-colored butterfly, "he can do nothing and your prison would be invisible to him, though he be a demi-god, as it would be to a mortal; but—"

"The prince will then be as miserable as myself," interrupted the sorrowful Ravissante, bursting into a flood of tears, which added to her beauty, and which affected extremely the two butterflies; "and I feel I shall be more distressed at his sorrows than at my own. What ought I, then, to do?"

"Send me off at once," replied the flame-colored butterfly, briskly. "I will go and apprise the Prince of Leaves of your misfortunes, and he will come to the rescue. Although his power does not extend to the air, he has a prince amongst his friends who can do anything in it, and of whom he can dispose as of himself; but my brother can inform you of all this during my absence. Adieu,

beautiful princess," continued the butterfly, "cease to weep, and count on my diligence. I will fly as rapidly as your wishes."

She returned to her apartment, and the yellow butterfly followed her. She was extremely impatient to know from what prince her lover hoped



THE WITCH'S CAT. -" HE CLASPED HIS LITTLE HANDS TOGETHER AND PRAYED FOR MERCY." - SEE PAGE 198.

After these words, the butterfly was lost in the air; and the princess felt that charming and lively sensation of joy which the hope of soon beholding a loved one inspires.

for assistance. To end her doubts, she begged the yellow butterfly to tell her all that could contribute to augment or flatter her hopes. She placed him on a little basket of flowers, which she car-

ried to a table near her, and the butterfly, who considered it an honor to please her, commenced to tell her all about the Prince of Leaves.

Ravissante listened with extreme attention to the butterfly, when she saw Prince Ariston enter her chamber, with such fury in his countenance that she dreaded its effects.

"Fate threatens me!" he cried, on entering;

indeed, that the blue stones were losing their original color, and beginning to turn green. She was delighted to see this, as she augured from it the certain approach of the Prince of Leaves.

The joy which the unhappy Ariston remarked in her eyes redoubled his despair. What did he not then say to Ravissante? And rendered sincere by the excess of his grief, he told her that



THOR AND THE GIANT SKRYMIR.-"THOR'S ATTACK ON THE GIANT."- SEE PAGE 199.

"and as it is with some great misfortune, it must no doubt, be that of losing you—none other would affect my heart, or be worthy of being so predicted. See, madam," he continued, addressing Ravissante, "the color which the walls of this tower are assuming; it is a certain sign of approaching misfortune!"

As the misfortunes of Ariston were a happiness to Ravissante, she looked without distress at that which he pointed out to her notice, and perceived, his love was so great as not to allow of his ceasing to adore her, although he was sure of being miserable all his life.

"I cannot doubt it," said he to the princess, "for the fates foretold to me as to you—that I should always be miserable, if I were not always faithful to the first impressions love made on my heart. And by what means could I ever obey this cruel mandate? After one has seen you, however he may have loved before, he must forget every-

thing, even the preservation of his own happiness. in loving and seeking to please you. A young princess of the court of the king, my father, once appeared to me worthy of my regard. I thought fully that I should be sighing to return to her after remaining here for a short time; but the first sight of you subverted all my plans. My reason and my heart were equally inclined for the change, and I thought nothing impossible to the tender love with which you inspired me. I flattered myself, even, that it might overcome fate: but your austerity, which never relaxed, has taught me that I was deceived, and that there remains for me no hope but that of dying speedily for your sake."

The Prince Ariston finished speaking the words. which made Ravissante even think him worthy of some pity, when they saw in the air a throne of foliage, supported by an immense number of butterflies. One among them, which was entirely blue, and by whose color Ravissante recognized the son of the Sun, flew to her, and said:

"Come, Leautiful princess. To-day you shall resume your liberty, and make the most amiable prince in the world happy."

The butterflies placed the throne near Ravis-

sante; she seated herself on it, and they bore her

Ariston, distracted at the loss of the princess. in a paroxysm of despair, flung himself into the

The fairy immediately abandoned the rock which this suicide had rendered so fatal and so melancholy; and, to mark her fury, she shivered both it and the tower into a thousand pieces by a clap of thunder, and the fragments were carried by the wind and waves to different seacoasts.

It is of this species of stone that they now make rings which they call turquoise. Those which are still called "de la Vielle Roche," are made of the remains of this shattered rock, and the others are

only stones which resemble them.

The remembrance of the misfortune predicted to Prince Ariston by the change of color in the walls of the tower has descended to our time. They say that these rings become green when any misfortune is about to happen to the wearers, and that these misfortunes are generally connected with love affairs.

Whilst the fairy gave vent to her grief by the destruction of the island, the Prince of the Butterflies conducted the beautiful Ravissante, flying before her, to a boat of rushes, ornamented with garlands of flowers, in which the Prince of Leaves awaited her with all the impatience which the violence of his love inspired.

It is impossible to convey an idea of the pleasure he felt at the arrival of the princess; never were joy and love so apparent as in the heart and language of this prince. He sailed immediately to

the Island of Day.

The Prince of the Butterflies flew off to join the amiable Princess of the Linnets as speedily as possible.

Ravissante sent two butterflies to the king. her father, to inform him of her good fortune. The king thanked the fates, and set out as soon as he could for the Island of Day, where the Prince of Leaves and Ravissante reigned with all imaginaable felicity, and were always happy, because they never ceased to be fond and faithful.

The lot of Ravissante with envy view-Born to be blest, could she prove only true! How many hapless lovers had succeeded, Had constancy been all their idols needed!

#### THE WITCH'S CAT.

N some weird cave far distant from the abodes of mankind dwelt an old witch. She was the personification of all evil and wickedness. only companion in her dismal home was a black, fierce-looking cat, with green eyes that shone with a bright light at night. This cat had been found twenty-five years ago in the witch's cave one morning, and had ever since lived with her.

At the time of its first discovery it had been of its present size. It had never grown; but every day seemed to add one shade of deeper black to the color of its fur, and one shade of deeper green

to the color of its eyes.

The witch feasted on children, who were wafted to her every month in an evil breeze at her command. All other breezes of the air had rebelled against the evil one; but the witch's power had as yet held its own.

For years the good breezes of the air fought and struggled with this foul agent of the witch, and at last they began to hope that their power was

One day—it was about the witch's dinner-hour -the winds whistled and the trees shook, the thunder rolled, and the lightning hissed with a firce swing. Two children, a little boy and his sister, were lodged in the witch's cave. The winds did not cease when the poor children had come, but howled and whistled wildly on.

The witch's fire, on which the poor children were to be roasted, flickered, half extinguished, while the witch raved and cursed at the breezes

that were fighting with the flames.

Louder and stronger grew the moanings and howlings in the air, when suddenly, with one mighty effort, the children were lifted in the air and borne away.

The witch cursed, swore, and raved. The black cat jumped on the burning fire, uttering sounds

blood-freezing in their woeful clamor.

The witch seized her magic staff, drew a mystic circle in the centre of the cave, and implored all the demons and goblins of subterranean kingdoms to aid her in tracking the missing children.

The winds whistled on, and the witch, who felt her power lessening, was boiling over in paroxysms of rage. She seized her cat, placed it before her on a rock of the cave, and spoke in a voice that seemed to issue from the centre of the earth.

"Slave of my power, with all-seeing eyes, I command thee lead me to where the stolen young ones are hidden!"

When the witch had finished her command, the cat leaped wildly in the air and came to the ground with a deafening cry.

Again it leaped into the air, and again it came to the ground with the same dreadful shriek.

Soon after, the witch set out with her green-eyed

guide. Then the cat disappeared.

The witch came to a babbling brook; the lightning hissed, and the thunder rolled anew. When the turmoil in the sky was over, the babbling brook ran along, and said, in dismal tones:
"Follow me! follow me!"

On, on, over the rocks and shells, wooden branches and stumps of rotten trees—on over rugged roads the witch pursued her course along the babbling brook, while the birds of the air were darting around her in wild confusion.

The cat was far in advance; whenever its feet touched the ground, the earth seemed to glow and

The witch hurried on. At last she saw her cat

ahead; she rushed forth at a faster pace.

Soon they came to a dark, dark spot. Nothing save the green light sparkling from the cat's eyes was visible. The witch followed on. proached a rough stone staircase. A cauldron near the green-eyed cat immediately began to The light coming from the fire in the heated cauldron illumined the scene.

In a corner of this horrible place were the two children. The little girl had fallen asleep upon

her brother's knees.

As the boy saw the green eyes of the cat coming down the steps, and the witch's frame, illumined by the cauldron, following them, he clasped his little hands convulsively together, and prayed for

But there was no mercy. The good breeze that had borne the children from the witch's home had been conquered at the moment the witch reached the babbling brook, for the goblins to whom the witch had appealed exerted their power, and the lightning flash dispelled the breeze and dropped the children into a cave, which was the witch's deserted home.

She now seized the boy and his apparently lifeless sister, and took them home. The winds whistled on, and the air grew oppressive. Still, however, the witch proceeded, and finally reached her cave. She took the boy, laid him upon the fire, and danced in glee as she heard his bones crackle.

She next turned to the girl. But she was a

The witch and her cat seized the roasted body,

and began tearing it to pieces.

They had nearly finished it all, when suddenly the green-eyed cat gave a woeful moan, and fell on its back-dead.

The witch dropped the uneaten bones, and looked at her cat. In another moment, she, too, uttered a scream, and sank lifeless upon the floor of the cave.

The children had eaten the poisonous, slimy plants that grew in the cave where they had been left. The girl had died from the effects; and the

poisoned flesh of the roasted boy proved fatal to the witch and her green-eyed cat.

The lifeless forms of the two evil ones sank deeper and deeper into the ground of the cave, and finally were lost to sight. In their places sprang up a number of deadly plants to mark the scene of their wicked ways.

The little girl was wafted away by the good breeze, triumphant now, and hidden in a distant spot in some pleasant grove, where, to this day, delightful breezes play in calm and holy peaceful-

#### THOR AND THE GIANT SKRYMIR.

HE legends of the Norsemen, handed down for many generations, contain numerous stories about Thor and his adventures.

Once on his travels, as he came to a house with a wide hall, out of which ran five dark rooms, he lay down to rest, but was disturbed by strange noises, groanings, mutterings, and snortings. At dawn he went into the forest, and there, stretched on the ground, he saw a strange, uncouth giant, out of whose nostrils came a breath which swayed the trees to their very tops. But at the sound of his footsteps the giant-shape rose slowly, stood up an immense height, and looked down upon Thor with two great, misty eyes like blue mountain-lakes.

"Who art thou?" said Thor, "and why do you make such a noise as to prevent your neighbors

from sleeping?"

"I need not ask yours. You are the little Asa Thor of Asgard; but pray, now, what have you done with my glove?"

As he spoke, he stooped down and picked up the house where Thor and his companions had passed the night, and which, in truth, was nothing

more than his glove.

Thor, trying to keep his eyes on the giant's face, which seemed to be always changing, said:

"Know, Skrymir, that I am come to Jötunheim to fight and conquer such evil giants as you are, and I am ready to try my strength against yours.'

"Try it, then," said the giant. And Thor, without another word, threw his

hammer (Miölnir) at his head.

"Ah, ha!" said the giant. "Did a leaf touch me ?"

Again Thor seized his hammer—which always returned to his hand, however far he cast it from him—and threw it with all his force.

The giant put up his hand to his forehead. "I think," he said, "that an acorn must have fallen on my head."

A third time Thor struck a blow; but this time the giant laughed out aloud.

"There is surely a bird in that tree," he said, "who has let a feather fall on my face."

Then, without taking any further notice of Thor, he turned his back upon him.

Thor then went on to a great city and entered a great palace. A table stretched from one end to



THE BLUE DWARF.--"THE DWARF HANDED THE PRINCE A TURQUOISE RING."

the other of it; stone thrones stood round the table, and on every throne sat a giant.

Thor approached the king, and paid his greetings.

The giant chief just glanced at him, and, with-

out rising, said :

"I know without asking that you, little fellow, are Asa Thor. As it is a rule here that no one shall sit down to table till he has performed some wonderful feat, let us hear what you and your followers are famed for, and in what way you choose to prove yourselves worthy to sit down in the company of giants."

Loki then offered to eat.

"Let Logi be summoned to the hal," said the king.

At this a tall, thin, yellow-faced man approached, and a large trough of meat having been placed in the middle of the hall, Loki set to work at one end, and Logi at the other, and they began to eat.

In a few minutes they met in the middle of the trough; but though Loki had eaten up all the meat, Logi had also eaten the bones and the trough.

Loki was conquered.

The king now turned to Thialfi, and asked what he could do.

"I will, if you please, try to run a race with any one here."

Then the king called a slender lad, Hugi by name; and Thialfi and Hugi started off together.

Thialfi ran fast—fast as the reindeer which hears the wolves howling behind; but Hugi ran so much faster that, passing the goal, he turned round and met Thialfi half-way in the course.

Three times he tried, but was as often beaten.

Thialfi was conquered.

It was now Thor's turn, and all the company looked eagerly at him, while the Utgard King asked what feat he chose.

"I will try a drinking-match with any of you,"

King Utgard ordered his drinking-cup, called

the "cup of penance."
"There!" he said, "handing it to Thor; "we call it well drunk if a person empties it at a single

draught. Some, indeed, take two to it; but the very puniest can manage it in three."

Thor drank, and put the cup down again; but, instead of being empty, it was now just as full as ever.

Thor lifted the cup again, and drank with all his might till his breath failed; but when he put down the cup, the liquor had only sunk down a little from the brim.

Thor felt angry, and seizing the cup again, he drank a third time, deeper and longer than he had yet done; but when he looked into the cup he saw that a very small part only of its contents had disappeared.

"It is pretty plain," said the king, looking round on the company, "that Asa Thor is by no means the kind of man we always supposed him to be."

"Nay," said Thor, "I am willing to try another feat, and you yourselves shall choose what it

shall be."

"Well," said the king, "there is a game at which our children are used to play. A short time ago I dared not have named it to Asa Thor; but now I am curious to see how he will acquit himself in it. It is merely to lift my cat from the grounda childish amusement, truly."

As he spoke, a large gray cat sprang into the hall, and Thor, stooping forward, put his hand under it to lift it up. He tried gently at first, but by degrees he put forth all his strength, tugging and straining as he had never done before; but the utmost he could do was to raise one of the cat's paws a little way from the ground.

"It is just as I thought," said King Utgard, looking round

with a smile; "but we all are willing to allow that

the cat is large and Thor but a little fellow."
"Little as you think me," cried Thor, "who is there who will dare to wrestle with me in my

anger?"

"In truth," said the king, "I don't think there is any one here who would choose to wrestle with you; but, if wrestle you must, I will call in that old crone, Elli. She has in her time laid low many a better man than Thor."

The crone came. She was old, withered, and toothless, and Thor shrank from the thought of

wrestling with her; but he had no choice.

They struggled long. Thor strove bravely, but a strange feeling of weakness and weariness



THE BLUE DWARF .- " THE DWARF, NOW DRESSED AS A GENTLEMAN OF RANK, ESCORTS PRINCE HANS AND HIS BRIDE FROM THE CAVE." SEE PAGE 202.

came over him, and at length he tottered and fell

on one knee before her.

At this sight all the giants laughed, and Utgard, coming up, desired the old woman to leave the hall, and proclaimed that the trials were over. He then invited Thor and his companions to sit down at the table, and spend the night with him as his guests.

Thor, though somewhat mortified, accepted the invitation courteously, and showed by his agreeable behavior during the evening that he knew how to bear with a good grace, being con-

In the morning, when Thor and his companions were leaving the city, the king accompanied them without the gates; and Thor, looking steadily at him when he turned to bid him farewell, perceived, for the first time, that he was the very same Giant Skrymir with whom he had met in the forest.

"I confess freely I have acquitted myself but humbly," said Thor; "and it grieves me, for I know that in Jötunheim henceforward it will be

said that I am a man of little worth."

"By my troth, no!" cried the giant, heartily. "All this time I have been deceiving you by my When you met me in the forest, enchantments. and hurled Miölnir at my head, I should have been crushed by the weight of the blows had I not skillfully placed a mountain between myself and you, on which the strokes of your hammer fell, and where you cleft three deep ravines, which shall henceforth become verdant valleys. In the same manner I deceived you about the contests in which you engaged last night. When Loki and Logi sat down before the trough, Loki indeed ate like hunger itself; but Logi is fire, who licked up both bones and trough. Thialfi is the swiftest of mortal runners; but the slender lad, Hugi, was my thought, and what speed can ever equal his? So it was with your own trials. When you took such deep draughts from the horn you little knew what a wonderful feat you were performing. The other end of that horn reached the ocean, and when you come to the shore you will see how far its waters have fallen away and how much the deep sea itself has been diminished by your draught. Hereafter, men watching the going out of the tide will call it the ebb, or draught of Thor. What appeared to you to be a cat was in reality the Midgard serpent which encircles the world. When we saw you succeed in moving it, we trembled lest the very foundation of earth and sea should be shaken by your strength. Nor need you be ashamed of having been overthrown by the old woman Elli, for she is old age, and there never has, and never will be, one whom she has not the power to lay low."

#### THE BLUE DWARF.

THERE was once a man who was very poor and sick. When he felt that his end was drawing nigh, he said to his wife:

"When I am dead, go with our son to my

brother, who dwells in a village on the other side of the great forest. He is wealthy, and will, no

doubt, provide for you.'

He then died. After his burial the widow and her son set out, as her husband had recommended. Now, the mother hated her son, though Hans was a good youth. When they had been journeying for some time they observed a blue ribbon lying in the path. A blue dwarf-a fairy friend of the lad-had left it there. Hans stooped to take it up, but his mother said:
"Let the old ribbon lie; what do you want

But Hans took it up and bound it, without his mother's knowledge, under his jacket round his arm. He now became so strong that no one, as long as he wore that ribbon, could prevail against

They entered the large forest, and after a long time they came to a cave, in which was a covered table, loaded with a profusion of the daintiest

viands in silver dishes. Hans said:

"We are come just in the right moment. I have been hungry a long while. I will now make a hearty meal.

So they sat down and ate and drank to their hearts' content. They had scarcely finished when the giant to whom the cave belonged returned home; but he was quite friendly, and said:

"You were right to help yourselves and not wait for me; if you can find it pleasant, you can remain always here in the cave with me." To the woman he said that she might be his wife. To his proposal they both agreed, and now for a while lived content in the cave with the giant.

From day to day the giant became more and more attached to Hans, but his mother's hatred to him increased every hour, and she wished the giant

to kill him. But the giant answered:

"Never again speak to me in that strain. Hans is a good youth; I will not hurt a hair of his head.'

Then the woman pretended to be ill. She called

her son and said:

"My dear Hans, I am so ill that I shall certainly die. There is one remedy that may save me. If I could get a draught of the milk of the lioness that has her den not far from here I should surely recover."

So he took a bowl and went to the den of the There she lay suckling her young ones; but Hans, laying the young ones aside, began to milk, which the lioness allowed quite quietly; but then in came the old lion roaring, and attacked Hans from behind, who, turning round, took the lion's neck under his arm and squeezed him so firmly that he began to whine most piteously, and became quite tame. Hans then released him, and milking the basin full, carried it to his mother, followed by the lions.

After a time the woman again called her son and

said:

"If I could get a few of the apples that grow in the garden of the three giants, I should again be well; otherwise I feel that I must die."

Hans said:

"My dear mother, as you have such great need of them, I will go to the giants and fetch you

Hans went straight into the garden and gathered a sackful of apples. Instantly there rushed a huge giant through the garden, crying:

"Who has stolen our apples?"

On perceiving Hans, the giant ran fiercely at him and would have finished him, but then up sprang Hans's lions, fell upon the giant, and in a short time tore him in pieces. Now came the second giant also, and when he was about to rush on Hans, the lions again sprang up, and in like manner dispatched him. Lastly came the third giant, but the lions killed him. Hans then went

wandering about the garden.

When he came near the castle in which the giants had dwelt, he heard from a deep underground chamber a voice of lamentation. He descended and found a princess of exquisite beauty, whom the giants had carried away from her father, and here confined, loaded with heavy chains. But Hans had scarcely touched the chains when they flew in fragments, and he conducted the beautiful princess up into the most magnificent apartment in the castle, that she might recover herself and wait until he returned. She entreated him to accompany her to her father's court, but he answered:

"I must first go and carry the apples to my mother, who is sick to death."

So he equipped himself like a prince and mounted his horse. He then left the princess in the castle, took his sack of apples, and returned to the cave to his mother.

On the way he saw a strange, blue dwarf, who called to him. He halted, and the dwarf told him that he was in great danger, but that when he had married the princess with a turquoise ring which he gave him, he should escape all. His mother, on his return, asked him how he had been able to ac-

complish his errand.

"My dear mother," said he, "since I wear the blue ribbon that you would not have had me take with me, I am so strong that nothing can prevail against me. On this occasion my lions killed all the giants, and now you shall go with me and leave this old den. Henceforth we will live at the castle in joy and splendor; I have found there a most beautiful princess, who shall remain with us.'

The mother and the giant now went with Hans to the castle; but when the former saw all the magnificence there, and how beautiful the princess was, she was constantly on the watch for an opportunity to destroy him. So one day, as Hans slept, she stole swiftly in, and before he was aware, pierced out both his eyes, then took the ribbon, and as Hans was now blind and helpless, thrust him out of the castle, and said that thenceforward she would be sole mistress, and she took the princess and confined her in the cave. Meanwhile, the poor prince, blind and desolate, wandered far and near, forgetful of the ring the blue dwarf had given

At last, one day, as he reached the wood where the cave was, he heard the voice of the princess.

He ran toward the sound, stumbling over stones and branches, till at last he reached the mouth of the cave, but he could not see to help her, and knew not what to do.

Just then he heard the lions' roar, and the prin-

cess exclaimed:

"Oh, prince, your lions have come, and are bringing a holy hermit. Now we shall be safe."

Then he thought of his ring, and calling to the hermit to come to him, for he was blind, the holy man came, and when he heard their story he married them with the turquoise ring. In a moment she stood beside him arrayed as became her rank, and he in glittering armor, with his eyesight clear as day. Then the old hermit blessed them, and the lions ran back to the castle, drove out the wicked mother, and made all ready for Prince Hans and his beautiful princess. The blue dwarf, now dressed as a gentleman of rank, escorted Prince Hans and his bride from the cave to their palac .

#### PRINCESS ROSETTE.

NCE upon a time there was a king and queen who had two beautiful boys. They grew like the day, so well did they thrive on the excellent food provided for them. The queen never gave birth to a child without sending to the fairies, and begging them to tell her what would happen to the infant.

Her next was a beautiful little girl, so handsome that you could not look on her and not love her.

The queen, having sumptuously entertained the fairies who had come to see her, said to them, when

they were preparing to depart:

"Do not forget your good custom, but tell me what will happen to Rosette" (the name they had given to the little princess). The fairies replied that they had left their conjuring-books at home.

"Ah," said the queen, "that bodes me no good; you do not wish to afflict me by predicting some misfortune; but I entreat you to let me know allhide nothing from me."

They made every sort of excuse, and only increased the queen's desire for information. At last

the principal fairy said:

"We fear, madame, that Rosette will be the cause of some great misfortune to her brothers; that some affair of hers will cost them their lives. That is all that we can foresee respecting this beautiful little girl, and we are very sorry we cannot tell you anything more agreeable."

They departed, and the queen remained so melancholy that the king could not avoid seeing it in

her face.

He asked her what was the matter. She told him what the fairies had predicted about little Rosette, and requested him to say if he could think of any remedy for the evil.

The king was so much distressed that he said at

once to the queen:

"I do not see any other way to save our two sons than by putting to death the little girl whilst she is in her swaddling-clothes.'

But the queen exclaimed that she would sooner suffer death herself.

Some one informed the queen that in a forest near the city there was an old hermit, and who was consulted by people from all parts of the world.

"I must seek him also," said the queen."

She rose very early, and mounted a beautiful little white mule shod with gold, two of her maids-of-honor accompanying her, each on a handsome horse.

When they were near the wood, the queen and her ladies dismounted and went on foot to the tree he lived in. He objected to the sight of females, but when he saw it was the queen, he said to her:

"You are welcome. What is your will with me?"
She told him what the fairies had said about
Rosette, and requested his advice. He told her

she should put the princess into a tower out of which she should never be permitted to step.

The queen thanked him, and returned with her information to the king, who then ordered a great tower to be built. He put his daughter into it, and that she might not feel dull, the king, the queen, and her two brothers went to see her every day.

At length the king and queen were taken very ill, and died. After the funerals the dukes and marquises of the kingdom seated the great prince on the throne. The king and his brother said to each other:

"Now that we are in power, we will take our sister out of the prison in which she has passed so many weary years."

When Rosette saw the beautiful garden, all full of flowers, fruits and fountains, she was so astonished that she could not utter a word, for she had

never seen anything of the sort before. Her little dog, named Fretillon, who was as green as a parrot, had but one ear, and danced to perfection, ran before her.

Suddenly he ran into a little wood. The princess followed him, and was astonished at seeing in this wood a great peacock, with his tail spread, and looking so beautiful that she could not take her eyes off him.

The king and the prince rejoined her, and inquired what she was amusing herself with. She pointed the peacock out to them, and asked them what it was. They told her that it was a bird that was occasionally eaten.

"What!" she exclaimed, "do they dare to kill such a beautiful bird and eat it? I declare to you that I will never marry any one but the King of the Peacocks, and when I am queen I will take care that none shall be eaten."

"But, sister," said the king, in astonishment, "where would you that we should find the King of the Peacocks?"

"Wherever you please, sire; but I will marry nobody else."

The king and the prince then determined to find the King of the Peacocks, if there was one in the world.

They decided that a portrait of the Princess Rosette should be taken, and they had one so finely painted that it did all but speak. They then said to her:

"Since you will not marry any one but the King of the Peacocks, we are about to set out together in search of him."

When they had arrived at the principal city of the King of the Peacocks, they perceived that it



PRINCESS ROSETTE.—"THE HERMIT SAID, 'YOU ARE WELCOME; WHAT IS YOUR WILL WITH ME?""



PRINCESS ROSETTE. -- "THE OLD MAN FELL ON HIS KNEES AND SAID HE WOULD CONFESS EVERYTHING."

was full of men and women, but that they were all dressed in clothes made of peacocks' feathers, and wore a profusion of them everywhere as very fine ornaments.

They met the king, who was driving out in a fine little coach of gold and diamonds, drawn by twelve peacocks fully caparisoned.

This King of the Peacocks was so handsome—so handsome that the king and prince were charmed with him. He had long, curly, light hair, an exceedingly fair complexion, and wore a crown of feathers from the tail of a peacock.

When he saw the two brothers he judged that, as their dresses were of a different fashion to those worn by the people of the country, they must be foreigners, and to ascertain the fact he stopped his coach and ordered them to be called before him.

The king and the prince approached him, and, having made their obeisance, said to him:

"Sire, we have come a great distance to show you a beautiful portrait."

When the King of the Peacocks had examined it attentively, he said:

"I cannot believe that there is such a beautiful maid in the world."

"She is a hundred times more beautiful," said the king, her brother.

"Oh, you are jesting," replied the King of the Peacocks.

"Sire," said the prince, "there is my brother, who is a king as well as you. He is styled the King, and I am called the Prince. Our sister, of whom this is the portrait, is the Princess Rosette. We come to ask you if you will espouse her. She is beautiful, and very virtuous, and we will give her a bushel of golden crowns."

her a bushel of golden crowns."

"Yes, truly," said the king, "I will marry her with all my heart. She shall lack for nothing at my court; I will love her excessively; but I declare to you that I expect she is as handsome as her portrait, and if it flatters her in the slightest degree, I will put you to death."

"Well, we consent," said the two brothers of Rosette.

"You consent," rejoined the king; "then to prison with you, and there remain until the prin-

cess shall arrive, and for your sake I hope not to be disappointed.

The princes made not the slightest difficulty, for

they were perfectly certain that Rosette was hand-

somer than her picture.

When they were in prison, the King of the Peacocks had them admirably attended to, and frequently went to see them, keeping in his own castle the portrait of Rosette, on which he so doted that he slept neither night nor day.

As the king and her brother were in prison, they wrote by the post to the princess, requesting her to pack up her clothes immediately and come with all speed, as the King of the Peacocks was

waiting for her.

They did not tell her they were prisoners, for

fear of alarming her.

When she received their letter she was so transported with joy that she thought she should die of it. She told everybody that the King of the Peacocks was found, and desired to marry her.

They put to sea in a boat, taking with them the bushel of gold crowns, and clothes enough to change their dress twice a day for ten years. They did nothing but laugh and sing. The nurse asked the boatman:

"Are we nearing—are we nearing the Kingdom of Peacocks?"

He answered, "No, no."

Another time she asked him, "Are we nearingare we nearing?"

He answered, "We shall be soon; we shall be soon.'

A third time she said to him, "Are we nearing -are we nearing?"

He answered, "Yes, yes."

And as soon as he had said so she went to the end of the boat, seated herself beside him, and said to him:

"If thou choosest, thou shalt be rich for ever."

He answered, "I should like it much." "If thou choosest," she continued, "thou shalt

gain some good pistoles.'

"I desire nothing better," replied he.
"Well," said the nurse, "thou must help me, then, to-night, when the princess is asleep, to throw her into the sea. As soon as she is drowned, I will dress my daughter in the princess's fine clothes, and we will conduct her to the King of the Peacocks, who will be happy to marry her; and for thy reward we will load thee with diamonds."

The boatman was greatly surprised at the nurse's proposition. He said it was a pity to drown so handsome a princess, that she excited his compas-

But the nurse produced a bottle of wine, and made him drink so much that he could no longer

refuse her anything.

As soon as it was dark, the princess lay down as was her wont; little Fretillon was snugly established at the bottom of the bed, moving neither foot nor paw.

Rosette was sleeping soundly when the wicked nurse, who was wide awake, went to fetch the boatman.

She led him into the princess's cabin; then,

without disturbing her, they took her up with her feather-bed, mattress, sheets and counterpane, the foster-sister helping them with all her might, and flung the whole into the sea, and the princess was so fast asleep that she never awoke.

But, by good fortune, the feather-bed was stuffed with phoenix feathers, which are very rare, and possess the property of never sinking in the water, so that she floated in her bed just as if she had

been in a boat.

His majesty had sent down to the beach a hundred coaches, drawn by all sorts of rare animals. There were lions, bears, stags, wolves, horses, oxen, asses, eagles, peacocks; and the coach intended to convey the Princess Rosette was drawn by six blue monkeys, who could jump, and dance the tight-rope, and play all manner of amusing They had beautiful harness of crimson tricks. velvet, plaited with gold.

There were also sixty young ladies whom the king had selected to entertain the princess. They were dressed in all sorts of colors; gold and silver

were the meanest ornaments about them.

The nurse had taken great pains to deck out her daughter. She had covered her with Rosette's diamonds from head to foot, and dressed her in her friend's robes; but, despite her finery, she looked more ugly than an ape, with greasy black hair, squinting eyes, crooked legs, a great hump in the middle of her back—an ill-tempered creature, continually grumbling.

As her train was very numerous, she proceeded slowly. She sat in her coach like a queen; but all the peacocks that had perched themselves in the trees to salute her as she passed, and had resolved to cry, "Long live the beautiful Queen Rosette!" when they perceived her to be such a horrible fright, cried, "Fie! fie! how ugly she is!"

She was excessively enraged and mortified, and

said to her guards:

"Kill me those rogues of peacocks who are in-

sulting me.'

The peacocks flew away quickly, and made game of her. The rogue of a boatman, who witnessed all this, said in a whisper to the nurse:

"Gossip, all is not well with us. Your daughter should have been handsomer."

She replied, "Hold thy tongue, fool; thou wilt

bring some misfortune upon us."

They sent to inform the king that the princess was approaching. Her portrait was carried at the end of a long staff, uncovered, and the king walked in solemn procession after it, with all his barons and all his peacocks, followed by the ambassadors from the neighboring kingdoms.

The King of the Peacocks was exceedingly im-

patient to see his dear Rosette. Mercy! when he did see her he was near dying on the spot. He flew into the greatest passion in the world. He rent his clothes; he would not go near her; she

frightened him.

"How!" he cried; "the two scoundrels I hold in prison are bold, indeed, to have made sport of me, and to have proposed to me to marry a baboon like that. They shall die! Go! Lock up instantly that impertinent girl, her nurse, and the fellow who brought them hither. Fling them into

the lowest dungeon of my great tower.

On the other hand, the king and his brother who were prisoners, and who knew the day on which their sister ought to arrive, had put on their best clothes to receive her.

Instead of opening their prison, and setting them at liberty, as they had hoped, the jailer came with some soldiers and made them descend into a cell, perfectly dark, and full of horrid reptiles, where they were up to their necks in water. Nobody was ever more astonished or more miserable.

"Alas!" they cried to each other, "this is a sad wedding for us! What can have brought so great

a misfortune upon us?"

They knew not what in the world to think, except that they were doomed to die; and they were

completely overwhelmed with sorrow.

Three days passed without their hearing a word. At the end of the three days the King of the Peacocks came and insulted them through a hole in the wall.

"You have assumed the titles of king and prince," cried he to them, "in order to impose upon me, and engage me to marry your sister; but you are nothing better than vagabonds, who are not worth the water you drink. I will find judges for you, who will quickly try and sentence you. The rope is already twisting which shall hang you both."

"King of the Peacocks," replied the king, in great wrath, "be less hasty in this matter, for you may have cause to repent. I am a king as surely as you are one; I have a fine kingdom, robes, crowns and good money. Ha! ha! it's a fine joke, truly, for you to be talking of hanging us. Have

we stolen anything from you, pray?"

Whilst all this was passing at court, we must say a word about the poor Princess Rosette. When day broke, she was greatly astonished, and Fretillon also, to find themselves in the middle of the sea without boat or assistance. She began to cry, and wept so bitterly that all the fishes pitied her. She knew not what to do, or what would become of

"Assuredly," said she, "I have been thrown into the sea by the order of the King of the Peacocks. He has repented his promise to marry me, and to get fairly rid of me has ordered me to be drowned. What an extraordinary man!" she continued; "I should have been so fond of him! We should have lived so happily together!"

Thereupon she wept more bitterly, for she could

not help loving him.

She remained thus for two days floating on the ocean, first one side, then the other, soaked to her bones, with a cold enough to kill her, and all but

If it had not been for little Fretillon, who imparted a little warmth to her heart, she would have

died a hundred times over.

She was tremendously hungry. She saw the oysters in their shells. She took as many as she chose, and ate them. Fretillon had little liking for them, but he was obliged to eat something.

When it grew dark Rosette became exceedingly

frightened, and said to her dog: "Fretillon, keep on barking, for fear the soles should eat us.'

He had barked all night, and the princess's bed was not far from the shore. On the coast there was a good old man, who lived all alone in a little hut, which nobody ever came near. He was very poor, and cared nothing for worldly goods.

When he heard Fretillon bark, he was quite surprised, for dogs seldom passed that way. He thought some travelers had lost their road, and charitably came out of his hut to direct them.

All of a sudden, he perceived the princess and Fretillon, who were floating on the water, and the princess, seeing him, stretched out her arms and cried to him:

"Good old man, save me, for I am perishing here; I have languished thus for two days.'

When he heard her speak so sorrowfully, he had great compassion for her, and re-entered his dwelling to get a long boat-hook. He waded into the water up to his neck, and thought, twice or thrice, he should be drowned. At length he contrived to pull the bed to the shore.

Rosette and Fretillon were vastly glad to be upon dry land. The princess thanked the good man warmly, and, wrapping herself in the counterpane, walked, barefooted, into the hut, where he made a small fire for her with dry leaves, and took out of his chest the best gown of his deceased wife, with stockings and shoes, which the princess put Thus dressed like a peasant, she looked lovely as the day, and Fretillon danced round her to divert her.

The old man saw plainly that Rosette was some lady of rank, for the coverlid of her bed was of gold and silver, and her mattress of satin. He requested her to tell him her history, and assured her that he would keep it a secret if she wished.

She recounted the whole of it, weeping very much, for she was still under the belief that it was the King of the Peacocks who had ordered her to be drowned.

"What shall we do, my daughter?" said the old man to her. "You are so great a princess, accustomed to dainties, and I have nothing to give you ut black bread and radishes."

When evening arrived, the princess said to Fre-

illon:

"Go to the city, enter the best kitchen, and

bring me some nice roast meat."

Fretillon did as his mistress ordered him, and knowing no better kitchen than the king's, stole into it softly while the cooks' backs were turned, and took all the roast meat off the spit, so nicely done, that the mere sight of it gave you an appe-

He brought his basket home quite full to the princess. She sent him back immediately to the buttery, and he returned with all the royal preserves and sweetmeats.

The king, who had not dined, being very hungry, desired to sup early; but there was nothing set before him. He put himself in an awful passion, and went to bed supperless.

The next day at dinner and supper-time it was exactly the same case, so that the king was with-



PRINCESS ROSETTE, - "THEY RESTORED TO ROSETTE HER RICH CLOTHES."

out eating or drinking, because, when he was ready to sit down to the table, it was discovered that everything had been carried off.

His confidant, greatly disturbed, fearing the king would die, concealed himself in a little corner of the kitchen, and kept his eyes constantly on the pot that was boiling.

He was much surprised to see a little green dog with one ear enter very softly, take off the cover, and pull all the meat into his basket. He followed city, and followed it to the good old man's.

Immediately he returned to tell the king that all his boiled and roast meat was taken day and night to the hovel of a poor peasant.

The king was much astonished. He ordered the man to be brought before him. The confidant, to pay court to the king, determined to go himself, with the archers of the guard.

They found the old man dining with the princess upon the king's boiled meat. They seized and bound them with strong cords, and secured Fretillon also.

As soon as they arrived at the palace, the king was informed of it, who replied:

"To-morrow will be the seventh and last day I granted to those impudent impostors. They shall die with these thieves who have stolen my dinner."

So saying, he entered the hall of justice. The old man fell on his knees, and said he would confess everything.

While he was speaking, the king gazed on the beautiful princess and pitied her tears, but when the good man declared that she was the Princess Rosette, who had been thrown into the sea, notwithstanding the king was so weak and faint for want of food, he jumped three times for joy, ran and embraced her, and untied the cords with which she was bound, assuring her that he loved her with all his heart.

At the same time the princes were sent for, who, imagining that it was for their execution, approached very sadly, hanging down their heads. The nurse and her daughter were also brought

out. When they looked at each other a general recognition took place. Rosette threw herself on the necks of her brothers.

The nurse, her daughter and the boatman flung themselves on their knees and prayed for mercy. Their joy was so great that the king and the princess forgave them.

The good old man was richly rewarded, and lived all the rest of his days in the palace.

The King of the Peacocks, in short, made every it to see whither it went. He saw it go out of the | sort of amends to the king and his brother, proving his regret at having ill-treated them. The nurse restored to Rosette her rich clothes and her bushel of gold crowns, and the nuptial festivities lasted fifteen days.

Everybody was satisfied, down to Fretillon, who from that day never ate anything but the wings of

partridges.

#### A GOOD WOMAN.

THERE was, once upon a time, a Good Woman, who was kind, candid, and courageous. She had experienced all the vicissitudes which can agitate and annoy human existence.

She had resided at court, and endured all the storms to which it is subject—treasons, perfidies, infidelities, loss of wealth, loss of friends. So that, disgusted with dwelling in a place in which dissimulation and hypocrisy have established their empire, and weary of an intercourse wherein hearts never appear as they really are, she resolved to quit her own country and go to a distance, where she could forget the world, and where the world would hear no more of her.

When she believed herself far enough off, she built a small house in an extremely agreeable situation. All she could then do was to buy a little flock of sheep, which furnished her with food

and clothing.

One day she was astonished at seeing run toward her three little children, more beautiful than the fairest day. She delighted to see such charming company.

They loaded her with a hundred caresses; and, as she seated herself on the ground, in order to receive them more conveniently, one threw its little arms round her neck, another encircled her waist from behind, and the third called her "mother."

She waited a long time, to see if some one would not come to fetch them, believing that those who had led them thither would not fail to return for them. All the day passed without her seeing any one.

She resolved to take them to her own home, and thought Heaven had sent her this little flock instead of the one she had

lost.

It was composed of two girls, who were only two or three years old, and a little boy of five. Each had a little ribbon round its neck, to which was attached a small jewel. One was a golden cherry, enameled with crimson, and engraved with the name of "Lirette." She thought that this must be the name of the little girl who wore it, and she resolved to call her by it. The other was a medal, on which was written "Mirtis"; and the little boy had an almond of green enamel, around which was written "Finfin."

The Good Woman felt perfectly satisfied that

these were their names.

The little girls had some jewels in their headdresses, and more than enough to put the Good Woman in easy circumstances.

The children grew, and passed their days innocently; they loved the Good Woman, and were



A GOOD WOMAN.—" THE PRINCE CONTEMPTATED THEM FOR SOME TIME IN WONDER."

all three excessively fond of each other. They occupied themselves in tending their sheep, fishing with a line, spreading nets to catch birds, working in a little garden of their own, and employed their delicate hands in cultivating flowers.

Lirette was now twelve years old, Mirtis thirteen, and Finfin fifteen, when one evening, after supper, they were all seated in front of the cottage with the Good Woman, who instructed them

in a hundred agreeable things.

The youthful Finfin, seeing Lirette playing with the jewel on her neck, asked his dear mamma what it was for. She replied that she had found one on each of them when they fell into her hands.

Lirette then said:

"If mine would but do as I tell it, I should be glad."

"And what would you have it do?" asked

Finfin.

"You will see," said she; and then, taking the end of the ribbon, "Little cherry," she continued, "I should like to have a beautiful house of roses."

At the same moment they heard a slight noise behind them. Mirtis turned round first, and ut-

tered a loud cry.

She had cause; for, instead of the cottage of the Good Woman, there appeared one of the most charming that could possibly be seen. It was not lofty, but the roof was formed of roses that would bloom in Winter as well as in Summer.

They entered it, and found the most agreeable

apartments, furnished magnificently.

The little family lived thus tranquilly, occupied with different employments, according to the sea-They always attended to their flocks, but in the Summer their occupations were more pleasant. They hunted much in the Winter; they had bows and arrows, and sometimes went such long distances that they returned, with slow steps and

almost frozen, to the house of roses.

The Good Woman would receive them by a large fire. She did not know which to begin to

warm first.

"Lirette, my daughter Lirette," she would say, "place your little feet here." And taking Mirtis in her arms-"Mirtis, my child," continued she, "give me your beautiful hands to warm; and you my son, Finfin, come nearer."

Then, placing them all three on a sofa, she would pay them every attention, in the most

charming and gentle manner.

Thus they passed their days in peace and hap-

The Good Woman wondered at the sympathy between Finfin and Lirette, for Mirtis was as beautiful, and had no less amiable qualities; but certainly Finfin did not love her as fervently as the other.

One day, when Lirette was slightly indisposed, and Mirtis and Finfin were out hunting, the Good Woman thought it a convenient opportunity to go in search of Madam Tu-tu, for such was the name

Meanwhile, Finfin and Mirtis had hunted the

livelong day, and, being tired, had placed their game on the ground, and sat down to rest under a tree, where they fell asleep.

The king's son also hunted that day in the forest. He missed his suite, and came to the place where our young shepherd and shepherdess were

reposing.

He contemplated them for some time with wonder. Finfin had made a pillow of his gamebag, and the head of Mirtis reclined on the breast of Finfin.

The prince thought Mirtis so beautiful that he precipitately dismounted from his horse to examine her features with more attention. He judged, by their scrips and the simplicity of their apparel, that they were only some shepherd's children.

He sighed from grief, having already sighed from love, and this love, even, was followed in an instant by jealousy. The position in which he found these young people made him believe that such familiarity could only result from the affection which united them.

In this uneasy state of mind, not being able to tolerate their prolonged repose, he touched the

handsome Finfin with his spear.

He started up, and, seeing a man before him, he passed his hand over the face of Mirtis, and awoke her, calling her "sister," a name which dissipated in a moment the alarm of the young prince.

Mirtis rose up, quite astonished. She had never

seen any one but Finfin.

The young prince was the same age as herself. He was superbly attired, and had a face full of

charming expression.

He began by saying many sweet things to her. She listened to him with a pleasure which she had never before experienced, and she responded to them in a simple manner, full of grace.

Finfin saw that it was getting late, and he told

his sister it was time to go home.

"Come, brother," said she to the young prince. giving him her hand-"come with us into the house of roses."

For, as she believed Finfin to be her brother, she thought that every one who was handsome, like him, must be her brother also.

The young prince did not require much pressing to follow her.

Finfin threw on the back of his fawn the game he had shot, and the handsome prince carried the bow and the game-bag of Mirtis.

In this order they arrived at the house of roses. Lirette came out to meet them. She gave the prince a smiling reception, and turning toward Mirtis, said:

"I am delighted that you have had such good

sport."

They went all together to see the Good Woman, to whom the prince made known his high birth. She paid due attention to so illustrious a guest, and gave him a handsome apartment.

He remained two or three days with her, and this was long enough to complete his conquest by Mirtis, according to Finfin's request to his little

almond.

Meanwhile, the suite of the prince had been much surprised at his absence, They had found his horse, and they believed that some frightful accident had befallen him. They sought him everywhere; and the wicked king, who was his father, was in a great fury at their not being able to find him. The queen, his mother, who was very amiable, and sister of the king whom her husband had cruelly murdered, was in an inconceivable state of grief at the loss of her son.

The king's people made so many inquiries for the prince, and sought him with so much care, that at length they found him at the house of

roses.

They led him back to the king, who scolded him brutally, as though he were not the most

beautiful youth in the world.

He remained very sad at the court of his father, and thinking of his beautiful Mirtis. At length, his grief was so visible on his countenance, that he was obliged to take his mother into his confidence, who consoled him extremely.

"If you will mount your beautiful palfrey, said he, "and come to the house of roses, you will be

charmed with what you will see.'

The queen consented willingly, and took her son with her, who was enchanted at seeing his

dear mistress again.

The queen was astonished at the great beauty of Mirtis, and also at that of Lirette and Finfin. She embraced them with as much tenderness as if they had been all her own children, and conceived an immense friendship from that moment for the Good Woman. She admired the house, the garden, and all the curiosities she saw there.

One day the Good Woman took the children to see the fairy, Madame Tu-tu, and gave them her

instructions.

The young shepherds assured her that they would do exactly as she prescribed; and all four, leading their flocks into the meadows, left Madame Tu-tu alone with the Good Woman. She remarked some anxiety in her manner.

"What is the matter, madame?" said the fairy what cloud has come over your mind?"

"I will not deny," said the Good Woman, "that I am uneasy at leaving them all thus together. I have for some time perceived with sorrow that Finfin and Lirette love each other more than is desirable; and here, to add to my trouble, another attachment springs up. The prince and Mirtis do not dislike each other, and I fear to leave their youth exposed to the wanderings of their hearts."

"You have brought up these two girls so well," replied Madame Tu-tu, "that you need fear nothing. I will answer for your discretion. I will enlighten you as to their destiny in the fu-

ture."

She then informed her that Finfin was the son of the wicked king, and brother of the young prince; that Mirtis and Lirette were sisters, and daughters of the deceased king who had been murdered, and was the brother of the queen, whom the cruel usurper had married—so that these four young persons were near relations; that the wicked

king had ascended the throne after having committed a hundred atrocities, which he wished to crown by the murder of the two princesses; that the queen did all she could to prevent him, and not being able to succeed, she had called her (the fairy) to her assistance; that she then told the queen she would save them, but she could only do so by taking with them her eldest son; that she undertook to promise she should see them again some day in happiness; that on these conditions the queen had consented to a separation, which appeared at first very hard; that she had carried them all three off, and that she had confided them to the care of the Good Woman as the person most worthy of such an office.

After this the fairy begged her to be at ease, assuring her that the union of these young princes would restore peace to the kingdom, wherein

Finfin would reign with Lirette.

The Good Woman listened to this discourse with great interest, but not without letting fall some tears.

Madame Tu-tu was surprised at this emotion,

and asked the cause.

"Alas!" said she, "I fear they will lose their innocence by this grandeur to which they will be elevated, and that so brilliant a fortune will cor-

rupt their virtue."

"No," replied the fairy; "do not fear so great a misfortune—the principles you have instilled into them are too excellent. It is possible to be a king and yet an honest man. Therefore set your mind at rest. I shall be with you as much as possible, and I hope you will not be melancholy here."

The Good Woman believed her, and, after a

short time, felt perfectly satisfied.

The young shepherds were so happy, also, that they desired nothing but the continuance of their agreeable mode of life. Their pleasures, although tranquil, were not without interest; they saw each other every day, and the days only appeared too short.

The bad king learned that they were with Madame Tu-tu, but all his power could not take them away from her. He knew by what magic spells she protected them; he saw clearly that he could only get the better of them by stratagem; he had not been able to inhabit the house of roses in consequence of the continued tricks played on him by Madame Tu-tu. He hated her more than ever, as well as the Good Woman, and his hatred now extended also to his son.

At last, by a treachery eminently in keeping with all this wicked king did, he managed to get

Finfin and Lirette into his power.

When they did not return, the Good Woman was in despair, not knowing what could have happened to them. She went to Madame Tu-tu, who consulted her magic volume, when she appeared plunged on a sudden into a state of excessive sadness.

After some time, and just as day was breaking, the Good Woman, observing a few tears fall on the leaves of the book, took the liberty to ask the cause of the fairy's sorrow.



"I grieve," said she, "at the irrevocable decree of fate, which I have learned from these pages, and which I shudder and tremble to acruaint you with."

"Are they dead?" cried the Good Woman.

"No," pursued Madame Tu-tu; "but nothing can save them, unless you or I go and present ourselves to the king, and satisfy his vengeance. I

confess the truth to you, madame," continued the fairy, "that I do not feel sufficient affection for them, nor enough courage, to go thus and expose myself to his fury, and I ques-tion, also, if any one could be found capable of such a sacrifice."

"Pardon me, madame," replied the Good Woman, with great firmness; "I will go seek this king-no sacrifice is too great for me that will save my children. I will pour out for them, with all my heart, every drop of blood which I have in my veins."

Madame Tu-tu could not sufficiently admire so grand a resolution; she promised to assist her in every way in

her power.

The Good Woman took leave of her, and would not acquaint Mirtis or the prince with her design, for fear of affecting them and weakening her own determination.

She set out, with a partridge flying by her side; and, as they passed the iron oak, the partridgesnatched with her beak a little moss from its trunk, and placed it in the hands of the Good Woman.

"When you are in the greatest peril that can befall you," said

The Good Woman treasured up these words, and scarcely had she advanced some steps, when she was seized by some of the wicked king's soldiers, whom he always kept in readiness on the outskirts of the domain of Madame Tu-tu. They led her before them.

he. "I will put thee to death by the most cruel torture!"

"I came but for that purpose," replied she; "and thou mayest exercise thy cruelty as thou wilt on me-only spare my children, who are so young and incapable of having offended thee. I offer thee my life for theirs."

All who heard these words were filled with pity



ODIN AND THE DWARFS .- "HERMOD'S RETURN WITH THE DWARFS." - SEE NEXT PAGE.

she to her, "throw this moss at the feet of the at her magnanimity. The king alone was unmoved.

The queen, who was present, shed a torrent of tears. The king was so indignant with her that he would have killed her, if her attendants had not placed themselves between them. She fled, uttering piercing cries.

The barbarous king caused the Good Woman to "I have thee at last, wicked creature!" said | be shut up, ordering them to feed her well, in order to render approaching death more frightful to her. He commanded them to fill a pit with snakes, vipers, and serpents, promising himself the pleasure of precipitating the Good Woman

What a horrible mode of execution! It makes

one shudder to think of it!

The officers of this unjust king obeyed him with regret, and when they had fulfilled this frightful

order the king came to the spot.

They were about to bind the Good Woman, when she begged them not to do so, assuring them that she had sufficient courage to meet death with her hands free; and, feeling she had no time to lose, she approached the king, and threw the moss at his feet.

He was at that moment close to the frightful gulf, and, stepping forward to inspect it again with pleasure, his feet slipped on the moss, and

Scarcely had he reached the bottom of the pit, when the sanguinary reptiles darted upon him and stung him to death, and the Good Woman, at the same instant, found herself in company with her dear partridge in the house of roses.

Whilst these things were happening, Finfin and Lirette were almost dead with misery in their fearful prison; their innocent affection alone kept

them alive.

They were saying very sad and very affecting things to each other, when they perceived on a sudden the doors of their dungeon open and admit Mirtis, the handsome prince, and Madame Tu-tu, who threw themselves on their necks, and who, though speaking all at once, failed not, in the midst of this joyful confusion, to announce the death of the king.

"He was your father, Finfin, as well as that of the prince," said Madame Tu-tu; "but he was unnatural and tyrannical, and would a hundred times have put the queen, your mother, to death.

Let us go and seek her."

They did so. Her amiable nature made her feel some regret at the death of the king, her hus-

Finfin and the prince also paid all decent respect

to his memory.

Finfin was acknowledged king, and Mirtis and

Lirette princesses.

They went all together to the house of roses, to see the generous Good Woman, who thought she should die of joy in embracing them. They all acknowledged that they owed their lives to her, and more than their lives, as they were indebted to her for their happiness also.

From that moment they considered themselves

perfectly happy.

The marriages were celebrated with great pomp. King Finfin espoused the Princess Lirette, and

Mirtis the prince.

When these splendid nuptials were over, the Good Woman asked permission to retire to the house of roses. They were very unwilling to consent to this, but yielded to her sincere wish. The widowed queen also desired to pass the rest of her life with the Good Woman, and the partridge and

the fawn did likewise. They were quite disgusted with the world, and found tranquillity in that charming retreat. Madame Tu-tu often went to visit them, as did the king and queen, the prince

and princess.

Happy those who can imitate the actions of the Good Woman. Such grandeur of soul must ever Little do they fear being meet due reward. wrecked on the shoals of Fortune, who can give up all with so much courage. Discretion, Sense, Virtue—what may not mortals owe to you, their truest friends indeed?

## ODIN AND THE DWARFS.

66 THE men of the earth are idle and stupid," said Odin. "There are dwarfs and elves. who live amongst them, and play tricks which they cannot understand and do not know how to prevent. At this moment I see a husbandman sowing grains of wheat in the furrows, whilst a dwarf runs after him and changes them into stones. Again, I see two hideous little beings, who are holding under the water the head of a strange man until he dies. Now they are mixing his blood with honey; they have put it in a jar, and given it to a giant to keep for them."

Then Odin was very angry with the dwarfs, for he saw that they were bent on mischief; so he called to him Hermod, his Flying Word, and dispatched him with a message to the dwarfs and light elves, to say that Odin sent his compliments, and would be glad to speak with them, in his palace of Gladsheim, upon a matter of some im-

portance.

When they received Hermod's summons, the dwarfs and light elves were very much surprised. not quite knowing whether to feel honored or afraid. However, they put on their pertest manners and went clustering after Hermod like a swarm of ladybirds.

When they were arrived in the great city, they found Odin descended from his throne and sitting with the rest of the Æsir in the Judgment Hall of

Gladsheim.

Hermod flew in, saluted his master, and pointed to the dwarfs and elves hanging like a cloud in the doorway to show that he had fulfilled his mission.

Then Odin beckoned the little people to come

forward.

Cowering and whispering, they peeped over one another's shoulders; now running on a little way into the hall, now back again, half-curious, halfafraid; and it was not until Odin had beckoned three times that they finally reached his footstool.

Then Odin spoke to them in calm, low, serious tones about the wickedness of their mischievous

propensities.

Some—the very worst of them—only laughed in a forward, hardened manner; but a great many looked up surprised and a little pleased at the novelty of serious words; whilst the light elves all wept, for they were tender-hearted little things.

-At length Odin spoke to the two dwarfs by name

whom he had seen while they were drowning the strange man.

"Whose blood was it," he asked, "that you mixed with honey and put into a jar?"

"Oh," said the dwarfs, jumping up into the air and clapping their hands, "that was Kvasir's blood! Don't you know who Kvasir was? He sprang up out of the peace made between the Vanir and yourselves, and has been wandering about these seven years or more. So wise was he that men thought he must be a god. Well, just now we found him lying in a meadow drowned in his own wisdom; so we mixed his blood with honey and gave it to the giant, Suttung, to keep. Was not that well done, Odin?"
"Well done!" answered Odin. "Well done!

You cruel, cowardly, lying dwarfs! I myself saw you kill him. For shame! for shame!" and then Odin proceeded to pass sentence upon them all.

Those who had been the most wicked, he said, were to live, henceforth, a long way underground, and were to spend their time in throwing fuel upon the great earth's central fire; while those who had only been mischievous were to work in the gold and diamond mines, fashioning precious stones and metals. They might all come up at night, Odin said, but must vanish at the dawn.

Then he waved his hand, and the dwarfs turned round, shrilly chattering, scampered down the palace steps, out of the city, over the green fields to their unknown, deep-buried earth-homes.

But the light-elves still lingered, with upturned, tearful, smiling faces, like sunshiny morning dew. "And you," said Odin, looking them through and through with his serious eyes, "and you-

"Oh, indeed, Odin," interrupted they, speaking all together in quick, uncertain tones; "oh, indeed, Odin, we are not so very wicked. We have never done anybody any harm."

"Have you ever done anybody any good?" asked

"Oh! no, indeed," answered the light elves;

"we have never done anything at all."

"You may go, then," said Odin, "to live amongst the flowers, and play with the wild bees and Summer insects. You must, however, find something to do, or you will get to be mischievous like the dwarfs.

"If only we had any one to teach us," said the light-elves, "for we are such foolish little people."

Odin looked round inquiringly upon the Æsir; but amongst them there was no teacher found for the silly elves.

Then he turned to Niord, who nodded his head

good-naturedly, and said:

"Yes, yes, I will see about it."

And then he strode out of the judgment hall, right away through the city gates, and sat down

upon the mountain's edge.

After a while he began to whistle in a most alarming manner, louder and louder, in strong, wild gusts, now advancing, now retreating; then he dropped his voice a little, lower and lower, until it became a bird-like whistle-low, soft, enticing music, like a spirit's call; and far away from the south a little fluttering answer came, sweet as the invitation itself, nearer and nearer, until the two

sounds dropped into one another.

Then, through the clear sky, two forms came floating, wonderfully fair -a brother and sistertheir beautiful arms twined round one another, their golden hair bathed in sunlight and supported by the wind.

"My son and daughter," said Niord, proudly, to the surrounding Æsir, "Frey and Freyja, Summer and Beauty, hand in hand."

When Frey and Freyja dropped upon the hill, Niord took his son by the hand, led him gracefully to the foot of the throne, and said:

"Look here, dear brother Lord, what a fair young instructor I have brought for your pretty

little elves."

Odin was very much pleased with the appearance of Frey; but, before constituting him king and schoolmaster of the light-elves, he desired to know what his accomplishments were, and what he con-

sidered himself competent to teach.

"I am the genius of clouds and sunshine," answered Frey, and as he spoke the essences of a hundred perfumes were exhaled from his breath. "I am the genius of clouds and sunshine, and if the light-elves will have me for their king I can teach them how to burst the folded buds, to set the blossoms, to pour sweetness into the swelling fruit, to lead the bees through the honey-passages of the flowers, to make the single ear a stalk of wheat, to hatch birds' eggs, and teach the little ones to sing-all this, and much more," said Frey, "I know and will teach them."

"Then," answered Odin, "it is well."

And Frey took his scholars away with him to Alfheim, which is a very beautiful place under the sun.

# THE MAN-WHALE.

T happened once that some Icelanders went to the cliffs of Geirfuglasker to get sea-birds' eggs; some of them landed, the rest being left to take care of the boat. Suddenly a heavy wind came on, and they were forced to leave the island in haste, abandoning one, a young and active man, who was too far off.

Often after they tried to row back to the Geirfuglasker to rescue him, but the whole season the wind and surf always drove them back. At last, deeming the young man dead, they gave up the

attempt, and ceased to risk their lives.

So time passed away, until the next season for seeking sea-birds came round, and the weather being now calm, the peasants embarked in their boat for the Geirfuglasker.

When they landed upon the cliffs, great was their astonishment at seeing coming toward them a man, whom they recognized as the youth who had been left there the year before.

They asked him all sorts of questions, but he

would give them none but vague replies, which left

them just as wise as they were before.

He said, however, he had never once left the

cliff, and that he had been very comfortable there,

wanting for nothing.

They then rowed him to land, where all his friends

and kin received him with unbounded amazement and joy.

wrought of a stuff that nobody had ever seen before, but the strangest part of the business was, that though everybody looked at the cradle and child, nobody claimed either one or the other, or seemed to know anything whatever about them.



THE MAN-WHALE .- "AFTER A WHILE THEY CAME TO A WATERFALL, UP WHICH THE WHALE LEAPED."

One Sunday in the Summer, when the service was over and the folk began to leave the church, among them the young man who had passed a year on the cliffs, what should they find standing in the porch but a beautiful cradle with a baby in it!

The coverlet was richly embroidered, and

Last of all came the priest out of the church, who, after he had admired and wondered at the cradle and child as much as the others, asked whether there was no one present to whom they belonged.

No one answered.

Then he asked whether there was no one present who had enough interest in the child to desire him to baptize it.

No one either answered or came forward.

He then asked the youth.

"What care I," he said, "whether you baptize the child or no? Christen it or drown it, just

which you think fit; neither it, nor its father, nor its mother, are aught to me."

As these words left his lips, there suddenly appeared in the porch a woman, handsomely appareled, of great beauty and noble stature, whom no one had ever seen before.

She snatched the coverlet from the cradle, and flinging it in through the door of the church, said:

"Be witnesses all, that I wish not the church to lose its dues for this child's baptism." Then, turning to the young peasant, and stretching out her hands toward him, she cried: "But thou, oh faithless coward, disowner of thy child, shalt become a whale, the fiercest and most dreaded in the whole wide sea."

With these words she seized the cradle and disappeared. The young peasant went mad, and, rushing down to the Holmur Cliffs.

hesitated for a moment on the brink, when lo! a fearful change came over him, and he began to swell to a vast size, till at last he became so large that the rock could no longer bear him, but crumbling beneath him, hurled him in the sea.

There he was changed into a great whale, and the red cap which he had been wearing became a

It was now known that on his being left on the

rocks by his companions a lovely girl had come to him, who saved him from starving. This girl he married, and having borne him a child before the end of the year, she only allowed him to go to shore when his companions came again to the cliffs on condition that he should have his child baptized when he should find it in the church-

porch, threatening him if he failed with the severest punishment.

Now Redhead, the whale, had wrought mischief there without end, destroying boats innumerable, and drowning all their crews, so that at last it became unsafe to cross any part of the bay, and nothing could either prevent his ravages or drive him away.

After matters had gone on like this for some time, the whale began to haunt a narrow gulf called Hvalfjördur.

At that time an aged priest, who, though hale and hearty, was blind, resolved to deliver the people, and one fine morning in the Summer he bade his daughter take his hand and guide him down to the sea-shore. When he arrived there he planted the end of the staff which he had brought with him in the waves. After a few minutes he asked his daughter:

"How looks

the sea? Is all calm, and canst thou discern aught?

She answered:

"My father, it is as bright and smooth as a mirror.

Again, a few minutes, and he repeated:

"How looks the sea?"

She replied:

"I see on the horizon a black line, which draws



THE GOLDEN FAIRY .- "HE SAW SUDDENLY START UP BEFORE HIM A LITTLE DWARFISH WOMAN LEANING ON A STICK." - SEE NEXT PAGE.

nearer and nearer, as if it were a shoal of whales,

swimming quickly into the bay."

When the old man heard that the black line was approaching them, he bade the girl lead him along the shore to the inland end of the bay.

She did so, and the black surging sea followed them constantly. But as the water became shallower the girl saw that the foam arose, not from a shoal of whales, but from a single huge whale with a red head, who came rapidly toward them along the middle of the bay, as if drawn by some unseen power.

A river ran into the extreme end of the gulf, and the old priest begged his daughter to lead him still

on along its banks.

As they went slowly up the stream, the old man feeling every footstep before him, the whale followed them, though with a heavy struggle, as the river contained but little water for so vast a monster to swim in.

Yet forward they went, and the whale still after them, till the river became so narrow between its high walls of rock that the ground beneath their

feet quaked as the whale followed them.

After a while they came to a waterfall, up which the monster leaped, with a spring that made the land tremble far and wide, and the very rocks totter.

But they came at last to a lake, from which the river rose, whose course they had followed from the sea—the lake Hvalvatn.

Here the heart of the monster broke from very toil and anguish, and he disappeared from their

eyes.

And in case anybody should doubt the truth of this story of Redhead, the man-whale, let him go to see the bones at the lake.

# THE GOLDEN FAIRY.

NCE upon a time there was a very discontented young prince, who was the son of a very amiable queen, but whose father, the king, was very penurious. This often grieved the soul of the good queen, who was an angel of goodness, inasmuch as she could not give as much as she wished to the poor and afflicted.

So she often sighed and said to Prince Bonward,

for so the youth was called:

"If I had a little more gold, my son, I could do

so much good with it."

But the son was not so good and charitable as his mother, for, indeed, few children are, and he silently said to himself:

"If ever I become a man, I will do all I can to make money. Gold is certainly the foundation of

happiness.'

He little knew that it is equally the foundation of sorrow, and that as much misery flows from

riches as from poverty.

Full of this longing for wealth, Prince Bonward fell asleep one day in a part of the palace garden, and dreamed all manner of things about gold. He thought he was walking in a golden orchard, where the fruit was composed of the most magnificent rubies, emeralds, diamonds, and amethysts. In the midst of this glorious delusion, he woke to see only the common trees of earth.

While he was slowly regaining his consciousness, he saw suddenly start up before him a little

dwarfish woman, leaning on a stick.

He felt instinctively that she was a fairy, and his heart began to beat fast, while his imagination connected her with his vision of boundless wealth.

While he was gazing upon her, she said:
"My dear prince, I am the Fairy Plutina. I
have come to ask what I can do for you. You
have only to say what you wish, and I will grant
your desire."

Without a minute's hesitation, Prince Bonward

said:

"Beautiful fairy, I have only one desire, and that is to be rich. Make me rich, and you will make me happy."

The fairy shook her head, and said:

"Gold is a terrible snare. Think again before I

grant your wish."

"I have done nothing," replied the prince, "for months but ponder over the idea, and the wish is now grown so absorbing that I shall die if it be not gratified."

"Be it so," returned the fairy; "and put your

desires in your own words."

"I wish that everything I touch may become gold and precious gems; then I cannot fail to be happy."

The fairy then waved the staff on which she leaned three times in the air, and chanted, in a low

voice, these words:

"Beauty is a fearful snare;
It is dangerous to be fair;
Power is terrible likewise,
Since it leads to tyrannize;
But the greatest peril still
Is glittering gold, the king of ill."

While she was singing these mystic words, the prince fell off into a profound slumber.

When he awoke, the sun had reached the zenith,

and to his eyes everything looked golden.

He rose, and at first considered his interview with the fairy as part of his dream.

Feeling hungry, he rose, and resolved to make

the best of his way to the palace.

"A pretty dream I have had; but, alas! it was but a dream, and yet, if I ever felt wide awake in my life, it seemed to me I was then. Why, I shall know that fairy's face from ten thousand!"

On his way to the palace he had to open an iron

gate.

What was his surprise to find, as he touched it, that the iron was changed into gold—beautiful, bright, glittering gold!

"Am I awake or dreaming?"

He looked around; he pinched himself. He at last became satisfied that he was not dreaming.

His delight knew no bounds.

Bitter was his regret that he could not carry the gate away with him to his private apartment in the palace, but he determined to send some of his attendants for it, and to tell his mother, the queen, all about it, and share with her his riches,

keeping his good fortune a secret from his stingy father, the king.

When he reached the palace, he ran up to his own apartment, and commenced his toilet for dinner.

What was his delight to find that the fairy had not deceived him, for upon taking up his dress he found that his touch had converted everything into gold!

He immediately sent his valet to ask his mother, the queen, to come to his apartment, as he had an important communication to make.

When the queen came, he rushed to her, and

clasping her hand, he cried:

"My darling mother, we are happy for life!"
The queen's hand immediately became gold.
She shuddered and said:

"What is the matter with me? I have no feel-

ing in my hand !"

Prince Bonward then related his interview with the fairy.

At dinner his touch made the goblet of wine

change into a golden mass.

The same happened to everything he touched. He was in peril of being starved. In truth he was almost starving now.

In a state of bewilderment he rushed to his own apartment, and threw himself von his couch. It also was converted into gold.

That night the fairy came to nim.

"Oh, good fairy," said he, "what am I to do? I am dying with hunger."

The good fairy then said:

"My child, how little do we know what is good for us! But pray to Somona Codun and sleep. I will try and save you."

The next morning he awoke, and was delighted to find that the fairy had released him from his in-

sensate wish.

He became reconciled to his lot, and lived and died happy, for he cared only for virtue, and never coveted gold again; but his mother wore a glove all the days of her life to hide her hand of gold.

Chaucer has made the curse of gold the subject of one of his matchless "Canterbury Tales." We give the idea in a condensed shape as a pendant to our fairy story:

"Three travelers found, one Summer day, A golden treasure on their way; But being hungry, they entreat One to buy something they could eat. As he went on his way, he said, 'I'll poison well the meat and bread, So that I can myself possess The gold which has such power to bless.' When he had gone, his comrades two Had the same base designs in view, And said, 'When he returns, we'll slay Our friend, and hide him in the clay.' So, when he brought to them the food, Their thirsty daggers drank his blood. Then down they sat to their repast, But that dire banquet was their last, And all lay dead upon the ground. An old philosopher who found Their lifeless forms, exclaimed, 'Thus fate Punishes the insatiate. Ill-gotten gold to mortal breath Is the sure road to shameful death.'"

# BLUE BEARD.

MANY years ago there lived a Turkish merand country houses; his dishes and plates were all of gold or silver; his rooms were hung with damask; his chairs and sofas were covered with the richest silks, and his carriages were all gilt with gold in a grand style. But it happened that this gentleman had a blue beard, which made him so very frightful and ugly, that none of the ladies, in the parts where he lived, would venture to go into his company. Now, there was a certain lady of rank, who lived very near him, and had two daughters, both of them of very great beauty. Blue Beard asked her to bestow one of them upon him for a wife, and left it to herself to choose which of the two it should be. But both the young ladies again and again said they would never marry Blue Beard; yet, to be as civil as they could, each of them said the only reason why she would not have him was, because she was loath to hinder her sister from the match, which would be such a good one for her. Still, the truth of the matter was, they could neither of them bear the thoughts of having a husband with a blue beard; and besides, they had heard of his having been married to several wives before, and nobody could tell what had ever become of any of them. As Blue Beard wished very much to gain their favor, he asked the mother and her daughters, and some ladies who were on a visit at their house, to go with him to one of his country seats. There they spent a whole week, during which they passed all their time in nothing but parties for hunting and fishing, music, dancing, and feasts. No one ever thought of going to bed, and the nights were passed in merry-makings of all kinds. In short, the time rolled on in so much pleasure, that the younger of the two sisters began to think that the beard which she had been so much afraid of was not so very blue, and that the gentleman who owned it was vastly civil and pleasing. Soon after their return home she told her mother that she had no longer any dislike to accept of Blue Beard for her husband, and in a very short time they were married.

About a month after the marriage had taken place, Blue Beard told his wife that he should be forced to leave her for a few weeks, as he had some affairs to attend to in the country. He desired her to be sure to indulge herself in every kind of pleasure; to invite as many of her friends as she liked, and to treat them with all sorts of dainties, that her time might pass pleasantly till he came back again.

"Here," said he, "are the keys of the two large wardrobes. This is the key of the great box that contains the best plate, which we use for company; this belongs to my strong-box, where I keep my money; and this belongs to my casket, in which are all my jewels. Here, also, is a master-key to all the rooms in the house; but this small key belongs to the closet at the end of the long gallery on the ground-floor. I give you leave," said he, "to open, or do what you like



BLUE BEARD. -" SHE WAS EAGER TO SEE WHAT WAS IN THE CLOSET HER HUSBAND HAD TOLD HER NOT TO OPEN."

with all the rest except this closet; this, my dear, you must not enter, nor even put the key into the lock, for all the world. If you do not obey me in this one thing, you must expect the most dreadful of punishments."

She promised to obey his orders in the most faithful manner; and Blue Beard, after kissing her tenderly, stepped into his coach, and drove

away.

When Blue Beard was gone, the friends of his

Rooms which had not been thrown open for years were rummaged attentively and well by these ladies; some were filled with armor that had been worn by the fighting men whose bodies had fed the vultures and the crows, and whose bones had whitened the plains of battle centuries ago. Some rooms were filled with crystal vessels containing rich spices or perfumes of the loveliest odor; some were adorned with carvings and gildings, showing the history of romance and fairy-



BLUE BEARD .- " FOUR HEADS WERE HANGING BY THEIR LONG HAIR FROM THE WALL."

wife did not wait to be asked, so eager were they to see all the riches and fine things she had gained by marriage; for they had none of them gone to the wedding, on account of their dislike to the blue beard of the bridegroom.

As soon as ever they came to the house, they ran about from room to room, from closet to closet, and then from wardrobe to wardrobe, looking into each with wonder and delight, and said that every fresh one they came to was richer and finer than what they had seen the moment before.

land; all in such an admirable style, that the eye never could be tired in gazing upon them.

At last they came to the drawing-rooms, where their surprise was made still greater by the costly grandeur of the hangings, the sofas, the chairs, carpets, tables, sideboards, and looking-glasses the frames of these last were silver-gilt, most richly adorned, and in the glasses they saw themselves from head to foot.

In short, nothing could exceed the richness of what they saw; and they all did not fail to admire

and envy the good fortune of their friend. But all this time, the bride herself was far from thinking about the fine speeches they made for her, for she was eager to see what was in the closet her

husband had told her not to open.

So great, indeed, was her desire to do this, that, without once thinking how rude it would be to leave her guests, she slipped away down a private staircase that led to this forbidden closet, and in such a hurry, that she was two or three times in danger of falling down-stairs and breaking her neck.

How calm it was! it seemed as if the very air held its breath. She saw the red sunset through the window, the vines clambering about, and the tree-tops, with their thousand leaves—everything so quiet, her very heart stood still within her—she was almost frightened at the silence.

Then the thought suddenly came into her mind that some one was following her; she looked back, but all was blank space and fearful stillness. She advanced, however, as if she had been under

the influence of a spell.

When she reached the door of the closet, she stopped for a few moments to think of the order her husband had given her; and how he had told her that he would not fail to keep his word and punish her very severely, if she did not obey him.

"What care I," she said, "if he cannot trust me with the secret of that closet—and what care I for all that is in the castle, if I am to be cautioned like a slave to refrain from looking into this room or that one? But no one is near to tell tales of me, and the closet is near."

But she was so very curious to know what was inside, that she made up her mind to venture in in spite of everything. She then, with a trembling hand, put the key into the lock, and the door

straight flew open.

As the window-shutters were closed, and only a few rays of light came in, she at first could see nothing; but in a short time she noticed that the floor was covered with clotted blood, on which the bodies of several dead women were lying. Some were in night-dresses, and, from the ropes which still bound them, it seemed as if they had not been killed within the walls of the castle, but had been brought from distant places.

All were young and of gentle features, and upon the proper finger of two of these most recently killed were the wedding-rings—so that the terrified lady saw at once that these were wives of Blue Beard whom he had killed one after another, and she wept bitterly when she thought her turn must be soon, and that his excuse for killing her would be because she had disobeyed him through

a childish curiosity.

At this sight she was ready to sink with fear; and the key of the closet-door, which she held in her hand, fell on the floor. When she had a little got the better of her fright, she took it up, locked the door, and made haste back to her own room, that she might have a little time to get into a humor to amuse her company. But this she could not do, so great was her terror at what she had seen.

As she found that the key of the closet had got stained with blood in falling on the floor, she wiped it two or three times over to clean it; yet still the blood kept on it the same as before. She next washed it; but the blood did not move at all; she then scoured it with brickdust, and after with sand, but in spite of all she could do the blood was still there. For the key was a fairy who was Blue Beard's friend; so that as fast as she got off the blood on one side, it came again on the other.

Early in the evening Blue Beard came home, saying that before he had gone far on his journey he was met by a horseman, who was coming to tell him that his affair in the country was settled without his being present; upon which his wife said everything she could think of, to make him believe she was in a transport of joy at his sudden

return.

It was a bright morning in midsummer, and the sun was rising in the skies as hot as hot could be; the dew which sparkled in the grass and upon the flowers and the trees was soon dried up, and with the light wind the dust was seen rolling in light clouds along the distant highways; the far-off waves of the sea were brightened up by sunshine, and the rivers near were glittering with the light of the glorious day, when Blue Beard, who seemed more smiling and kind than ever (deceifful wretch that he was!) met his wife and her sister in the breakfast-room.

So soon as the meal was finished, Blue Beard

said:

"I have no doubt it surprised you both that I started from home yesterday on a long journey, and returned in such a short time to the castle; but the fact was, I met a gentleman traveling hither with the very papers of consequence which I was going to receive; and to-day I shall be engaged a long time in my library alone, looking over the papers, and in writing to my agent, who asks for money to pay the servants and overlookers in my coffee-plantations abroad. Wife, I will trouble you for the key of my treasury, and for all my other keys," said the ill-meaning husband, with a fiendish smile.

The poor wife turned as pale as a sheet, and said she had left the keys in her private chamber

above stairs.

"Fetch them," said he; "I want them immediately."

The poor lady went for the keys, but they were in her pocket all the time, only she was too much terrified to bring them forward; so when she had left the room her sister followed her, and they talked a long time together, and the lady said:

"I shall be killed for my curiosity and disobedience! What is to be done?"

And her sister replied:

"You must tell him you have lost the keys, and meanwhile my brothers may arrive, and we will call on them to save us from this deceitful wifekiller, and to take us home again."

At that instant Blue Beard called out, in a different voice from what his wife was used to hear,

saying:

"Madam, I tell you to bring me the keys! If you bring them not immediately, I will come and help you find them. I will not be trifled with.

Find me the keys!"

And in five minutes afterward, whilst both were half dead for fear, his foot was upon the landing, and in a few seconds he entered the private chamber, which was near to the staircase of the small tower which overlooked the wide country far and

So soon as he entered the room, his wife saw by his angry looks it was no use delaying, so at last

she was forced to give the keys to Blue Beard.
"How is it," said he, "that the key of the

closet upon the ground-floor is not here?"

"Is it not?" said the wife, "then I must have left it on my dressing-table."

"Be sure you give it to me by-and-by," replied Blue Beard.

After going a good many times backward and forward, as if she was looking for the key, she was at last forced to give it to Blue Beard.

He looked hard at it, and then said:

"How came this blood upon the key?"
"I am sure I do not know," replied the poor lady, at the same time turning as white as a

"You do not know?" said Blue Beard, sternly; "but I know well enough. You have been in the closet on the ground-floor! Very well, madam; since you are so mighty fond of this closet, you shall be sure to take your place among the ladies you saw there."

His wife, who was almost dead with fear, now fell upon her knees, and asked his pardon a thousand times for her fault, and begged him to forgive her; looking all the time so very mournful and lovely, that she would have melted any heart that

was not harder than a rock.

But Blue Beard only said:

"No, no, madam; you shall die this very min-

"Alas!" said the poor, trembling creature, "if I must die, give me, at least, a little time to say my prayers."

"I give you," replied the cruel Blue Beard, "half a quarter of an hour-not a moment

When Blue Beard had left her to herself, she called to her sister, who was near at hand; and after telling her, as well as she could for sobbing, that she had but half a quarter of an hour to live-"Prithee," said she, "sister, run up to the top of the tower, and see if my brothers are not in sight; for they said they would visit me to-day -and if you see them, make a sign for them to gallop on as fast as ever they can.'

Her sister straight did as she was desired; and the poor, trembling lady every minute cried out

to her:

"Sister, sister! do you see any one coming?"

Her sister said:

"I see nothing but the sun, which makes a dust, and the grass, which looks green."
In the meanwhile Blue Beard, with a great cim-

eter in his hand, called to his wife:

"Come down at once, or I will fetch you!"
"One moment longer," I beseech you," replied she—and again called softer to her sister, "Sister, do you see any one coming?"

To which she answered, "I see nothing but the sun, which makes a dust, and the grass, which

looks green."

Blue Beard now again bawled out:

"Come down, I say, this very moment, or I

shall come and fetch you!"

"I am coming-indeed I will come in one minute," sobbed his wretched wife. Then she once more cried out: "Sister! sister! do you see any one coming?"

"I see," said her sister, "a cloud of dust a little

to the left."

"Do you think it is my brothers?" said the

"Alas! no, dear sister," replied she, "it is only a flock of sheep."

"Will you come down, madam?" said Blue

Beard, in the greatest rage.

"Only one single moment more," said she. And then she called out for the last time, "Sister!" sister! do you see no one coming?"
"I see," replied her sister, "two men on horse-

back coming; but they are still a great way off."
"Thank God!" cried she; "they are my

brothers. Beckon them to make haste.

Blue Beard now cried out so loud for her to come down, that his voice shook the whole house. The poor lady, with her hair loose, and all in tears, now came down, and fell on her knees, begging him to spare her life; but he stopped her, saying, "All this is of no use, for you shall die." And then, seizing her by the hair, raised his cimeter to strike off her head.

The poor woman now begged a single moment

to say one prayer.

"No, no!" said Blue Beard, "I will give you no more time. You have had too much already." And again raising his arm—just at this instant a loud knocking was heard at the gates, which made Blue Beard wait for a moment to see who it was. The gates now flew open, and two officers, dressed in their uniform, came in, and, with their swords in their hands, ran straight to Blue Beard, who, seeing they were his wife's brothers, tried to es. cape from their 'presence; but they pursued and seized him before he had gone twenty steps, and plunging their swords into his body, he fell down dead at their feet.

The poor wife, who was almost as dead as her husband, was not able at first to rise and embrace her brothers; but she soon came to herself; and, as Blue Beard had no heirs, she found herself the

owner of his great riches.

She gave a part of his vast fortune, as a marriage dowry, to her sister, who soon after became the wife of a young gentleman who had long loved her. Some of the money she laid out in buying captains' commissions for her two brothers, and the rest she gave to a worthy gentleman whom she married shortly after, and whose kind treatment soon made her forget Blue Beard's cruelty.

"You were wrong, sister," said one of the





HILDUR, THE QUEEN OF THE ELVES .- "HE LEAPED INTO THE PRECIPICE DOWN WHICH HE SAW HILDUR DISAPPEAR."

brothers, as they were talking the story over—
"you were wrong in visiting the forbidden chamber, against your husband's commands; but Blue Beard showed himself to be a wicked and cruel man to tempt you as he did, by exciting your curiosity and then by seeking to take your life, because you endeavored to gratify the passion he had raised. If he had not been a bad man, who knew that he had committed crimes which he wished to conceal, he could have given you his

confidence, and you might have lived together in peace and mutual trust to the end of your days."

#### HILDUR, THE QUEEN OF THE ELVES.

ONCE, in a mountainous district, there lived a certain farmer. He was unmarried, and had a housekeeper named Hildur, who had all the

indoor affairs of the farm under her charge, and managed them wondrous well. All the inmates of the house, the farmer himself to boot, were fond of her, as she was clean and thrifty in her habits,

and kind and gentle in speech.

Everything about the place flourished exceedingly, but the farmer always found the greatest difficulty in hiring a herdsman. This difficulty did not arise from any fault of the farmer's own, or from neglect on the part of the housekeeper to the comforts of the servants, but from the fact that no herdsman who entered his service lived more than a year; each one being without fail found dead in his bed on the morning of Christmas Day. No wonder, therefore, the farmer found herdsmen scarce.

In those times it was the custom of the country to spend the night of Christmas Eve at church.

But so far was this farm from the church, that the herdsmen, who did not return from their flocks till late in the evening, were unable to go to it on that night until long after the usual time; and as for Hildur, she always remained behind to take care of the house, and always had so much to do in the way of cleaning the rooms and dealing out the rations for the servants, that the family used to come home from church and go to bed long before she had finished her work and was able to go to bed herself.

The more the reports of the death of herdsman after herdsman, on the night of Christmas Eve, were spread abroad, the greater became the difficulty the farmer found in hiring one; although it was never supposed for an instant that violence was used toward the men, as no mark had ever been found on their bodies, and as, moreover, there

was no one to suspect.

At length the farmer declared that his conscience would no longer let him thus hire men only in order that they might die, so he determined in future to let luck take care of his sheep, or the sheep take care of themselves.

Not long after he had made this determination, a bold and hardy-looking man came and made him an offer of his services. The farmer said :

"My good friend, I am not in so great need of your services as to hire you."

Then the man asked him: "Have you a herdsman?"

"No; I suppose you know what has hitherto be-fallen every one I have hired."

"I have heard it," said the other; "but fear shall neither trouble me nor prevent my keeping your sheep this Winter for you, if you will but make up your mind to take me."

But the farmer would not hear of it at first; "For," said he, "it is a pity, indeed, that so fine a fellow as you should lose your chance of life. Begone, if you are wise, and get work elsewhere."

Yet still the man insisted. At length the farmer consented to take him, and very well they agreed

On Christmas Eve all went to church, except Hildur and the herdsman. Late in the evening the latter returned, and, having eaten his supper, went to bed. As soon as he was well between the sheets, he thought it would be best to lie awake, and thus be ready for any accident, though he was

mightily little troubled with fear.

Quite late at night, he heard the farmer and his family returning from church, enter the house, and, having taken supper, go to bed. Still, nothing happened, except that whenever he closed his eyes for a moment, a deadly faintness stole over him, which only made him do his best to keep awake. Shortly after some one crept stealtily up to the side of his bed, and he recognized Hildur, the housekeeper.

So he feigned to be asleep, and felt her place in his mouth the bit of a magic bridle, but yet allowed her to fix it on him, without moving. When she had fastened the bridle, she dragged him from his bed with it, and out of the farmhouse, without

his being able to resist.

Then, mounting on his back, she made him rise from the ground as if on wings, and rode him through the air, till they arrived at a precipice

which yawned down into the earth.

She dismounted at a large stone, and fastening the reins to it, leaped into the precipice. But the herdsman, thinking that it would be no bad thing to know what became of the woman, tried to escape from the stone; but, failing in this, managed, after a short struggle, to get the bridle off his head, and having so done, leapt into the precipice, down which he had seen Hildur disappear.

After sinking for a long, long time, he caught a glimpse of Hildur beneath him, and at last they

came to some beautiful green meadows.

From all this, the man guessed that Hildur was by no means a common mortal, and feared if he were to follow her along these green fields, and she turn round and catch sight of him, he might, not unlikely, pay for his curiosity with his life. So he took a magic stone which he always carried, the nature of which made him invisible when he held it in his palm, and placing it in the hollow of his hand, ran after her.

When they had gone some way along the meadows, a splendid palace rose, with which Hildur seemed well-acquainted. At her approach a great crowd of people came forth and saluted Hildur

with respect and joy.

Foremost of these walked a man of kindly and noble aspect, whose salutation seemed to be that of a husband; all the rest bowed to her as if she were their queen. This man was accompanied by two children, who ran up to Hildur, calling her mother, and embraced her.

After the people had welcomed their queen, they all returned to the palace, where they dressed her in royal robes, and loaded her hands with costly

robes and bracelets.

The herdsman followed the crowd, and posted himself where he would be least in the way of the company, but where he could catch sight easily of all that passed, and lose nothing. So gorgeous and dazzling were the hangings of the hall, and the silver and golden vessels on the table, that he thought he had never, in all his life before, seen the like; not to mention the wonderful dishes and

After a little time, all the guests were begged to take their seats, while Hildur sat on the throne be-

side the king, and the feast commenced.

When it was concluded, the guests amused themselves by dancing, singing, drinking and revel; but the king and queen talked together, and seemed

While they were thus conversing, three children, younger than those the man had seen before, ran in, and clung round the neck of their mother.

Hildur received them with all a mother's love, and, as the youngest was restless, put it on the ground and gave it one of her rings to play with. After the little one had played a while with the ring, he lost it, and it rolled along the floor toward the herdsman, who, being invisible, picked it up and put it into his pocket. Of course, all search for it by the guests was in vain.

When the night was far advanced, Hildur made preparations for departure, at which all the people assembled showed great sorrow, and begged her

The herdsman had observed in one corner of the hall an old woman, who neither received the queen

with joy nor pressed her to stay.

As soon as the king perceived that neither his entreaties nor those of the assembly could induce Hildur to stay, he went up to the old woman, and said:

"Mother, rid us now of thy curse; no longer compel my queen to live far from me. Her short visits are more pain to me than joy."

The old woman answered angrily:

"Never will I depart from what I have said. My words shall hold true in all their force, and on no condition will I abolish my curse.'

On this the king, going up to his wife, entreated her in the fondest and most loving terms not to

The queen answered: depart.

'The infernal power of thy mother's curse forces me to go, and perchance this may be the last time that I shall see thee. For lying, as I do, under this horrible ban, it is not possible that my constant murders can remain much longer secret, and then I must suffer the full penalty of crimes which I have committed against my will."

While she was thus speaking, the herdsman sped from the palace and across the fields to the precipice, up which he mounted as rapidly as he had

come down, thanks to the magic stone.

When he arrived at the rock, he put the stone into his pocket, and the bridle over his head again. Very soon after Hildur came up, mounted on his back, and off they flew again to the farmhouse, where Hildur, taking the bridle from his head, placed him again in his bed, and retired.

The herdsman, who by this time was well tired out, now considered it safe to go to sleep, which he did so soundly as not to wake till quite late on

Christmas morning.

The farmer rose early, filled with the fear that, instead of passing Christmas in joy, he should assuredly, as he so often had before, find his herdsman dead, and pass it in sorrow and mourning. So he and all the rest of the family went to the bedside of the herdsman.

When the farmer had looked at him and found him breathing, he praised God aloud for his mercy in preserving the man from death.

Not long afterward the man got up.

Wondering at his preservation, the farmer asked him how he had passed the night, and whether he had seen anything. The man replied:

"No; but I have had a very curious dream."

"What was it?" asked the farmer.

The man related everything that had passed in the night, as well as he could remember.

When he had finished his story, every one was silent for wonder, except Hildur, who went up to him and said:

"I declare you to be a liar in all that you have said, unless you can prove it by sure evidence."

The herdsman took from his pocket the ring which he had picked up on the floor of the hall in Elf-land, and, showing it to her, said :

"Though my dream needs no proof, yet here is one you will not, doubtless, deem other than a sure one; for is this not your gold ring, Queen

Hildur ?"

Hildur answered:

"It is, no doubt, my ring. Happy man! may you prosper in all you undertake, for you have released me from the awful yoke which my motherin-law laid, in her wrath, upon me, and from the curse of a yearly murder."

And then Hildur told them the story of her life

as follows:

"I was born of an obscure family among the elves. Our king fell in love with me and married me, in spite of the strong disapproval of his mother. She swore eternal hatred to me in her anger against her son, and said to him, 'Short shall be your joy with this fair wife of yours, for you shall see her but once a year, and that only at the expense of a murder. This is my curse upon her, and it shall be carried out to the letter. She shall go and serve in the upper world, this queen, and every Christmas Eve shall ride a man, one of her fellow-servants, with this magic bridle, to the confines of Elf-land, where she shall pass a few hours with you, and then ride him back again till his very heart breaks with toil, and his very life leaves him. Let her thus enjoy her queenship.'

"And this horrible fate was to cling to me until I should either have these murders brought home to me, and be condemned to death, or should meet with a gallant man like this herdsman, who should have nerve and courage to follow me down into Elf-land, and be able to prove afterward that he had been there with me, and seen the customs of

my people.

"And now I must confess that all the former herdsmen were slain by me, but no penalty shall touch me for their murders, as I committed them against my will. And as for you, oh courageous man, who have dared, the first of human beings, to explore the realms of Elf-land, and have freed me from the yoke of this awful curse, I will reward you in times to come, but not now.

"A deep longing for my home and my loved ones impels me hence. Farewell!"

With these words Hildur vanished, and was



THE IMPOSSIBLE ENCHANTMENT.—"SHE RODE A LARGE TIGER, AND PASSED THE KING AT FULL GALLOP."

never seen again. But our friend the herdsman, leaving the service of the farmer, took a farm for himself, and prospered, and became one of the chief men in the country, and always ascribed his prosperity to Hildur, the Queen of the Elves.

#### THE IMPOSSIBLE ENCHANTMENT.

NCE upon a time there was a king who was very much beloved by his subjects, and was equally fond of them. This monarch had a great repugnance to marriage, and, what was still more astonishing, love had never made the slightest impression on his heart. His subjects, however, pressed so strongly upon him the necessity

of providing for the succession to the throne, that the good king finally consented to their request. But as no woman he had yet seen had awakened in him the faintest inclination to marry her, he resolved to seek in foreign lands that which his own had failed to present him with, and accordingly set out on his travels.

He would take no one with him but a single equerry, a very sensible man, but not particularly

brilliant.

The king roamed in vain through several kingdoms, using all his best endeavors to fall in love; but his time not being come, he retraced his road toward his own dominions, after two years' absence and fatigue, in the same state of indifference as he left them.

It happened, however, that in traversing a forest he heard a noise. A moment afterward he perceived a young female as remarkable for her beauty as for the proud air with which she rode a large tiger, whose paces were admirable.

She passed the king full gallop, without stopping or even saluting him; but though she scarcely looked at him, he was enchanted with her, and his heart was gone like a flash of lightning.

All in agitation, he perceived a dwarf who had lagged behind the rest of the company. He addressed him eagerly respecting the object of his admiration. The dwarf informed him that the lady he had just seen was the Princess Mutine, daughter of King Prudent, in whose dominions they were at present. He told him, also, that the princess was exceedingly fond of the

chase, and that the pack he had seen pass was

what she hunted rabbits with.

The king then asked the nearest road to the court of King Prudent. The dwarf pointed it out to him, and spurred on his lynx to rejoin the hunt; and the king, with the impatience of a newborn passion, gave the spurs to his horse, and in less than two hours found himself in the capital of King Prudent's dominions. He was presented to the king and queen, who received him with open arms, the more graciously on learning his name and that of his empire.

The very next morning the king demanded the hand of the princess in marriage. The princess was present, and took her part in all the entertainments without uttering a single word, and the first

he heard her pronounce was the fatal "Yes," which bound her to him for life.

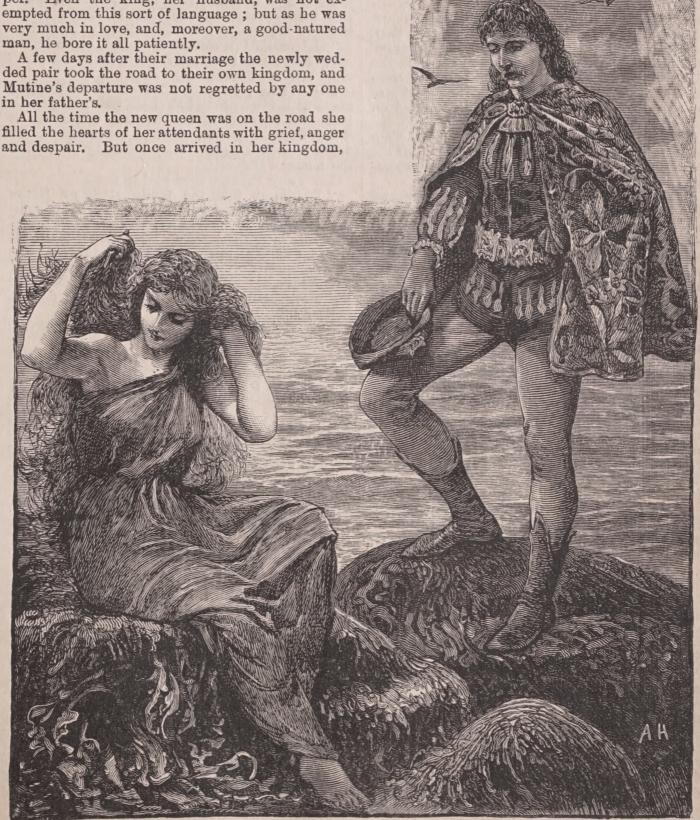
As soon as she was married she threw off all restraint, and the first day did not pass without her having very liberally distributed a volley of abuse and a host of impertinences amongst her maids of honor. In short, the mildest expressions she made use of in return for the most particular servvices were characterized by rudeness and ill-temper. Even the king, her husband, was not exempted from this sort of language; but as he was

ded pair took the road to their own kingdom, and Mutine's departure was not regretted by any one

filled the hearts of her attendants with grief, anger and despair. But once arrived in her kingdom,

her ill-temper and ill-nature were redoubled. By the time she had been a month on her throne, her reputation was perfect. She was acknowledged unanimously as the worst queen in the world.

One day, when she was taking an airing on



THE IMPOSSIBLE ENCHANTMENT .- "THE PRINCE, HAT IN HAND, COURTEOUSLY ADDRESSED HER."

horseback in a wood near the palace, she perceived an old woman walking in the high road, who was very simply dressed, Being in an ill-humor, the queen ridiculed and abused her. The woman remonstrating, was tied to the horse's tail as a punishment, when suddenly the horse was turned into a bronze statue, and the old woman into a

The fairy, who was called Paisible, whistled through her fingers, and a chariot was seen advancing, drawn by six of the most beautiful ostriches in the world, and in this chariot they recognized the Fairy Grave, looking more grave even than her name. She was at that time the Elder of the fairies, and presided in all cases affecting the fairy community. Her escort was composed of a dozen other fairies, mounted on crop-tailed dragons.

Notwithstanding her astonishment at the appearance of the fairies, Queen Mutine retained the proud and malevolent expression that was so na-

tural with her.

When this brilliant company had descended and dismounted, the Fairy Paisible related her adventure to them, and, after a short consultation together, Queen Mutine was condemned to be Fairy Paisible's slave until she was confined, for I had forgotten to tell you that she was expecting to become a mother. This sentence decreed that, on on her recovery, the queen should be permitted to return to her husband, and that the infant she had given birth to should remain the servant of the fairy in her place.

They were polite enough to announce to the king the sentence that had been passed on his wife. He was compelled to give his assent to it.

After this act of justice, the fairies returned each one to her own affairs. Paisible waited an instant the arrival of her equipage, which she had sent for. It was a little car, made of various colored bugles, drawn by six hinds, white as snow, with caparisons of green satin, embroidered with gold.

One touch of her wand changed the queen's dress into the habit of a slave. In this attire she was made to mount an obstinate mule, and to

follow at a hard trot the car of the fairy.

After an hour's jolting, the queen arrived at Paisible's mansion. As you may easily perceive, she was in great affliction, but her pride prevented her from shedding a single tear. The fairy sent her to work in the kitchen after giving her the name of Furieuse, that of Mutine being too gentle for the wickedness she was inclined to.

After some time Furieuse gave birth to a princess, as lovely as day; and when her health was re-established, the fairy lectured her severely respecting her past life, exacted from her a promise to behave better in future, and sent her back to

the king, her husband.

One may imagine, from the kindness shown by the Fairy Paisible to so wicked a woman, what affectionate care she would take of the young princess who was left in her hands. She soon perfectly doted on her, and determined to have her endowed by two fairies besides herself. She was a long time deciding on the godmothers she should select, for she feared that the resentment they all felt against the mother might be extended to the child. At length she thought that the fairies Divertisant and Eveillée were amongst the best-natured of them, and invited them, ac.

cordingly.

Paisable gave them a capital reception, and, during the excellent supper they sat down to, she managed to make them merry. Having taken this wise precaution, she had the lovely infant brought to them. It was in a cradle of rock-crystal, and swathed in clothes of scarlet, embroidered with gold; but its beauty was a hundred times more brilliant than its apparel.

The young princess smiled at the fairies, and made little attempts to kiss them, which so pleased them that they determined to place her, as far as it lay in their power, beyond the reach of the anger of their Elders. They began by giving her

the name of Galantine.

The Fairy Paisible then said to them:

"You know that the punishments we fairies usually inflict, consist in changing beauty to ugliness, intellect to imbecility, and in many cases resorting to transformation. Now, as it is impos-sible for us to endow her with more than one gift each, my advice is that one of you bestow upon her beauty, the other intelligence, and that I, for my part, should render it impossible to change her form."

This advice was adopted, and followed on the

As soon as Galantine was endowed, the two fairies took their leave, and Paisible gave all her attention to the education of the little princess. Never was such attention so well rewarded, for at four years of age her grace and beauty begun to make a noise in the world. In fact, they made too much noise, for the circumstances of the case having been reported to the Council of Fairies. Paisible, one morning, saw the Fairy Grave enter the courtyard of the palace, mounted on a lion. She wore a long robe, very full, and, consequently, very much plaited, of sky-blue color, and on her head a square cap of gold brocade.

Fairy Grave, opening the business, said to Pai-

sible:

"I am very much surprised at the conduct you have pursued toward Mutine. It is in the name of the whole body of fairies, whom she has insulted, that I come to reprimand you. You were at liberty to forgive her offenses yourself, but you had no right to pardon her for those which she had committed against the entire community. Nevertheless, you treated her with mildness and kindness during the time she resided with you. I, therefore, come to do strict justice, and punish an innocent child for the acts of a guilty mother. You have endowed her with beauty and intelligence, and you have also raised an obstacle against her transformation; but though I cannot deprive her of the gifts you have bestowed upon her, I know how to prevent her deriving any advantage from them as long as she lives. She shall never be able to get out of an enchanted prison

which I am about to build for her, until she shall find herself in the arms of a lover who is beloved by her. It is my business to take care that such an event shall never occur."

The enchantment consisted of a tower of great height and size, built of shells of all colors, in the middle of the sea. On the lowest floor there was a great bathroom, into which the water could be admitted at pleasure. The bath was surrounded by steps and slabs, on which you could walk with dry feet. The first floor was devoted to the apartment of the princess, and it was really a magnificent affair. The second was divided into several rooms. In one you saw a fine library, in another a wardrobe full of beautiful linen and superb dresses for all ages, each more splendid than the A third was appropriated to music, a fourth was entirely filled with the most agreeable wines and liquors, and in the last, which was the largest of all, nothing was to be seen but wet and dry sweetmeats, and preserves of every description, and all sorts of pies and patties, which by the power of the enchantment were kept always as warm as they were when first taken out of the oven.

The tower was terminated by a platform on which there was a garden laid out, full of the finest flowers, which were renewed and succeeded each other unceasingly. In this garden was also seen a fruit tree of each sort, on which, as fast as you gathered one fruit another appeared in its place. This lovely spot was ornamented by green arbors, rendered delicious by the shade and fragrance of the flowering shrubs that formed them, and the songs of the thousand birds that frequented them.

Here the fairies placed Galantine, with a gov-

erness named Bonnette.

The good governess occupied every instant of her time in the proper education of her ward; and although she looked upon all the accomplishments that the princess acquired as completely thrown away on one who would never have an opportunity of displaying them to the world, she neglected nothing that could tend to the improvement of her mind and the cultivation of her talents, in all imaginable arts and sciences.

When the princess had attained the age of twelve, she appeared to the governess a perfect prodigy. Galantine, who knew nothing about herself, perceiving her one day more melancholy than usual, entreated to know the reason of it so urgently, that Bonnette related to her all her own history, and that of the queen, her mother.

Galantine was thunderstruck at this recital. She had never before reflected on her position. It produced a great change in her nature. No amusements had charms for her any longer. Her melancholy became excessive; she passed her days in weeping and in devising plans to escape from the tower.

One day that the princess was sitting in her balcony, she saw an ugly merman emerge from the water. She called Bonnette to immediately come and observe it. The man, whose looks were very repulsive, commenced making love to her, by signs, when Galantine said to her governess:

"I think that man frightful!"

A few days after this first adventure, Bonnette and Galantine were attracted to one of the windows of the tower by what appeared to them a singular sort of music, and which indeed proved to be so. There was the same merman that they had already seen, who, always up to his waist in the water, and his head covered with reeds, blew with all his might a species of conch-shell, the sound of which was something like that of our ancient goat's horn.

After this second visit, he came every day under the windows of the princess, diving and grimaccing, or playing on the charming instrument. Galantine contented herself with courtesying to him in the balcony; but no longer came downstairs, notwithstanding the signs by which the

merman implored her.

Some days afterward the princess saw him appear in company with another of his species of the opposite sex. Her hair was dressed with much

taste, and her voice was charming.

This addition to the company induced Galantine and Bonnette to descend again to the gate of the tower. They were much surprised when the lady (whom they now saw for the first time, after having tried several languages, spoke to them in their own, and complimented Galantine on her beauty.

She perceived that the basement story, or bathroom, of which I have spoken, was open, and full

"Here," said she, "is a place made expressly for our reception; for it is impossible for us to live entirely out of our element."

She immediately entered, and reclined as one does in a bath, and her brother (for she was a sister of the merman) placed himself beside her in a similar attitude.

The princess and her governess sat down on the steps, which were continued round the apartment, and Galantine told the siren all about her

imprisonment.

"You are much to be pitied," said the siren, when Galantine had finished her story. "Nevertheless, your misfortunes may not be without a remedy; but it is time to terminate my first visit."

The princess, delighted at the hope she held out to her, said a thousand kind things to her, and they separated with a promise to see one another

frequently.

The siren came to see her several times, and always talked to her of her brother's affection; tha princess, constantly occupied by her ideas of escaping from prison, encouraged the conversa-tion, and at length induced the siren to promise she would bring the fairy Marine to pay her an early visit, and that she would instruct her what to do.

The fairy came with the siren the very next morning. The princess received her as her libe-

Some short time after her arrival, she requested Galantine to show her over the tower, and to take a turn with her in the garden—for, with assistance of two crutches she was able to walk about, rnd, as she was a fairy, she was able to remain out of water as long as she pleased, only it was necessary for her to moisten her forehead occasionally, for which purpose she always carried a little silver fountain suspended from her girdle.

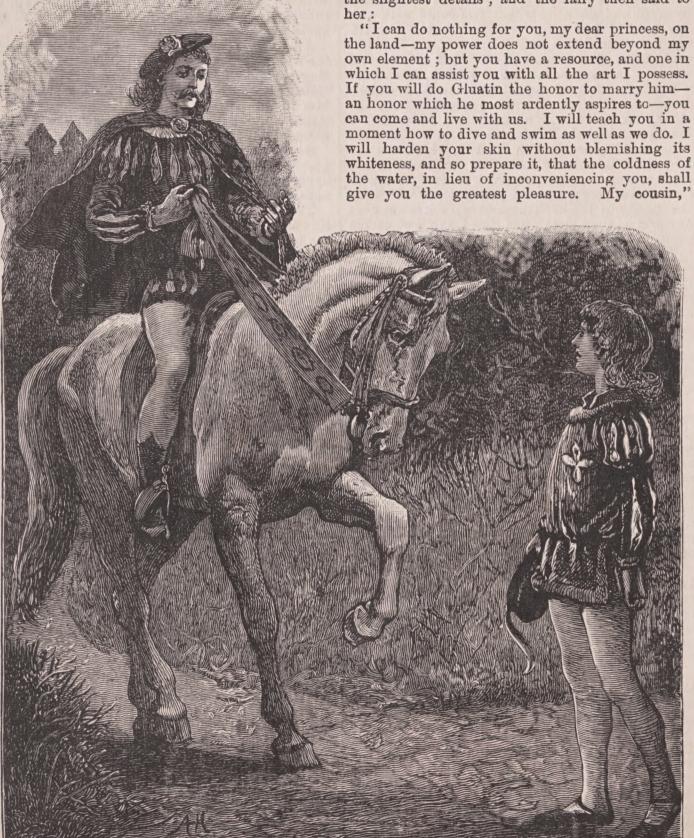
Galantine acceded to the request of the fairy, and Bonnette remained in the hall to entertain the rest of the company.

When the fairy and the princess had entered

the garden, the former said:

"Let us lose no time—let us see if there is any thing I can do to serve you."

Galantine told her all her history, not omitting the slightest details; and the fairy then said to her:



THE IMPOSSIBLE ENCHANTMENT. -" THE PRINCE DISPATCHED THE PAGE TO FIND HIS RELATIVE."

added she, "is, as you may suppose, one of the best matches in the ocean, and I will do so much for him, in consideration of your alliance, that nothing shall have ever equaled your mutual happiness."

had ever ventured to come so near the tower. They could easily distinguish on the deck of this ship a young man reclining under a magnificent pavilion, and who appeared to be very attentively surveying the tower by means of a telescope, but



THE SHEPHERD OF SILFRUNARSTADIR.—"SHE TOOK THE TWO SHEEP AND RAN OFF WITH THEM TO THE MOUNTAINS." SEE PAGE 235.

The fairy spoke with so much fervor that the princess hesitated to refuse, and requested a few days to consider.

As they were about to rejoin the company, they perceived a vessel in the distance. The princess had never before seen one so distinctly, as none

the distance was too great to see anything more. The vessel beginning to recede, Galantine and the fairy returned to the company, the latter much pleased at the progress of her negotiation. She told the princess, on leaving her, that she should shortly come again to know her answer.

As soon as the fairy was gone, Galantine related to her governess all that had passed between them. She was very sorry to see that her pupil was half inclined to yield to the fairy's persuasions. avert all the misfortunes she foresaw, she hit upon the following idea: As she could paint miniatures to perfection, she set to work, and by the next morning produced one of a young man with fair hair, dressed in large curls, the finest complexion in the world, blue eyes, and his nose slightly retrousse; in fact, presenting an assemblage of all the features that could compose a charming portrait, with which to show Galantine the difference between a man of the world and her marine adorer, and so dissuade her from a marriage which was not at all to her taste.

When she presented her work to her, the princess was struck with admiration, and asked her if it were possible that any man on earth could resemble that portrait. Bonnette assured her that there were many such, and some even hand-

Galantine passed the whole day in gazing on this miniature. It had the effect Bonnette antici-

pated.

The Fairy Marine returned a few days after the visit we have described, to ascertain what were the intentions of Galantine; but this young creature, engrossed by her new passion (for she was positively in love with the portrait), could not control herself as prudence would have suggested.

She not only broke off with the fairy abruptly, but, what was worse, she exhibited so much contempt and aversion for Gluatin, that the fairy, indignant at the style of her refusal, left the princess with the determination of being revenged.

In the meanwhile, the princess had made a conquest she was unconscious of. The vessel she had seen so near her residence had on board the handsomest prince in the world. He had heard of the enchanted tower, and determined to go nearer to it than any one had yet done. He possessed such excellent glasses, that in surveying the tower, simply from a motive of curiosity, he caught sight of the princess, as she was seated on the shore, combing out her long tresses, and he determined to speak to her at all hazards, as he had fallen desperately in love with her.

Now, no sooner had he landed on the beach, and, hat in hand, courteously addressed her, than the Fairy Marine, who had resolved to punish the princess, caused her to suddenly disappear from the sight of the prince, who was now more determined than ever to win her love.

He was compelled to return to his vessel, though he was eager to cast anchor near the tower, lower a boat, and encounter all the dangers that the enchantment could threaten him with; but his crew upon their knees, implored him not to venture. The prince yielded, but very reluctantly, to their arguments. He landed, therefore, on the nearest point of land, and dispatched his page to find his relative, who, he said, was a fairy, and implore her protection and assistance.

In the meanwhile, he ordered a tent to be pitched on the seashore, and, glass in hand, sat incessantly looking at the princess or her prison, and his imagination, becoming more and more excited, often presented to him its own creations for realities.

At the end of a few days the page returned with his relative, the Fairy Commode. The prince received her with the greatest demonstrations of affection.

The page had informed her, during their jour-

ney, of the state of the case.

"In order to lose no time," said she to the prince, "I will send a white pigeon, in which I place implicit confidence, to examine the enchantment. If he finds a flaw in it anywhere, he will enter the garden that crowns the tower, and I will order him to bring back some flowers as a proof that he succeeds in finding an entrance. If he can get in, I will soon find a way to introduce you."

"But," said the prince, "can I not, by means of your pigeon, send a note to the princess, declaring the passion with which she has inspired

"Certainly," said Commode, "and I advise you to do so."

The prince immediately wrote the following letter:

"PRINCE BLONDIN TO PRINCESS GALANTINE.

"I adore you, and I am aware of your destiny. If, beautiful princess, you will deign to accept the homage of my heart, there is nothing I will not undertake to terminate your misfortunes.

When this note was written, they tied it round the neck of the pigeon, who only waited his dispatches, for he had already received his instructions.

He rose gracefully into the air, and flew off as fast as his wings would carry him; but when he approached the tower, there issued from it a furious wind that repelled him violently. He was not, however, to be disheartened by such an obstacle, and after making many circles round and round the building, he discovered the weak point which the Fairy Rêveuse had left in the enchant-

He slipped through it instantly, and flew down into the garden to wait for the princess, and to rest himself.

The princess generally took her walk alone; from inclination, because a passion engrossed her heart; from a necessity, because the governess could no longer ascend to that height without great fatigue.

As soon as the pigeon saw her appear, he flew to her in the most flattering manner. Galantine caressed him, and seeing a rose-colored ribbon round his neck, she wondered what it was put there for.

How great was her surprise when she perceived the note! She read it, and this was the answer she returned by the pigeon:

<sup>&</sup>quot;PRINCESS GALANTINE TO PRINCE BLONDIN.

<sup>&</sup>quot;You say that you have seen me, and that you love me. I cannot love you, nor promise to love you, with-

out having seen you. Send me your portrait by the same courier. If I return it to you, hope for nothing; but if I keep it, be assured that in working for me you work for yourself.

GALANTINE."

She fastened this letter in the same manner as they had done that which she had just received, and dismissed the pigeon, who did not forget that he was ordered to bring back a flower from the garden; but as he was well aware of the importance lovers often attach to trifles, he stole one from a bouquet the princess wore in her bosom.

The return of this bird gave the prince extreme delight. He sent the pigeon back with a minia-ture of himself, which he happened to have amongst his baggage, together with a number of

verses he had composed.

The pigeon, duly furnished with miniature and verses, set out once more for the tower. The princess was not certain he would return so soon, but she was looking out for him, notwithstanding. She was in the garden, and had said nothing of this last adventure to her governess, for she began to feel that love of mystery and reserve with which a first passion usually inspires one. She eagerly detached the miniature from the pigeon's neck, and her surprise was infinite when, on opening the case, she discovered that the portrait of Prince Blondin perfectly resembled that which Bonnette had painted from fancy.

The delight of Galantine was extreme at making this agreeable discovery. She took the prince's miniature out of its case, and sent the pigeon

back.

Prince Blondin had kept his eyes constantly turned in the direction of the tower, awaiting the return of his courier. At length he saw the pigeon approaching, and in an instant he went into a transport of joy.

"We can lose no time," said Commode; "I can only make you happy by changing you into a bird; but I will take care that you shall be re-transformed at the right moment."

The prince, without hesitation, consented to the The good Commode thereupon transformation. touched him with her wand, and he became, in an instant, the prettiest little humming-bird; joining to the attractions which nature has bestowed on that charming bird that of being able to speak in the most agreeable way possible.

The pigeon received fresh instructions to con-

duct him to the garden.

Galantine was astonished to see a bird she had no knowledge of; but his being accompanied by the pigeon put her heart in a flutter; and the humming-bird, flying to her, said, "Good-morning, beautiful princess."

She had never before heard a bird speak, and this novelty increased the gratification with which

she received this one.

She took him on her finger, and he immediately said to her, "Kiss, kiss, Colibri." She did so, with great pleasure, over and over again.

Exactly at this moment the prince was restored to his natural form, and was pressed to the heart of the lovely princess.

The spell was broken. That instant the tower

trembled and rocked to its foundation. Its walls

even began to open.

Bonnette, who was below stairs, in the greatest alarm ascended to the terrace, at least to perish with the princess. The rocking of the tower increased as she mounted the staircase, and when she arrived at the top and saw the whole building lean over and on the verge of falling into the sea, she fainted outright.

At the same moment the two fairies, Commode and Paisible, arrived in a chariot of Venetian

glass, drawn by six eagles of the largest size. "Save yourselves, quickly!" they cried to the two lovers; "the tower is falling, and you will

perish with it."

They leaped into the fairy car, without having had time to say a word to each other; but the prince managed at the same moment to fling the governess, still in her swoon, into the bottom of the car.

Scarcely had they begun to rise in the air, when the tower toppled over, and, with a horrible noise,

fell, a mass of ruins, into the sea.

The Fairy Marine, Gluatin, and his friends, in order to be revenged on the princess, had sapped the foundations, but, thanks to the intervention of the two fairies, the lovers were not injured, but were safe on their way to the dominions of Queen Mutine.

On arriving in them they found she was dead. She had endeavored, partly from fear of some new punishment, partly from conviction, to control her temper. In this attempt she had swallowed so many violent expressions, and stifled so many wicked impulses, that these prodigious and continued efforts, after causing her several severe fits of illness, at length terminated fatally.

She had been dead, indeed, some years. The good king, who had married her, governed his estates very peaceably, and King Prudent, Galantine's grandfather, had just arrived, notwithstanding his great age, to pass the holidays with

What joy for these two worthy sovereigns! The whole court soon participated in it, as the news spread of the arrival of the fairies with a charming princess, who was their king's daughter.

The marriage of the two lovers was fixed for the next morning, and the fairies, after sharing in the festivities for several days, departed, each to manage her own affairs, or to enjoy new pleasures.

Our lovers were always constant, and became the happiest sovereigns on the face of the earth.

#### THE SHEPHERD OF SILFRUNAR-STADIR.

UDMUNDER, a rich, childless farmer, was I highly esteemed by all. One Christmas Eve his herdsman did not return home at night, and, as he was not found at the sheep-pens, the farmer caused a diligent search to be made for him all over the country, but quite in vain. Next Spring Gudmunder hired Grimur, another



A GAME OF LAWN TENNIS.

shepherd, who boasted of being able to resist anybody. But the farmer warned him to be careful, and on Christmas Eve bade him drive the sheep early into the pens, and come home by daylight. Grimur, too, disappeared. The farmer was now full of grief, and after this could get no shepherd.

The farmer at last applied to a poor widow, and offered her a large sum of money if she would allow her son Sigurdur to be his shepherd. So Sigurdur went with the farmer, and during the Summer never lost a sheep.

At the end of a certain time the farmer gave Sigurdur a wether, a ewe, and a lamb, as a present, with which the youth was much pleased.

On Christmas Eve his mother begged him to

come home before sunset.

All day long the boy watched the sheep, and

when evening approached he heard the sound of heavy footsteps on the mountains. Turning round he saw coming toward him a gigantic and terrible troll.

She addressed him, saying:
"Good evening, my Sigurdur

"Good evening, my Sigurdur. I am come to put you into my bag."

Sigurdur answered:

"Are you cracked? Do you not see how thin I am? Surely I am not worth your notice. But I have a sheep and a fat lamb here which I will give you for your pot this evening."

So he gave her the sheep and the lamb, which she threw on her shoulder, and carried off up the

mountain again.

Then Sigurdur went home, and right glad was the farmer to see him safe, and asked him whether he had seen anything.

"Nothing whatever, out of the

common," replied the boy.

The farmer missed the sheep and lamb, and asked him what had become of them.

The boy answered that a fox had killed the lamb, and that the wether had fallen into a bog; adding:

"I fancy I shall not be very

lucky with my sheep."

When he heard this, the farmer gave him one ewe and two wethers, and asked him to remain another year in his service.

Next Christmas Eve Gudmunder begged Sigurdur to be cautious, and not run any risks, for he loved

him as his own son.

When he had got the sheep into the pens about nightfall, the same troll came to him, and said:

"As sure as ever I am a troll you shall not, this evening, escape being boiled in my pot." "I am quite at your service," anwswered Sigurdur, intrepidly; "but you see I am still very thin; nothing to be compared even to one wether. I will give you, however, for your Christmas dinner, two old and two young sheep."

"Let me see," said the troll; so the lad showed her the sheep, and she, hooking them together by their horns, threw them on to her shoulder, and

ran off with them up the mountain.

Sigurdur, when questioned, declared that he had seen nothing whatever unusual upon the mountain.

Next Summer the farmer gave him four more wethers.

When Christmas Eve had come again, just as Sigurdur was putting the sheep into their pens, the troll came to him, and threatened to take him away with her. Then he offered her the four



THE YELLOW DWARF.—" SUDDENLY SHE SEES BESIDE HER THE FRIGHTFUL LITTLE DWARF."— SEE PAGE 239.

wethers, which she took, and threw them over her shoulder. Not content with this, however, she seized the lad, too, tucked him under her arm, and ran off with her burden to her cave in the mountains.

Here she flung the sheep down, and Sigurdur after them, and ordered him to skin them. When he had done so, he asked her what he was next

"Sharpen this ax well, for I intend to out off

your head with it.'

When he had sharpened it well, she bade him take off his neckerchief, which he did without changing a feature.

The troll, instead of cutting off his head, flung

the ax down, and said:

"Brave lad! I never intended to kill you, and you shall live to a good old age. I caused you to be made herdsman to Gudmunder, for I wished to meet with you. Next Spring you must move from Silfrunarstadir, and go to the house of a silversmith, to learn his trade. When you have learned it thoroughly, you shall take some silverwork to the farm where the dean's three daughters live; and I can tell you that the youngest of them is the most promising maiden in the whole country. Her elder sisters love dress and ornaments, and will admire what you bring them, but Margaret will not care about such things. you leave the house, ask her to accompany you as far as the door, and then as far as the end of the grass-field, which she will do. Then give her this handkerchief, this belt, and this ring; and after that she will love you. But when you have seen me in a dream you must come here. Bury me, and take for yourself everything that you find in my cave."

Then Sirgurdur returned to the farm, where Gudmunder welcomed him with joy, and asked

him whether he had seen nothing.

"No," replied the boy; and declared that he could answer for the safety of all future herdsmen. But no more questions would he answer,

though the family asked him many.

The following Spring he went to a silversmith's house, and in two years made himself master of the trade. He often visited Gudmunder, his old master, and was always welcome. Once he went to the trading town, and buying a variety of glittering silver ornaments offered them for sale to the dean's daughters, as the troll had told him. When the elder sisters heard that he had ornaments for sale, they bought many trinkets, but Margaret would not even look at them.

When he took leave, he asked the youngest sister to accompany him as far as the door, and when they got there, to come with him as far as the end of the field. She was much astonished at this request, and asked him what he wanted with her, as she had never seen him before. Sigurdur entreated her, and at last she consented to go with him. At the end of the field Sigurdur gave her the belt and handkerchief, and put the

ring on her finger. This done, Margaret said: "I wish I had never taken these gifts, but I

cannot now give them you back."

Sigurdur then took leave and went home. But Margaret, as soon as she had received the presents, fell in love with their giver; and finding after a while that she could not live without him, told her father all about it.

Her father bade her desist from such a mad idea, and declared that she should never marry

the youth as long as he lived.

On this Margaret pined away, and became so thin from grief that the father engaged Sigurdur as his silversmith.

Not long after Sigurdur and Margaret were be-

trothed.

One day the youth dreamed that he saw the old troll, and set out with the dean for the cave. Inside they saw the troll lying dead on the floor

with her face awfully distorted.

Then Sigurdur told the dean all about his interviews with the troll, and asked him to help him to bury her. When they had done so, they searched the cave and found there as many precious things as ten horses could carry, which Sigurdur took to the farm, which Gudmunder now gave him.

Not long after he married the dean's daughter,

and prospered to the end of his life.

## THE YELLOW DWARF.

NCE upon a time there was a queen, who had only one daughter left out of a very large family. She was so much afraid of losing her that she never corrected any of her faults; so that this marvelous creature became so proud and vain that she despised everybody. The queen confirmed her in the belief that there was nothing in the world worthy of her; and finally, to pamper her vanity to the utmost, the queen gave her the name of Toutebelle; and having had her portrait painted, sent it to the several kings with whom she was in alliance.

Every one, without exception, yielded to the power of her charms. No sooner did they behold the fair original, than the poor princes became

her devoted slaves.

There never was a court more gallant. Twenty kings vied with each other to please the princess; and after having spent millions upon a single entertainment, would feel more than repaid if they could only draw from her an admission that "It was pretty.

The princess had already reached the age of fifteen. Nobody ventured to pretend to the honor of being her husband, though everybody desired But how was it possible to touch a heart of

that description.

Her lovers complained bitterly of her cruelty, and her mother, who wished her to be married, saw no means of inducing her to decide in favor of one of them.

Not knowing what she ought to do, she went to consult the fairy of the desert. But it was not easy to see her, for she was guarded by lions.

The queen knew she could appease these beasts with some cakes made of millet, sugar and crocodiles' eggs. She made one of these cakes, and

put it into a little basket.

As she was tired with walking so far, not being accustomed to it, she lay down at the foot of a tree to rest. She fell asleep, but on awaking she found her basket empty. The cake was gone! and to complete her misfortune, she heard the lions coming, roaring tremendously, for they had smelt her.

"Alas! what will become of me?" she ex-

claimed. "I shall be devoured!"

She wept, and not having strength to fly, she clung to the tree under which she had slept.

At that moment she heard, "Hist, hist! ahem!

ahem!"

She looked all about her, and raising her eyes, she saw up in the tree a little dwarf, eating oranges.
"Oh, I know you well, queen," said he, "and
I know the fear you are in."
"I must die!" said the queen, sighing. "Alas,

I should do so with less pain if my dear daughter

were but married."

"How? you have a daughter?" exclaimed the Yellow Dwarf. "Truly, I am delighted to hear it, for I have sought a wife by land and sea. Come, now, if you promise her to me, I will save you."

The queen made no answer.

"What! do you hesitate, madim?" cried he.

"You cannot be very fond of life."

At the same moment, the queen perceived the lions running toward her. Then she cried out, with all her might:

"My lord dwarf, Toutebelle is yours!"

"Oh!" said he, with a disdainful air, "Toutebelle is too much of a belle. I will have none of her. You may keep her."

"Ah, my lord," continued the afflicted queen, "do not refuse her! She is the most charming princess in the world!"

"Well," said he, "out of charity, I accept her;

recollect the gift you have made me !"

The trunk of the tree immediately opened. As the queen sprang in, it closed, and the lions were balked.

The queen did not notice a door constructed in the tree. At length she perceived it, and opened it; it opened on a field of nettles and thistles, surrounded by a muddy ditch. At a little distance stood a cottage, thatched with straw. The Yellow Dwarf came out of it, with a mirthful air. He wore wooden shoes, and a jacket of coarse yellow cloth; had large ears, and no hair, and looked

like a thorough little villain.

"I am delighted, my lady mother-in-law," said he, "to show you the little chateau in which your Toutebelle will reside with me. She may keep an ass upon these nettles and thistles to ride about This rustic roof will shelter her from the weather; she will drink this water, and eat some of the frogs that fatten in it; and she will have me day and night beside her—handsome, gay and gallant, as you see me—for I should be very sorry if her shadow followed her closer than I."

The unfortunate queen dropped insensible to the ground, without being able to utter a word in reply; but while in this state she was transported to the palace, and placed in her own bed. When the queen awoke, she thought it all a dream. Finding herself in her palace, amidst her ladies, and her daughter by her side, there was little to show that she had been in the desert, that she had encountered such great dangers, and that the dwarf had saved and preserved her from them on so hard a condition as the gift to him of Toute-

In her anxiety, she fell into a melancholy, so that she could scarcely speak, eat, or sleep.

The princess, who loved her mother with all her heart, was very uneasy. She implored her frequently to say what was the matter; but the queen evaded answering.

Toutebelle, unable to control her anxiety, resolved to seek the Fairy of the Desert. She took care to knead the cake herself, to appease the fury of the lions, and pretending to go to bed early one evening, went out by a back staircase, her face covered, and all alone took the road to the grotto in which the Fairy resided.

But on arriving at the orange-tree, she was seized with an irresistible desire to gather some fruit. She set her basket upon the ground and

plucked some oranges, which she ate.

When she looked again for her basket and cake, they had disappeared. Suddenly she sees beside her the frightful little dwarf.

"What ails you, fair maid? What are you weeping for?" said he.

"Alas! who would not weep?" replied she; "I have lost my basket and cake necessary to insure my arrival at the abode of the desert fairy.'

"Ah! and what would you with her, fair maid?" said the little monkey. "I am her kinsman, her friend, and at least as clever as she is."

"The queen, my mother," replied the princess, "has lately fallen into an alarming despondency, which causes me to tremble for her life. I fancy I am, perhaps, the cause of it; for she wishes me to marry, and I confess to you that I have not yet seen any one I think worthy of me. It is for this reason I would consult the fairy."

"Don't give yourself that trouble, princess," said the dwarf; "I am better fitted than she to enlighten you on such subjects. The queen, your mother, is sorry that she has promised you in

"The queen promised me!" cried the princess. "Oh, you must be mistaken. She would have told me, and I am too much interested in the matter for her to engage me without my previous consent.'

"Beautiful princess," said the dwarf, suddenly flinging himself at her feet, "I flatter myself that her choice will not displease you, when I inform you, that it is I who am destined to enjoy such happiness."

"My mother would have you for her son-inlaw !" exclaimed Toutebelle, recoiling; "was there

ever any madness like yours ?"

"I care very little about the honor," said the dwarf, angrily. "Here come the lions; in three bites they will avenge me for your unjust disdain."

At the same moment the poor princess heard the roars of the monsters.

"What will become of me?" she cried; "must I end my young days thus?"

The wicked dwarf looked at her, and laughed

contemptuously.

"For mercy's sake be not angry," said the princess, clasping her hands; "I would rather marry all the dwarfs in the universe than perish in so frightful a manner." "Look at me well, princess, before you give

me your word," replied he.

"I have looked at you more than enough," said she. "The lions are approaching; my terror increases; save me! save me! or I shall die of fright !"

She had scarcely uttered these words before she fainted, and on recovering from her swoon found herself in her own bed, and wearing a little ring, made of a single red hair, which fitted her finger

closely. The princess fell into a melancholy, which surprised and pained the

whole court.

Her mother was more alarmed than anybody; but the princess persisted in concealing from her the adventure.

At length the grandees of the kingdom, impatient to see the princess married, petitioned the queen to choose a husband for her daughter as soon as possible.

She answered them that she desired nothing better; but that her daughter evinced so much repugnance to marriage that she advised them to go and talk to the princess herself.

Toutebelle saw no better way of getting out of the dilemma than by marrying some greatking, with whom the little monkey would not dare to contend. She therefore returned answer that she consented to marry the King of the Gold Mines. a very powerful and handsome prince, who had loved her passionately for several years.

Everything was prepared for the celebration of one of the grandest entertainments that had ever been given in the universe.

The King of the Gold Mines sent home for such prodigious sums of money that the sea was entirely covered with ships; and thus upon the eve of hap-piness, he never left the side of his charming princess. She discovered in him so much merit, so much sense, such deep and delicate feeling-in short, so fine a mind in so perfect a body, that she began to return in some degree his affection.



THE YELLOW DWARF.—" 'HO, HO, QUEEN! HO, HO, PRINCESS! DO YOU FANCY YOU CAN BREAK YOUR PROMISES TO MY FRIEND THE YELLOW DWARF?" THE OLD WOMAN SAID, AS SHE SOUGHT TO DETAIN THEM."



THE YELLOW DWARF. - "THE DWARF LEAPED INTO THE BALCONY, SNATCHED THE PRINCESS FROM THE ARMS OF THE QUEEN, AND THEN, JUMPING ON THE ROOF OF THE PALACE, DISAPPEARED."

At length the day so long wished for arrived. Everything being ready for the marriage of Toutebelle, the trumpets and musical instruments announced throughout the city the commencement of this grand festivity.

The street were strewed with flowers; and people flocked in crowds to the great square in front

of the palace.

The queen, in a state of rapture, had scarcely gone to bed before she got up again, long before day break, to give the requisite orders and to select the jewels which the princess was to wear.

She was all diamonds, down to her very shoes,

which were made of them.

The queen and princess were advancing to meet the king and proceed with him to the altar, when they saw entering a long gallery through which they were passing, two large turkey-cocks, drawing a very clumsy box. Behind them came an old woman, whose great age was as remarkable as her extreme ugliness. She leaned on a crutch. She wore a black taffety ruff, a red velvet hood, and a farthingale all in tatters. She took three turns round the gallery with her turkey-cocks before she spoke, then brandishing her crutch, she

"Ho, ho, queen! Ho, ho, princess! Do you fancy you can break with impunity your promises to my friend the Yellow Dwarf? I am the Fairy of the Desert! But for him and his orange-tree, know you not that my great lions would have devoured ye? We do not put up with such insults in fairy land. Consider quickly what you are about to do; for I swear by my coif that you shall marry him, or I will burn my crutch."

"Ah, princess!" exclaimed the queen, bursting into tears, "what do I hear! what promises have you made?"

"Ah, mother," cried Toutebelle, sorrowfully,

"what promise have you yourself made?" The King of the Gold Mines, enraged at this interruption, and the attempt of the wicked old woman to oppose his marriage, advanced upon her, sword in hand, and placing the point to her throat, cried:

"Quit this palace for ever, or with thy life thou

shalt atone for thy malice!"

He had scarcely pronounced these words when the lid of the box flew up with a terrible noise as far as the ceiling, and out of it issued the Yellow Dwarf, mounted on a large Spanish cat.

He placed himself between the Fairy of the

Desert and the King of the Gold Mines.

"Rash youth!" said he to the latter, "think not of assaulting this illustrious fairy; 'tis with me alone thou hast to do! I am thy rival, thy enemy; the faithless princess who would give thee her hand has plighted her troth to me, and received mine. Look, if she have not on her finger a ring of my hair. Try to remove it, and thou wilt learn by that little exertion that thy power is inferior to mine."

"Miserable monster," said the king to him, "hast thou really the audacity to declare thyself the lover of this divine princess, and to pretend to the possession of so glorious a treasure? Know that thou art a monkey, whose hideous figure is painful to the sight, and that I had ere this dispatched thee, hadst thou been worthy of dying by

my hand."

The Yellow Dwarf, stung to the very quick, struck his spurs into the sides of his cat, who set up a terrific squalling, and flying hither and thither, frightened everybody but the brave king, who pressed the dwarf so closely that he drew a large cutlass with which he was armed, and defying the king to single combat, descended into the courtyard of the palace, amidst an extraordinary uproar. The enraged king followed him with rapid strides.

Scarcely had they confronted each other, the whole court being in the balconies to witness the combat, when the sun became suddenly as red as blood, and it grew so dark that they could scarcely

see themselves.

It thundered and lightened as if there was to be an end of the world, and the two turkey-cocks appeared at the side of the Yellow Dwarf like two giants, taller than mountains, casting out flames from their mouths and eyes in such abundance

that each looked like a fiery furnace.

All these horrors were unable to shake the magnanimous heart of the young king. The intrepidity evinced by his every look and action reassured all who were interested in his preservation, and perhaps somewhat embarrassed the Yellow Dwarf; but his courage failed when he saw the Fairy of the Desert rush upon his dear princess, and strike her so fierce a blow that she fell into the queen's arms, bathed in her own blood.

The king's courage at that sight abandoned him altogether. He ran to rescue the princess, or perish with her; but the Yellow Dwarf leaped into the balcony, snatched the princess from the arms of the queen, and then jumping on the roof of the

palace, disappeared.

The king, motionless with astonishment, was gazing in utter despair, on the extraordinary adventure, which unfortunately he had no power to prevent, when, to complete his misery, he felt his eyesight fail him, and that by some irresistible power he was hurled through the vast expanse of air.

The wicked Fairy of the Desert, who came to assist the Yellow Dwarf, no sooner set her eyes upon the King of the Gold Mines, than her heart was touched by the charms of that young prince. She bore him off to a frightful cavern, where she loaded him with chains which she had fastened to a rock. She hoped that the fear of death would make him forget Toutebelle, and induce him to do whatever she desired.

As soon as they had arrived there, she restored his sight. Assuming by fairy art the greatest graces and charms, she appeared before him like

a lovely nymph.

"What do I behold?" she cried. "Can it be you, charming prince? What misfortune has befallen you, and driven you to languish in this miserable abode?"

The king, deceived by her appearance, replied: "Alas, fair nymph, I know not the object of the

infernal fairy who brought me hither; for although she deprived me of sight when she bore me off, and has not appeared to me since, I know from the tone of her voice that it was the Fairy of the Desert.

"Ah, my lord," exclaimed the false nymph, "if you are in the power of that woman, you will

not escape without marrying her."

But he caught sight of the nymph's feet, which were like those of a griffin. The king pretended not to notice it, and continuing to talk to her as

in perfect confidence:

"I do not," said he, entertain any dislike to the Fairy of the Desert, but I cannot endure that she should protect the Yellow Dwarf, and keep me in chains like a criminal. What have I done to offend her? If the fairy restores me to liberty, I feel that gratitude will induce me to love no one but

"Do you say that sincerely?" asked the deceived nymph.

"Doubt it not," replied the king; "I am un-

acquainted with the art of dissimulation."

The Fairy of the Desert, deceived by these words, resolved to transport the king to a spot which was as beautiful as the cavern he now inhabited was horrible.

But what was the prince's emotion, whilst thus traveling throught the boundless regions of air, at beholding his dear princess in a castle of steel.

She was reclining in a bower beside a stream. One of her hands was beneath her head, and with the other she appeared to be wiping away her

As she lifted her eyes toward heaven, imploring its aid, she saw the king pass by with the Fairy

of the Desert.

"How!" she exclaimed; "I do learn by this extraordinary way the infidelity of the king? He has supposed that once out of sight, he was absolved from all the vows that he has made me! But who is this formidable rival, whose fatal beauty surpasses mine?"

The king, who had his reasons for saying sweet things to the old fairy, was not sparing of them, and by degrees obtained permission to take a

daily walk by the seaside.

She had, by the exercise of her art, rendered that coast so dangerous, that no pilots were sufficiently adventurous to approach it—so that she had nothing to fear from the favor she had granted her captive.

It was, however, some comfort to him to indulge in solitary musings, uninterrupted by the

presence of his wicked jailer.

After having strolled for some time on the sands, he stooped and wrote Toutebelle's name on the sand. As he finished writing, a voice attracted all his attention, and, as he looked rapidly around him, he saw a female of extraordinary beauty, whose body to the waist was covered only by her long hair, which, gently agitated by the breeze, floated upon the water.

She held a looking-glass in one hand, and a comb in the other. Her form terminated in a

long fish's tail, furnished with fins.

As soon as she was near enough to speak, she

"I know the sad state to which you are reduced by the loss of your princess, and by the extravagant passion which the Fairy of the Desert entertains for you. If you are willing, I will convey you from this fatal spot, where you may otherwise languish for more than thirty years longer."

The king knew not how to reply to this proposal-not that he wanted any temptation to escape from captivity, but that he feared the Fairy of the Desert had taken this form to deceive him.

But she immediately cut some sea-rushes, and making a large bundle of them, blew three times

upon them, and said :

"Sea-rushes, my friends, I order you to lie stretched on the sand, without motion until the Fairy of the Desert comes to take you away with

The rushes became covered with skin, and so like the King of the Gold Mines, that he had never

seen so astonishing a transformation.

They were dressed in clothes exactly resembling his, and the countenance was pale and wasted, as if he had been drowned.

The friendly siren then made the king seat himself upon her tail, and thus they plowed the

sea together.

They arrived at the steel castle. The side that faced the sea was the only part of it that the Yellow Dwarf had not fortified with those formidable walls which burned everybody who approached

"I know well enough," said the siren to the king, "that Toutebelle is beside the same fountain that you saw her seated near when you passed over the castle gardens; but as you will have some enemies to contend with before you can approach her, here is a sword, armed with which you may dare any encounter, and brave the greatest dangers; but beware that you never let it fall. If you need any assistance to convey you and your dear princess any further, I will not fail you; for the queen, her mother, is my best friend, and it was for her sake that I came to seek you."

So saying, she presented the king with a sword,

made of a single diamond.

The king, unable to express his gratitude to the siren, implored her to supply his deficiency by imagining all that an honest heart was capable of

feeling.

When the Fairy of the Desert found her lover did not return, she hastened in search of him. When she discovered his fictitious body, she threw herself on it; she wept, and she howled. After this, she invoked the presence of eleven of her sister fairies, and requested them to aid her in the construction of a superb mausoleum, in which she might deposit the remains of the young hero.

Meanwhile the king, guided by his love, strode on rapidly, narrowly examining every part of the castle in hopes of discovering his adorable princess. Four terrible sphinxes surrounded him, and, flying on him with their sharp talons, would quickly have torn him in pieces, if the diamond sword had

not proved useful.



lute. But he heard a voice which instantly determined him.

"Strike! strike!" said this voice, "or thy prin-

cess is lost to thee for ever!"

At these words, without reply to the nymphs, he rushed upon them, broke through their garlands, attacked them without mercy, and scattered them in a moment. This was the last obstacle he had to encounter. He entered the grove in which he had previously seen Toutebelle. She was seated beside the fountain, pale and suffering.

He accosted her tremblingly. He would have thrown himself at her feet, but she fled from him as hastily and indignantly as if he had been the

Yellow Dwarf.

"Condemn me not unheard," said he; "I am neither faithless nor guilty of any intentional

"Ah, cruel prince!" she exclaimed, "I saw you sail through the air with a lady of extraordinary |

beauty; was it despite yourself you made

that voyage?" "Yes, princess," replied he, "it was despite myself; the wicked Fairy of the Desert wafted me in a car to one of the ends of the world, where I should still have languished in 'captivity, but for the assistance of a beneficent siren who brought me hither. I come, my princess, to snatch you from the power of him who holds you a prisoner. Do not reject the aid of the most faithful of lovers!"

He flung himself at her feet and caught the skirt of her gown to detain her, but in so doing he unfortunately let fall the formidable sword.

The Yellow Dwarf, who had lain hidden beneath the leaves of a lettuce, no sooner saw it out of the king's hands, than, being aware of its power, he sprang upon and seized it.

The princess uttered a terrible shriek at the sight of the dwarf; but her anguish only exasperated the little monster. With two cabalistic words he conjured up two giants, who loaded the king with chains and fetters.

"Now," said the dwarf, "I am master of my rival's fate; but I will spare his life, and give him liberty to leave this place, provided you consent to marry me immediately.'

"Oh, let me rather die a thousand deaths!" ex-

claimed the king.

"You die!—alas, my lord!" said the princess; "what can be more terrible to me than such a calamity ?"

"You becoming the victim of this monster," replied the king; "can any horror exceed that?"

"Let us die together, then," continued she. "Nay, princess," rejoined the king, "grant me

the consolation of dying for you."

"Sooner than that," said the princess to the dwarf, "I consent to your wishes."

"Before my eyes!" exclaimed the king. "Before my eyes will you make him your husband?



FREYJA AND THE NECKLACE BRISINGAMEN. - " FREYJA SPRANG INTO HER SWIFT-ROLLING CHARIOT, WHICH WAS DRAWN BY TWO CATS." - SEE NEXT PAGE.

Cruel princess! life will be hateful to me! Spare me this!"

"No," said the Yellow Dwarf. "You shall not see me become her husband—a beloved rival is too

dangerous to be endured!"

With these words, despite the tears and shrieks of Toutebelle, he stabbed the king to the heart, and laid him dead at his feet. The princess, unable to survive her lover, fell upon his body, and her spirit quickly fled to join his.

The friendly siren, overwhelmed with grief at so great a misfortune, could obtain no other favor from Fate than the permission to change the two

lovers into palm-trees.

# FREYJA AND THE NECKLACE BRISINGAMEN.

IN the city of AsgardFrey ja had a palace named Folkvang, where she entertains Folkvang, where she entertained her guests, and she had always plenty of them; for every one liked to look at her beautiful face and listen to her enchanting music. She had, moreover, a wonderful husband, Odur, who was one of the sons of the Immortals.

One day Heimdall and Ægir were expected to dine at Valhalla, and Freyja and her husband

were invited to meet them.

"Every one will be beautifully dressed," said eyja, "and I have not a single ornament to Freyja, wear.

"But you are more beautiful than any one, Freyja," said her husband; "for you were born in the spacious Wind-Home."

"All are not so high-minded as you, Odur," answered his wife, "and if I go to Valhalla without an ornament of any kind, I shall certainly be

looked down upon."

So saying, Freyja set off to ask her brother, Frey, for a garland of flowers, at least. She lost her way, for all the time she was thinking of her dress and her ornaments, and her steps went downward, downward, away from Alfheim to the cavern of four dwarfs.

"Where am I?" said Freyja to herself, as she at last lost the light of day, and went down, wandering on deeper and deeper between the high walls, and under the firm roof of rock. surely this must be Svartheim; and yet it is not unpleasant, nor quite dark here, though the sun

is not shining.

And in truth it was not dark; for far on before her, winding in and out through the cavern's innermost recesses, were groups of little men, who had each a lantern in his cap and a pickax in his hand; and they were working hard, digging for diamonds, which they piled up the walls, and hung across the roof in white and rose-colored coronets, marvelously glittering.

Four clever little dwarf-chiefs were there, directing the labors of the rest; but, as soon as they caught sight of Freyja they sat down in the centre of the cavern and began to work diligently at something which they held between them, bending over it with strange chattering and grimaces. Freyja felt very curious to see what it was; but her eyes were so dazzled with the blaze of diamonds and lanterns that she was obliged to go nearer in order to distinguish it clearly. Accordingly, she walked on to where the four dwarfs were sitting, and peeped over their shoulders. Oh! brilliant! exquisitely worked! bewildering!

Freyja drew back again with almost blinded eyes, for she had looked upon the necklace Brisingamen, and at the same moment a passionate wish burst forth in her heart to have it for her own, to wear it in Valhalla, to wear it always

round her own fair neck.

"Life to me," said Freyja, "is no longer worth

having without Brisingamen."

Then the dwarfs held it out to her, but also looked cunningly at one another as they did so, and burst into a laugh so loud that it rang through the vaulted caverns, echoed and echoed back again from side to side, from dwarf to dwarf, from

depth to depth.

Freyja, however, only turned her head a little on one side, stretched out her hand, grasped the necklace with her small fingers, and then ran out of the cavern as quickly as ever she could, up again to the green hillside. There she sat down and fitted the brilliant ornament about her neck, after which she looked a little shyly at the reflection of herself in a still pool that was near, and turned homeward with an exulting heart. She felt certain that all was well with her; nevertheless, all was not well, but very miserable indeed. When Freyja was come back to Asgard again, and to her palace of Folkvang, she sought her own private apartments, that she might see Odur alone, and make him admire the necklace Brisingamen. But Odur was not there.

She searched in every room, hither and thither; but, alas! he was not to be found in any room or any hall in all the palace of Folkvang. In vain

Freyja searched for him in every place.

Odur was gone, gone back for ever to the home of the Immortals. Brisingamen and Odur could not live together in the palace of Folkvang.

But Freyja did not know this; she did not know why Odur was gone, nor where he was gone; she only saw that he was not there, and she wrung her hands sadly and watered her jewels with salt, warm tears.

So, with a desperate resolution, presenting herself before the throne of Asa Odin, she spoke to

him thus:

"Father Æsir, listen to my weeping, and do not turn away from me with a cruel frown. I have searched through my palace of Folkvang, and all through the city of Asgard, but nowhere is Odur the Immortal to be found. Let me go, Father Odin, I beseech you, and seek him far and near, across the earth, through the air, over the sea, even to the borders of Jotunheim."

And Odin answered:

"Go, Freyja, and good fortune go with you." Then Freyja sprang into her swift, soft-rolling chariot, which was drawn by two cats, waved her hand as she rose over the city, and was gone.

The cats champed their bright bits and skimmed a ike over earth and air with swift, clinging steps,

eager and noiseless.

The chariot rolled on, and Freyja was carried away up and down into every part of the world, weeping golden tears wherever she went; they fell down from her pale cheeks and rippled away behind her in little sunshiny rivers, that carried beauty and weeping to every land. She came to the greatest city in the world, and drove down its wide streets.

"But none of the houses here are good enough for Odur," said Freyja to herself; "I will not ask

for him at such doors as these."

So she went straight on to the palace of the

"Is Odur in this palace?" she asked of the gatekeeper. "Is Odur, the Immortal, living with the king?"

But the gatekeeper shook his head and assured her that his master had never even heard of such

Then Freyja turned away and knocked at many other stately doors, asking for Odur; but no one in all that great city so much as knew her husband's name.

Then Freyja went into the long, narrow lanes and shabby streets, where the poor people lived, but there it was all the same; every one said only,

"No—not here," and stared at her.
In the night-time Freyja went quite away from the city, and the lanes and the cottages, far off to the side of a lake, where she lay down and

looked over into the water.

At last Freyja slept by the side of the lake, and then a dark shape crept up the bank on which she was lying, sat down beside her, and took her fair head between its hands. It was Loki, and he

began to whisper into Freyja's ear as she slept:
"You were quite right, Freyja," he said, "to
go out and try to get something for yourself in
Svartheim, instead of staying at home with your husband. It was very wise of you to care more for your dress and your beauty than for Odur. You went down into Svartheim, and found Brisingamen. Then the Immortal went away; but is not Brisingamen better than he? Why do you cry, Freyja. Why do you start so?"

Freyja turned, moaning, and tried to lift her head from between his hands, but she could not, and it seemed in her dream as if a terrible night-

mare brooded over her.

"Brisingamen is dragging me down," she cried in her sleep, and laid her little hand upon the clasp without knowing what she was doing.

After this Freyja went to many cities and towns and villages, asking everywhere for Odur; but there was not any one in all the world who could tell her where he was gone, and at last her chariot rolled eastward and northward to the very borders of Jotunheim. There Freyja stopped, for before her lay Jarnvid, the Iron Wood, which was one road from earth to the abode of the giants, and whose tall trees, black and hard, were trying to pull down the sky with their iron claws. In the entrance sat an Iron Witch, with her back

to the forest and her face toward the Vana. Jarnvid was full of the sons and daughters of this Iron Witch; they were wolves, and bears, and foxes, and many-headed ravenous birds.

Freyja was obliged to get out of her chariot and walk close up to the old witch, so that she might

whisper in her ear.

"Can you tell me, old mother," she said, "where Odur is? Have you seen him pass this

"I don't understand one word of what you are saying," answered the iron woman; "and if I did, I have no time to waste in answering foolish ques-

Now, the witch's words struck like daggers into Freyja's heart, and she was not strong enough to pull them out again; so she stood there a long time, not knowing what she should do.

"You had better go," said the crone to her, at last; "there is no use in standing there, crying." For this was the grandmother of the strong-minded

women, and she hated tears.

At last she came to the wide sea-ccast, and there everything was gloriously beautiful. It was evening, and the western sky looked like a broad crimson flower. No wind stirred the ocean, but the small waves rippled in rose-colored froth on the shore, like the smiles of a giant at play.

Ægir, the old sea-king, supported himself on the sand, whilst the cool waters were laving his breast, and his ears drank their sweet murmur; for nine waves were his beautiful daughters, and they and their father were talking together.

Freyja wandered along the shore toward the place where the sea-king was lying, and as she went she heard him speaking to his daughters.

"What is the history of Freyja?" he asked.

And the first wave answered:

"Freyja is a fair young Vana, who once was happy in Asgard."

Then the second wave said :

"But she left her fair place there, and Odur, her Immortal love."

Third wave-"She went down to the cavern of

Fourth wave-"She found Brisingamen there, and carried it away with her.'

Fifth wave-"But when she got back to Folkvang she found that Odur was gone.'

Sixth wave-" Because the Vana had loved herself more than Immortal Love."

Seventh wave-"Freyja will never be happy

again, for Odur will never come back."

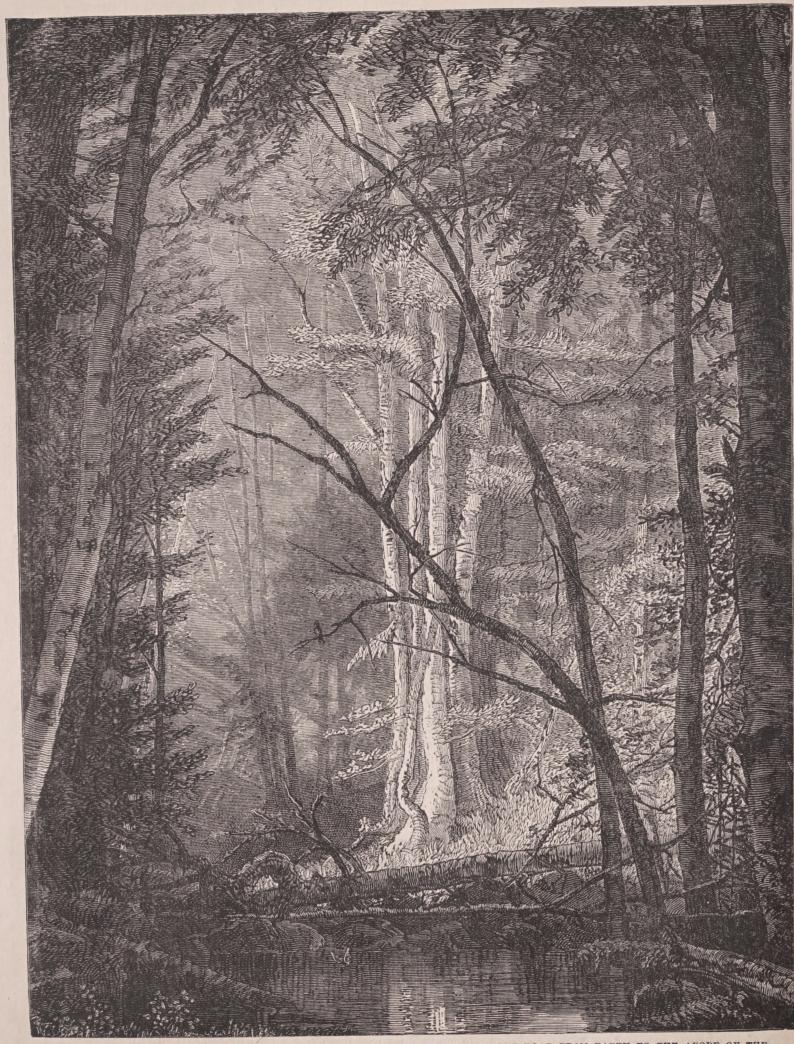
Eighth wave—" Odur will never come back as long as the world shall last."

"Ninth wave-" Odur will never return, nor Freyja forget to weep."

Freyja stood still, spell-bound, listening, and when she heard the last words, that Odur would never come back, she wrung her hands and cried:

"Oh, Father Ægir! trouble comes, comes surging up from a wide sea, wave over wave, into my soul."

And, in truth, it seemed as if her words had power to change the whole surface of the oceanwave over wave rose higher and spoke louder-



FREYJA AND THE NECKLACE BRISINGAMEN.—"THE IRON WOOD, WHICH WAS ONE ROAD FROM EARTH TO THE ABODE OF THE 248

GIANTS, AND WHOSE TALL TREES WERE TRYING TO PULL DOWN THE SKY WITH THEIR IRON CLAWS."

Ran, the cruel wife of Ægir, was seen dragging her net in the distance—old Ægir shouted and dashed into the deep-sea and sky mixed in confusion, and night fell upon the storm. Then Freyja sank down exhausted on the sand, where she lay until her kind daughter, the sleepy little Siofna, came and carried her home again in her arms. After this the beautiful Vana lived in her palace of Folkvang, with friends and sisters, but Odur did not return, nor Freyja forget to weep.

## THE SHEPHERDESS AND THE SWEEP.

AVE you ever seen a very old wooden cabinet, quite black with age and carved all over with leaves and filigree-work? Such an one stood in a sitting-room, and had been in the family from the great grandmother's time.

It was covered from top to bottom with carved

roses and tulips; amongst which there were the most extraordinary flourishes, and from these sprang the antlered heads of stags, whilst on the top, in the middle, stood a whole figure. He was ridiculous enough to look at, with goat's legs, short horns on his head, and a long beard; besides which he was constantly grinning, for it could not be called a laugh.

The children christened him the Goatsleg-Highadjutantgeneralmilitarycom mandant, for that was a difficult name to pronounce, and a title not conferred upon many.

To carve him cannot have been easy work, but there he stood, constantly looking at the table under the looking-glass, for there was the loveliest little china shepherdess. Her shoes were gilt, and her dress neatly fastened up with a red rose, and then she had a gilt hat and a shepherdess's crook. She

was, indeed, lovely.
Close to her stood a
sweep, as black as any coal; but he, too, was entirely made of china. He was quite as neat and clean as any one else, for that he was a sweep was, of course, only to represent something, and the porcelain manufacturer could

just as well have made a prince of him. There he stood, with his face red and white, just like a girl; and that was a mistake, for it might have been blackened a little.

He was close to the shepherdess, and they had both been placed where they stood, which being the case, they were naturally engaged to each other; and well suited they were, for they were made of the same china and were both little.

Not far from them there was another figure, but three times as big-a Chinese, who could nod his head.

He was also made of china, and pretended tobe the shepherdess's grandfather, though he could not prove it, so claimed authority over her, and had promised her to the Goatsleg-Highadjutantgeneralmilitarycommandant.

"You will have a husband," the old Chinese said, "who I almost believe is made of mahogany, and he has the whole cabinet full of plate, besides the valuables that are in the hidden drawers.'



THE SHEPHERDESS AND THE SWEEP .- "THEY REACHED THE EDGE OF THE CHIMNEY, WHERE THEY SEATED THEMSELVES.'

"I will not go into the dark cabinet," the little shepherdess said, "for I have heard that he has

eleven china wives in there."

"Then you will make the twelfth," the old Chinese said, "for this very night your marriage shall take place."

He then nodded his head and fell asleep.

The little shepherdess cried and looked at her

dearly beloved china sweep.
"I must ask you," she said, "to go with me out into the wide world, for here we cannot stay.'

"Your will is my will," the little sweep said.
"Let us go at once, and I have no doubt that by my calling I shall gain sufficient to keep you."

"Were we but safely down from the table," she said - "for I shall never be happy till we are out in

the wide world."

He consoled her, and showed her where to put her little feet on the projections and ornaments within their reach, and they got safely on to the floor; but when they looked toward the old cabinet all was confusion there.

The stags stretched their heads further out, raising their antlers, and turned their necks from side

to side.

The Goatsleg-Highadjutantgeneralmilitarycommandant jumped high up into the air, and cried as loud as he could to the old Chinese:

"They are now running away! they are now

running away !"

At this they were frightened, and they jumped

into the cupboard under the window-seat.

Here lay three or four packs of cards, which were not complete, and a little doll's theatre, in which a play was being acted, and the queen of hearts, diamonds, clubs and spades sat in the front row, fanning themselves with their tulips, whilst behind them stood the knaves, who seemed to be their pages.

The plot of the play was the difficulties thrown in the way of two persons who wished to be married, and the little shepherdess cried, for it was her

own story.

"I cannot bear this," she said; "I must get out

of the cupboard."

But when they were out and looked up at the table, they saw that the old Chinese was awake and his whole body shaking.

"Now the old Chinese is coming," the little shepherdess cried, and fell down upon her china

knees, she was in such a fright.

"I have an idea," the sweep said. "Let us get into the potpourri-jar which stands there in the corner, where we can lie on rose-leaves and lavender, and throw salt in his eyes, if he comes."

"That cannot help us," she said; "besides, I know that the old Chinese and the potpourri-jar were once engaged to each other, and there always remains some sort of tie between people with whom such a connection has existed. No, there is nothing left for us but to go out into the wide world!"

"Have you really courage to go out with me into the wide world?" the sweep asked. "Have you considered how large it is, and that we can never come back here?"

"Yes, I have," she answered.

The sweep looked at her intently, and then said: "My way lies up the chimney, and that way I know well enough; and, if you really have courage to go with me, we shall soon mount up so high that they will never be able to reach us.'

And he led her to the grate.

"How black it looks up there!" she said, but still she went with him.

And they had not gone far when he exclaimed: "Look! what a beautiful star is shining there above!"

It was a real star in the heavens, shining down

upon them, as if to show them the way.

They crept on and climbed, and a dreadful way it was—so high, so high; but he held and lifted her, and showed her where to place her little china feet, till at last they reached the edge of the chimney, where they seated themselves; for they were very tired, as well they might be.

The sky, with all its stars, was above them, and lower there were all the roofs of the city, and they could see so far around-so far out into the world.

The poor shepherdess had never imagined anything like it, and, laying her little head on her sweep's breast, she cried so that the gold was

washed off her girdle.

"That is too much," she sobbed. "That I can never bear. The world is too large. Oh, were I but back again on the table under the lookingglass! I shall never know happiness till I am back there. I have followed you into the world, and, if you care for me, you must now go back with me!"

The sweep spoke most reasonably and sensibly to her, spoke of the old Chinese and of the Goatsleg-Highadjutantgeneralmilitarycommandant, but she sobbed so violently that he was obliged to do as she wished, though it was foolish.

They therefore climbed down again with much trouble and difficulty, and when they got near the bottom they stopped to listen, but all being quiet,

they stepped into the room.

There lay the old Chinese on the floor; he had fallen off the table when he attempted to follow them, and there he lay, broken into three pieces.

His whole back had come off in one piece, and his head had rolled far off into a corner of the

"That is horrible!" the little shepherdess said. "My old grandfather is broken to pieces, and it is our fault. Oh, I shall never survive it!

"He can be riveted," the sweep said. "He can very well be riveted. Do not you give way so, for, if they put a good strong rivet in his back and neck, he will be as good as new again, and will be able to say many unpleasant things to us yet."

"Do you think so?" she said.

And they then got on to the table again where

they had always stood.

"It was not of much use going all the way we did," the sweep said; "we might just as well have saved ourselves that trouble."

"Oh! if my poor old grandfather were but riveted!" the shepherdess said. "Will it cost very much ?"

The family had him riveted, and he was in every way as good as ever again, excepting that, owing to the rivet in his neck, he could no longer nod his

"You have grown proud since you were broken to pieces!" the Goatsleg Highadjutantgeneralmilitarycommandant said, "but I do not see any good reason for it. Now, am I to have her, or am I not?"

The sweep and the little shepherdess looked so beseechingly at the old Chinese, fearing that he

would nod, but he could not.

He did not choose to tell a stranger that he had a rivet in the back of his neck, so he was quiet; and the shepherdess and sweep remained together, loving each other till he got broken.

## IDUNA'S APPLES.

F all the groves and gardens round the city of Asgard, there was none so beautiful as the one where Iduna, the wife of Bragi, lived. It was called "Always Young," because nothing that grew there could ever decay, or become the least bit older than it was on the day when Iduna en-

Iduna, the mistress of the grove, was fit to live among young birds, and tender leaves, and Spring flowers. She was so fair that when she bent over the river to entice her swans to come to her, even the stupid fish stood still in the water, afraid to destroy so beautiful an image by swimming over it.

Iduna never left her grove even to pay a visit to her nearest neighbor; and yet she did not lead by any means a dull life; for besides having the company of her husband, Bragi, all the heroes of Asgard made a point of coming to call upon her

every day.

When her visitors had chatted a short time with her, she never failed to bring out from the innermost recess of her bower a certain golden casket, and to request, as a favor, that her guests would not think of going away till they had tasted her apples, which, she flattered herself, had a better flavor than any other fruit in the world.

As soon as any one ate one apple, he found himself as fresh, and vigorous, and happy as he had

ever been in his life.

One evening, when the Æsir were all feasting in the great hall of Valhalla, Loki went alone to visit Iduna.

It was a still, bright evening, and Iduna sat by the fountain, with her head resting on one hand, thinking of pleasant things.

"I am wearied with a long journey," said Loki, abruptly, "and I would eat one of your apples to refresh me."

The casket stood by Iduna's side, and she immediately put in her hand and gave Loki an

To her surprise, instead of thanking her, or beginning to eat, he turned it round and round in his hand, and said:

"Your apples are but small and withered in comparison. I was unwilling to believe it at first,

but now I can doubt no longer."

"Small and withered!" said Iduna, rising hast-"Nay, Odin himself, who has traversed the whole world, assures me that he has never seen any to be compared to them."

"That will never be said again," returned Loki; "for this very afternoon I have discovered a tree, in a grove not far from Asgard, on which grow apples so beautiful that no one who has seen them

will ever care again for yours."

Now, Iduna had often been cautioned by her husband never to let anything tempt her to leave the grove, and she had always been so happy there that she thought there was no use in his telling her the same thing so often over; but now she felt such a burning wish to get the new fruit, that she quite forgot her husband's commands.

As Loki went on urging her, she took up her casket from the ground hastily, and begged him

to show her the way to this other grove.

Loki walked very quickly, and Iduna had no time to collect her thoughts before she found herself at the entrance of "Always Young." Here Loki took hold of her hand and forced her to pass through; the gate fell behind her, and she and Loki stood together without the grove.

The trees rose up between them and the setting sun, and cast a deep shadow on the place where they stood: a cold night-air blew on Iduna's cheek

and made her shiver.

"Let us hasten on," she said to Loki-"let us hasten on, and soon come back again."

But Loki was not looking on—he was looking

Iduna raised her eyes in the direction of his, and her heart died within her; for there, high up over her head, hung lowering, dark wings—sharp

talons—a fierce head, looking at her.

For one moment it stood above her head, and then lower, lower, lower, the huge shadow fell; and before Iduna found breath to speak, the dark wings were folded round her, and she was borne high up in the air, northward, toward the gray mist that hangs over Jötunheim.

The Æsir all pined away and lost their strength from the loss of Iduna's apples, but at length Baldar and Bragi returned with an answer of the Norns, couched in mystic words, which Odin alone

could understand.

It revealed Loki's treacherous conduct to the Æsir, and declared that Iduna could only be brought back by Loki, who must go in search of her, clothed in Freyja's garment of falcon feath-

Loki was very unwilling to venture on such a search; but Thor threatened him with instant death if he refused to obey Odin's commands, or failed to bring back Iduna. And, for his own safety, he was obliged to allow Freyja to fasten the falcon wings to his shoulders, and to set off toward Thiasse's castle, Jötunheim, where he well knew that Iduna was imprisoned.

It was a hollow in a dark rock; the sea broke



IDUNA'S APPLES.—" PITY ME! I HAVE BEEN TORN AWAY FROM MY HOME AND MY HUSBAND, AND I HAVE NO HOPE OF GETTING BACK."

against two sides of it; and above, the sea-birds clamored day and night.

There the giant had taken Iduna on the night on which she had left her grove; and fearing lest Odin should spy her from Air Throne, he had shut her up in a gloomy chamber, and strictly forbidden her ever to come out.

She saw nothing but Thiasse himself and his servants, whom he had commanded to attend upon her; and they came in and out many times every day.

They were fair, Iduna saw—fair and smiling; and at first it relieved her to see such pleasant faces.

"Pity me!" she used to say to them—" pity me! I have been torn away from my home and my husband, and I see no hope of ever getting back!"

And she looked earnestly at them; but their pleasant faces never changed, and there was always—however bitterly Iduna might be weeping

—the same smile on their lips.

At length Iduna saw, when they turned their backs to her, that they were hollow behind; they were Ellewomen, who have no hearts, and can never pity one.

After Iduna saw this, she looked no more at their smiling faces, but turned away her head and wept silently.

Every day the giant came and thundered at Iduna's door.

"Have you made up your mind yet," he used to say, "to give me the apples? Something dreadful will happen to you if you take much longer to think of it."

Id un a trembled very much every day, but still she had strength left to say "No"; for she knew the most dreadful thing would be for her to give to a wicked giant the gifts that had been intrusted to her for the use of the Æsir.

The giant would have taken the apples if he could; but whenever he put his hand into the casket, the fruit slipped from

beneath his fingers, shriveled into the size of a pea, and hid itself in crevices of the casket where his great fingers could not come—only when Iduna's little white hand touched it, it swelled again to its own size, and this she never would do while the giant was with her.

So the days passed on, and Iduna would have died of grief among the smiling Ellewomen if it had not been for the moaning sound of the sea and the wild cry of the birds.

One morning, when she knew that the giant had gone out, and when the Ellewomen had left her alone, she stood for a long time at her window by the sea, watching the mermaids floating up and down on the waves, and looking at heaven with their sad blue eyes.

Suddenly she heard her name spoken, and a bird with large wings flew in at the window, and smoothing its feathers, stood upright before her. It was Loki, in Freyja's garment of feathers, and he made her understand in a moment that he had come to set her free, and that there was no time to lose.

He told her to conceal her casket carefully in her bosom, and then he said a few words over her, and she found herself changed into a sparrow, with the casket fastened among the feathers of her breast.

Then Loki spread his wings once more, and flew out of the window, and Iduna followed him. The sea-wind blew cold and rough, and her little wings fluttered with fear; but she struck them bravely out into the air, and flew like an arrow over the water.

They had not gone far when a sound was heard above the sea, and the wind, and the call of the sea-birds. Thisse had put on his eagle plumage, and was flying after them!

and was flying after them!

For five days and five nights the three flew over

the water that divides Jötunheim from Asgard, and at the end of every day the giant had gained on the other two.

All the five days the dwellers in Asgard stood on the walls of the city, watching. On the sixth evening they saw a falcon and a sparrow, closely pursued by an eagle, flying toward Asgard.

"There will not be time," said Bragi. "The eagle will reach them before they can get into the city." But Odin desired a fire to be

But Odin desired a fire to be lighted upon the walls; and Thor and Tyr, with what strength remained to them, tore up the trees from the groves and gardens, and made a rampart of fire all round the city.

The light of the fire showed Iduna her husband and her friends waiting for her. She made one last effort, and rising high up in the air above the flames and smoke, she passed the walls, and dropped down safely at the foot of Odin's throne. The giant tried to follow; but wearied with his long flight, he fell among the flaming piles of wood, and was burned to death.

How Iduna feasted the Æsir on her apples, how they grew young and beautiful again, and how Spring, and green leaves, and music came back to the grove, I must leave you to imagine, for I have made my story long enough already.

#### FORTUNIO.

King ALFOURITE was both amiable and powerful; but his neighbor, the Emperor Matapa, in the last battle, had gained a complete victory, leaving the king despoiled of all his treasures; these

the emperor conveyed to his own palace. In the meantime, King Alfourite assembled the small remains of his army, and ordered every gentleman and nobleman to come in person to assist him, or pay a large sum of money.

On the frontiers of his kingdom lived a nobleman, eighty years of age, once extremely rich, but now reduced to a scanty provision for himself and three daughters, who lived with him. When this old nobleman heard the decree, he knew not what to do.

"I am too old to engage in the king's army," he said; "and to pay the tax would ruin us."

"Do not thus afflict yourself, father," said his daughters.

"I," said the eldest, "am young and robust, and accustomed to fatigue; why should not I dress myself like a cavalier, and offer my services?"



FORTUNIO .- "THE OLD GENTLEMAN BADE HER AN AFFECTIONATE GOOD-BY."

The old lord, seeing her bent on the experiment,

gave his consent, and she set out.

The princess had not proceeded far, before she observed an old shepherdess, endeavoring to draw one of her sheep out of the ditch into which it had fallen.

"What are you doing, Goody?" said the

cavalier.

"Alas!" replied she, "I am trying to save my sheep, which is almost drowned; but I am too weak to get it out."

"You are very unfortunate," said she, at the

same time spurring on her horse.

"Adieu, disguised lady!" said the old shep-

No astonishment could exceed that of the

daughter.

"I had better return at once," she said, "since a single glance at me is sufficient to convince every one that I am not a man."

She accordingly returned. The second daughter said:

"I am both taller and more robust; and I would

lay any wager I should have succeeded."

She procured a suit of clothes and another

horse, and took the road.

The old shepherdess was on the same spot. Our

young traveler asked what was the matter.
"Unfortunate that I am!" replied the old woman; "half my flock have I lost in this manner, for want of help.'

"Some one will soon come by, no doubt," said the cavalier, and was turning to go, when the old

woman cried out:

"Adieu, disguised lady!"

So she followed her sister's example, and returned to her father, full of sorrow and disap-

The youngest now entreated she might not be denied the privilege of trying her fortune, as well as her sisters, to which, at last, after much persuasion, the old lord agreed; but as he had expended a good deal of money in equipping his two eldest daughters, he could provide the youngest only with a poor old cart-horse and the meanest apparel imaginable.

When these were ready, the old gentleman embraced her tenderly, and she bade both him and

her sisters farewell.

The old shepherdess again presented herself,

employed as before.

"What are you about, my good woman?" said this amiable cavalier; "can I be of any service to you?" and perceiving the sheep struggling in the water, jumped off his horse, and pulled it out.

Upon this, the old shepherdess turned to him

"You shall find me grateful for this kindness. I am a fairy, and know well enough who you are, and I will be your friend."

Accordingly, she touched the ground with her wand, and the most beautiful horse, superbly har-

nessed, stood before them.

"The beauty of this horse," continued the fairy, "is his least perfection; for he possesses the rare quality of eating only once a week, and the still rarer one of knowing the past, the present, and the future. If you wish at any time to know what you ought to do for the best, you have only to consult him; you should, therefore, regard him as your best friend."

The fairy added, that if he stood in need of clothes, money or jewels, he must stamp with his foot upon the ground, when a morocco trunk, containing the article he desired, would instantly make

its appearance.

"We must next," said she, "supply you with a proper name; and none, I think, can be better than that of Fortunio, since you have had the good fortune to deserve my favor."

Fortunio assured the fairy of eternal gratitude; he stamped with his foot, that he might procure

himself a magnificent suit of clothes; he dressed himself, embraced his bountiful friend, and pur-

sued his way.

At the end of his first day's journey, he thought of sending a sum of money to his father, and some jewels to his sisters; he therefore shut himself in his chamber, and stamped loudly with his foot. A trunk immediately appeared, but it was locked, and without a key.

Fortunio was at a loss, when, recollecting the

fairy's advice, he went to his horse.
"Comrade," said he, "where can I find the key of the trunk filled with money and jewels?"

"In my ear," says Comrade.

Fortunio looked in his ear, and there was the key. He then joyfully opened the trunk and dis-

patched the presents.

The next morning he proceeded on his journey. Passing through a thick forest, they saw a man cutting down trees. Comrade stopped, and told his master he should engage this man, Strongback, as the fairy had bestowed on him the gift of carrying what weight he chose. Fortunio found him extremely willing.

A little further on, they saw a man tying his legs

together.

'Master," said Comrade, "you cannot do better than to hire this man also, for he has the gift of running ten times faster than a deer; he is now tying his legs that he may not run so fast as to leave all the game behind."

Fortunio engaged Lightfoot also.

The following day they perceived a man tying a bandage over his eyes.

"He, too," said Comrade, "is gifted, for he can see at the distance of a thousand miles."

Fortunio accordingly engaged him without difficulty, and found his name was Marksman.

At a short distance further, they saw a man lying on his side, and putting his ear to the ground. Fortunio asked Comrade if he, too, was gifted, and if he thought he could be useful to him.

"Nothing is more certain," answered Comrade. "This man has the gift of hearing in such perfection, as none before him ever possessed; his name is Fine-ear, and he is this moment employed in listening, to hear if some herbs he stands in need of are now coming up from the earth."

Fortunio engaged Fine-ear.

Just as they were in sight of the city in which

the palace stood, they observed two men sitting

near each other on the ground.

"Ah!" cried Comrade; "he who sits nearest to us is called Gormand, because he can eat a thousand loaves at a mouthful. The other drinks up whole rivers without once stopping to breathe; his name is Tippler. Get them both into your service, and your good fortune will be complete.'

Fortunio did so, and he proceeded to the palace, attended by Strongback, Lightfoot, Marksman, Fine-ear, Gormand and Tippler.

Fortunio then stamped with his foot, and a trunk made its appearance, filled with the richest liveries to fit each of them; which they accordingly put on, and proceeded in great pomp to the king's palace, where Fortunio was most graciously received.

The next day, his majesty requested to speak with Fortunio, who instantly obeyed. He presented him to the princess, his sister, a widow, who soon fell in love with his uncommon beauty. She loaded him with presents, always spoke to him in the softest manner imaginable, and was in hopes he would discover how much she wished he should feel for her the same affection.

Fortunio, however, appeared perfectly indifferent; and as the king's company was so very dear to him, he constantly left the princess to obtain it.

One day, seeing Fortunio near an arbor, she waited till he had entered it, and then proceeded thither. Fortunio, on seeing her, would have retired; but she desired him to stay. The princess at first talked of the fineness of the weather. At length she said:

"You cannot, Fortunio, but be sensible of the great affection I bear you; I am, therefore, surprised that you do not take advantage of your good fortune, by asking me in marriage of the

king my brother.'

"I feel for you, madame, all the respect due to the sister of so amiable a king; but I am not free to marry you," he replied. She was red and pale by turns, and after telling

him he should repent his coldness, she left him suddenly.

One day, as the king, the princess and Fortunio were sitting at their dessert, the king looked very melancholy, and his sister asked him the reason.

"You know," said he, "what an affliction has happened in my kingdom. A great dragon has devoured several of my subjects, and many flocks of sheep; his breath poisons the waters of the fountains he approaches, and destroys all the fields of corn through which he passes.'

"Brother," said she, "here is the brave Fortunio, who would esteem it, no doubt, the highest

honor to be permitted to kill this monster." Fortunio could not but accept the proffered honor. He had no sooner left the room, than he

went to his faithful Comrade. "Go," said Comrade, "in pursuit of the dragon, "as the king requires, and take with you the

six gifted attendants you lately engaged."

Fortunio, the next morning, waited accordingly on the king and princess to take a formal leave. After this, he mounted upon Comrade, and attended by Strongback, Lightfoot, Marksman, Fine-ear, Gormand and Tippler, set out to find

the dragon.

They were, indeed, of immediate use in this undertaking; for Tippler drank up all the rivers, so that they could easily cross from field to field, and catch the rarest kinds of fish for their master's dinner. Lightfoot ran after hares and rabbits; Marksman shot at partridges and pheasants; Strongback carried them all upon his back; and Fine-ear, by putting his ear to the ground, found out the places where the mushrooms and kitchenherbs were coming out of the earth.

They had not proceeded more than a day's journey, when they heard the cries of some peasants whom the dragon was eating up as fast as he could. Fortunio immediately asked Comrade what he

should do.

"Let Fine-ear find out in what place he is," answered Comrade.

Fine-ear immediately put his ear to the ground, and informed his master the dragon was seven

leagues off.

"Then," continued Comrade, "let Tippler drink up all the rivers that are between us, and let Strongback carry wine enough to fill them, and next strew some of the hares and partridges along them."

Fortunio then entered a house that stood near,

to watch the event.

In less than an hour the dragon was in sight, and, smelling the hares and partridges, began to eat voraciously; and finding himself at length thirsty, he drank no less eagerly of the wine, so that in a short time, being quite drunk, he threw himself on the ground, and fell fast asleep.

"Now is your time, my good master," said the

faithful Comrade.

Fortunio immediately approached the dragon, and with a single blow cut off his head, and then commanded Strongback to take him up, and carry him to the palace.

The king received Fortunio with the liveliest joy

and affection.

Soon after, the king being again extremely sorrowful, the princess inquired the cause, as before.

"Alas!" said he, "how can I be otherwise, since the emperor has not left me money enough to equip the army I intended to send out against him ?"

"Brother," answered she, "can you suppose that Fortunio is not able to oblige the emperor to

restore your treasures?"

Fortunio, though he fully understood the malice of the princess, could not but assure his majesty of his earnest desire to make the experiment.

They arrived in the city of the emperor, and proceeded to the palace, where Fortunio demanded of him all the treasures of King Alfourite.

The emperor at this could not restrain a smile. "Do you really think," said he, "that I should so easily resign what I took such pains to obtain ?"

Fortunio replied that he meant no incivility, but begged the emperor to consider his request.

"This is really very extraordinary," said the



ZEPHYTA.—" ALARDOS WALKED BESIDE HER FOR A TIME, DEPICTING THE BEAUTY OF THE WORLD SHE WAS LEAVING." -SEE PAGE 258.

emperor; "however, as your demand is ridiculous enough, I will offer you a condition no less ridiculous. If you can find a man who will eat all the bread that has been provided for the inhabitants of this city, for his breakfast, I will grant your request."

Fortunio could scarce contain himself for joy. He replied that he accepted the condition, and sent immediately for Gormand; when, telling him what had passed, he inquired if he was quite sure he could eat the whole.

"Never fear, my good master," answers Gormand; "you will see that they will be sooner sorry than I."

When the emperor, the empress, the princess his daughter, and the whole court, had seated themselves to witness this extraordinary undertaking, Fortunio advanced, with Gormand by his

side; and seeing six great mountains of loaves, that almost reached the skies, he began to fear; but looking at Gormand, and seeing how eager he was to begin, he again took courage. When the proper signal was given, Gormand attacked the first mountain, and in less than a minute had swallowed the whole. did the same with the second, and so on to the sixth; which, having completely devoured, he told the emperor he must take the liberty to say, he had had but a scanty breakfast, considering he was in the domains of so rich a monarch.

Never was any astonishment so great as that of the spectators, who now fell to crying, "We shall have no bread to give our children for many days."

But the emperor's disappointment was still greater; so, commanding Fortunio to approach, he said:

"Young cavalier, you cannot possibly expect that I should give the treasures of King Alfourite because you happen to have a servant who is a great eater. However, find a man who shall drink up all the rivers, aqueducts, and reservoirs, together

with all the wine in the cellars of all my subjects, and I promise to grant your request."

Tippler was immediately sent for, and performed his task with equal ease, to the astonishment of the surrounding multitude.

The emperor now looked extremely grave, telling Fortunio, that what he had seen, though extremely singular, was not enough to deserve the costly recompense he claimed; "Therefore," continued he, "if you would obtain it, you must find a person who is as swift as my daughter."

Fortunio, though extremely dissatisfied, was obliged to consent; and, sending for Lightfoot, bade him prepare for running a race with a princess whom no one had ever yet been able to overtake.

In the meantime, the princess retired to put on the running-dress and shoes, and on her return called for some cordial; upon which Lightfoot observed, it would be but just that he should have some too. To this the princess readily consented; and stepping aside, she dextrously threw into his

glass a few drops of opiate.

The signal being given, the princess set off at full speed, while Lightfoot fell fast asleep. The race was several miles long; and the princess had proceeded more than half way, when Fortunio, seeing her approach the goal without Lightfoot, cried out:

"Comrade, I am undone! I see nothing of

Lightfoot."
"My lord," answered Comrade, "Fine-ear shall

tell you in a moment how far he is off."

Fine-ear listened, and informed Fortunio that Lightfoot was snoring in the place from which the princess began the race. Then Comrade directed Marksman to shoot an arrow into his ear, which he did. Lightfoot started up, and, seeing the princess nearly at the goal, set off with such rapidity, that, passing the princess, he reached it before her.

The emperor was now almost frantic with rage.

Calling for Fortunio, he said to him: "It cannot be denied that you have accomplished my conditions; take, therefore, away with you as much of the treasures of King Alfourite as one of your

attendants can carry on his back."

Being instantly admitted to the store-rooms which contained them, he commanded Strongback to begin to load himself. Strongback accordingly laid hold at first of five hundred statues of gold, taller than giants; next of ten thousand bags of money, and afterward of as many filled with precious stones; he then took the chariots and horses; in short, he left not a single article that had formerly belonged to King Alfourite.

They then hastened from the palace, and proceeded to King Alfourite's dominions. No sooner were they on the road, than the six gifted attendants began to ask what recompense they were to

have for their services.

"The recompense belongs to me," said Lightfoot; "for, if I had not outrun the princess, we might have returned as we came.'

"And pray," says Fine-ear, "what would you have done, if I had not heard you snore?"



THE FAIRY MARRIAGE. - "SHE HELD OUT HER HAND AS IF TO BID ME FAREWELL." - SEE PAGE 259.

"I think you must both acknowledge," says Marksman, "that our success was owing to my shooting the arrow exactly into Lightfoot's ear."

"I cannot help wondering at your arrogance," says Strongback; "pray who brought away the treasures? To whom can you be indebted, but to me?"

Thus they were going on, when Fortunio said:

"My friends, you have all performed wonders; but you should leave to the king the care of rewarding you. And should his majesty fail to reward you, yet you shall have no reason to complain, for I will take upon myself to gratify your largest expectations."

King Alfourite beheld him with amazement, and embraced him in the utmost transport; and his bravery so increased the attachment the princess had conceived for him, that she, that very day,

desired to speak with him in private.

Fortunio sent her for answer, that he could not have the pleasure of waiting on her. The princess, enraged, ran to the king in the middle of the night, and declared that Fortunio had sent Strongback to her chamber to carry her away, that he might marry her; that, previous to his late enterprise, he had been engaged in a similar attempt.

"In short, dear brother," said the artful creature, "nothing but the death of this presumptuous wretch can satisfy my vengeance, or insure my

safety.

The king's affliction at hearing this was greater than can be described, and the next morning he ordered Fortunio to be taken into custody, and to

In vain did Fortunio plead his innocence; no one believed it possible for a great princess to invent so wicked a falsehood. So the judges declared him guilty, and condemned him to die.

The king left the court shedding many tears;

but the cruel princess staid to see the sentence ex-

ecuted.

The officer, approaching Fortunio, opened his shirt, that his heart might be bare to receive the darts; but no sooner was this done, than all the beholders saw that the sufferer was a woman.

Every eye was immediately turned upon the princess, to reproach her with the baseness of her conduct in bringing so false an accusation against an innocent creature, and one, besides, who had shown such unexampled courage, and done the state such signal services; while she, unable to bear the shame that awaited her, took out of her pocket a sharp knife, and plunged it into her heart, saying, "Fortunio is revenged of my in-

The hero was led in triumph to the palace, and the king made an offer of his hand and crown to Fortunio. Their marriage was celebrated with the greatest pomp. The old earl and his two daughters were sent for on the occasion, and ever after remained at court. The first care of the new queen was to provide a magnificent stable for Comrade. She settled a handsome pension on Strongback, Lightfoot, Marksman, Fine-ear, Gor-mand, and Tippler, who all lived together in a splendid castle a few miles in the country.

#### ZEPHYTA.

N one of the distant oceans is a vast submarine continent, rising at times in thick vegetation above the surface, and clustering around the coral branches. Sea anenomes and beautiful creatures of every form and hue float around, but the chief inhabitants are a race with human forms, speech,

thought, but without souls.

In a sequestered nook of this territory, shaded from the meridian heat of the tropical sun by a clustering screen of the sea vine, lay a young and lovely being. Near this lovely Zephyta knelt Alardos, one of her race, urging his love with all the eloquence of passion. But Zephyta had heard of another clime, and of a more favored race, and of a heaven high over all, where the Maker of all dwelt. He alone seemed to her to deserve her love, and her heart beat with no responsive thrill to the affection of Alardos.

"I must go to the coral wood," she cried, "and seek the world above. Perhaps, wiser and happier than we, they know fully what only comes to us in

whispers from the distant waves."

In vain Alardos showed her the dangers of the path she sought to tread, the fierce fish that swam in the upper waters, devouring all. But her heart was undismayed by the terrors he portrayed. She implored him to bear her company, that, hand-in-hand, they might seek the Ruler of all things; but the world in which he lived sufficed for Alardos; the pleasures of sense alone had attractions for

When she found that even for her love he would not be her companion, she started up to undertake

her perilous task.

Alardos walked beside her for a time, depicting the beauties of the world she was leaving, his own love, the happiness they might enjoy; but she turned away with a look of weariness.

"Alardos! Alardos! my heart yearns for something more. I feel a great void within me, I would fill, and in a new sphere give my heart to God, who alone can satisfy its yearnings. Come, oh, come with me; there is a brighter world than this; we

were created for a nobler end."

At last, when Alardos found all argument useless, he turned back sadly; and Zephyta hastened on. The surface gradually sloped up, till she came to a dense and gloomy forest of coral, and the way seemed barred. She commenced to climb a tree, through whose tall branches a dim light came fitfully. As she ascended, the branches were closely intertwined, more like a rock than a tree.

The sun was shining brightly as she emerged from the surface of the water, and she found herself near a little island, whose clear, sandy beach glittered in the rays of declining day. Joyfully she hastened to it, and ran up the bank, delighted with the new vision that burst upon her gaze. Birds of the most brilliant plumage, flowers of rarest color and fragrance, bloomed on every side. But it was not for such beauties that she came. Where was the happy race that knew of God?

Just then a hermit came to meditate at eventide by the Summer sea. He started at the lovely spectacle, but knew in a moment whence she came. One of the soulless dwellers of the sea. How he wondered when she fell at his feet and implored

him to instruct her in the way of heaven.

He taught her of the great providence of God, and of His conduct to His creatures; of Christ the Redeemer; of heaven and its bliss. But he knew the trial that awaited her. By baptism, she would receive, indeed, a soul, and be prepared for heaven, but would then die in agony. All this he told her, but she did not flinch. For a moment she leaned over the ocean, and cried: "Alardos! Alardos! come follow me;" then knelt, and as the waters of baptism flowed over her brow, she arose a woman,

but a flame of ruddy gold at once encircled her, and in anguish she expired. Her birth was death. Then from the heaving breast of ocean came Alarkos and all his race. Their pristine fault had been atoned for by Zephyta; all recovered their human existence and served God faithfully.

# THE FAIRY MARRIAGE.

NE morning, during her mother's absence, Katla, daughter of the widow of a great Icelandic chief, feeling tired and heavy, went to bed, not very long after she had risen from it, and fell into a deep sleep. At noon, her mother's attendants went to her to call her, but, try as they would, could not wake her; so, fearing that she was dead, they called her foster-mother, and told her of her daughter's state. She went to the side of her bed, and endeavored to arouse her, but quite in vain. Then, looking attentively at her, she said :

"She is not dead; the flame of life is still flickering in her bosom, but I am no more able to

wake her than you were."

And, with these words, she sat down beside her couch, and kept close watch over her for four

whole days and nights. On the fifth day Katla awoke, and seemed to be

overcome with sorrow, but no one dared to ask what was the cause of it.

Soon after this, her mother returned from her journey, but her daughter was no longer the same that she had left behind her. She was

changed.

Wondering and grieved at her strange manner, the mother asked her attendants apart what had befallen her, and why she had behaved thus; but they could only tell her that she had slept unceasingly for four days and four nights, and on awaking had shown this sorrow, without ever telling anybody the reason of it, or what ailed her.

On hearing this, she took Katla herself apart, and urged her to tell her what ailed her-whether aught had befallen her in her long sleep-assuring her that she would lighten her load of sorrow

in thus giving her the half of it.

At last, yielding to her mother's prayers, she

spoke as follows:

"I had not slept long, when there came to my bedside a beautiful lady, richly dressed, who

spoke sweetly to me, and telling me that she lived at the farm Thyera, not far hence, begged me to go back with her some part of the way thither. As soon as I rose to comply with her wish, she placed her gloves in my bed, saying, 'These shall take your place while you are away.

"Then we went out, and came soon to a large lake, as clear and as smooth as glass, upon which,

near the shore, a gayly painted boat was moored. Here I would part from the lady, and wished her Godspeed; but she, thanking me for having come so far with her, held out her hand, as if to bid me

farewell, crying:

"' Will you not say farewell to Alvor?"
"No sooner had I stretched forth mine in return, than she grasped it tightly, and, leaping from the shore into the skiff with me, rowed it swiftly to a small island which stood in the midst of the lake. Now, indeed, I felt only too well that she had all power over me, and that I was unable to resist her, and breaking away I ran back to the shore of the lake, but she soon overtook me. She evidently saw that I was filled with dread, and tried to calm my fears, showing me every kindness and courtesy, and assuring me that it was Fate alone which had compelled her to treat me thus.

"'I will,' said she, 'soon take you safely home

"When we had come to the island, I saw that there stood upon it a castle, more beautiful than anything I had ever seen or heard of before.

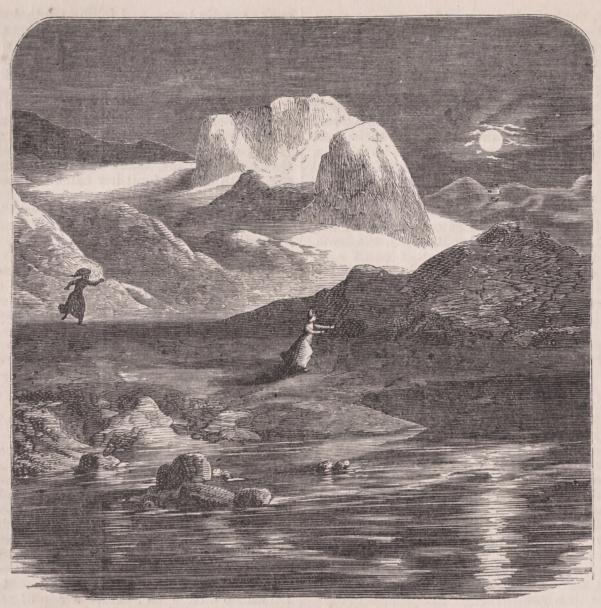
"'This is mine,' said Alvor; and leading me into it by the hand, she took me to her own room, where many ladies were sitting, There she made me enter a bath of sweet water, and when I had bathed, she took me to a beautiful bed which stood in the room, covered with curtains of the richest stuff, and filled with soft down. In this I fell asleep after I had drunk a cup of rare wine which was handed me.

"When I awoke, I found on a couch near me a mantle worked richly in gold, which the lady who sat by my side bade me put on, together with an embroidered dress which she gave me. When I was dressed, she threw also over me her own mantle, which was daintily wrought in gold, and lined with fur. Besides all this, she gave me five rings of red gold, a golden band for my hair, and a costly belt, begging me to keep them all as gifts. After I had thus attired myself, she bade me follow her to the dining-hall, and we went there with her, eight ladies in all.

"All the walls of the room were hung with cloth of woven gold, and the tables were crowded with silver vessels and flagons, and with gold inlaid horns; and round the table sat many handsome men, splendidly attired. At the high table stood a throne, and near this I saw a man, dressed in rich silk, lying asleep on a couch. Alvor went up to him and woke him, and I heard that she called

him Kari.

"He started up from his slumber, and said: "' Why have you broken my rest? Have you aught of good tidings to tell me? or, perchance, have you brought Katla hither?'



THE FAIRY MARRIAGE.-" BREAKING AWAY FROM HER I RAN BACK TO THE SHORE OF THE LAKE."

"As soon as he saw that I was in the hall, he came to me, and, taking me by the hand, led me to the throne, where he made me sit, and sat beside me.

"Then the Lady Alvor pointed to us, and cried out to the guests, 'See the bride and bridegroom!' Whereupon they shouted, as with one voice, and drank and made merry till nightfall. And a priest entered, and we were married before I well knew what I was doing.

"For two days and nights I lived in joy and pleasure. No one could be more beautiful, more devoted, more noble than Kari. On the third day

Kari said:

"'Dear Katla, we must soon part. Call the son whom you shall bear to me by my name, and give him from his father, whom he shall never see, this belt of wrought gold, and this knife with the haft of cunning workmanship, and let them be heirlooms in his family.'

"And he bade me place the belt and knife, together with the embroidered garments and costly ornaments which I had worn while with him, in a

sack, and take them home with me.

"'Show them,' he said, 'to your mother, and tell her the whole truth; for it is but just, and your duty. Let her aid you in building a farm at Thvera, where you shall see two small hillocks, which shall be your money-mounds. In that place you shall found a great and noble family. Now I must leave you, and you will never see me again, for,' said he, sadly, 'the hours of my life are numbered.'

"When he had finished speaking, Alvor, the lady, took my hand and led me out; and as I left the hall, I heard a loud and echoing sound, and turning my head to see whence it came, behold! Kari lay dead, for his heartstrings had broken

with exceeding love and sorrow.

"So the lady rowed me again in the boat across the lake, and brought me home, and took the gloves out of my bed.

"As she left me, she said:

"'May it fare well with you, though you have caused but sorrow to me in breaking my son's heart with love and anguish. Enjoy all the wealth you have, and be happy.' So saying, she was no more with me."

So she showed her mother all the beautiful and costly things that she had brought with her from Alvor's castle.

In the Summer she gave birth to a son, a lovely child, and exceeding all other children in mind and form, whom she called, as she had promised his father, Kari. Soon after, she built a new farm at Thyera, where she found the two moneymounds, as Kari had promised, and dwelt there happy and prosperous to a ripe old age.

### PRINCE SILVESTRO.

THERE was once a very large and beautiful cat

I named Purrerita who was brought up in a king's palace; she curled herself up to sleep on the royal throne, and wandered in the palace gardens, and was fed and caressed by royal hands, and had everything that cat could wish.

One day the queen said, as puss was purring sleep-

ily on her knee:

"Ah, Purrerita! you are very fond of me as long as I give you all you want; but if a time should come when you had to serve me instead of I you, I wonder whether you would do it, or whether you would not rather go after the first person who offered you cream to drink."

Purrerita opened her eyes wide, for she felt rather indignant at this speech, but then she thought, "The queen has all she wants, and I have all I want, and it will always be so; therefore, why should I trouble myself to think what I should do if things were changed?"

And she purred herself to

sleep again.

But the very next day the change came. A messenger rode, pale and breathless, into the palace-yard, bringing tidings that the king was slain in battle, and that the people, persuaded by evil men, declared that they would not have a baby-king, for the king's little son was only four months old, but they must have a man to rule over them,

In vain did the king's

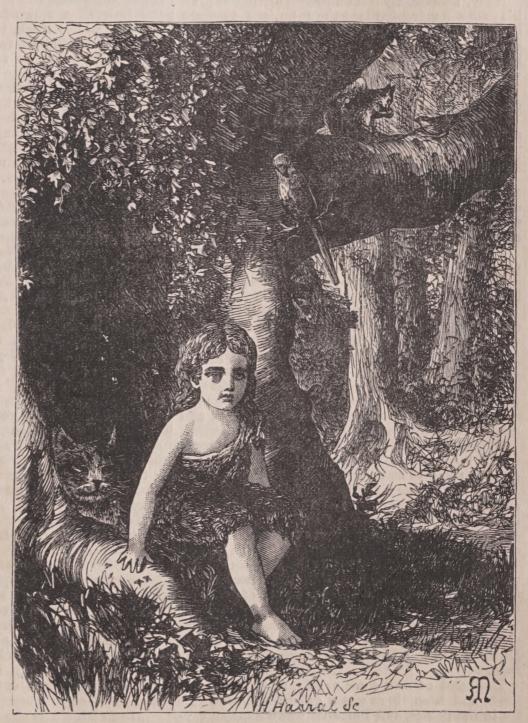
councilors proclaim that the best and wisest men in the kingdom should be chosen regents to govern the land; the tumult only grew louder, and before long a second messenger reached the palace, bringing word that the people had chosen for king one Dumpty, whom no one had ever heard of before.

He was such a short, fat man, that he had been named Dumpty, because he was nearly as broad

as he was tall.

But he had a good, loud voice, and he had stood up on a barrel and made a speech to the crowd, in which he said that the money and the land ought to belong to the poor people and not to the rich.

When Dumpty went on to say that if he were



PRINCE SILVESTRO.—" PURRERITA AND THE PRINCE LIVED IN THE HOLLOW OF THE BIG TREE."

king every man should have a house and garden and fields of his own, and wages should be doubled, and only the masters should pay taxes, and everything should be cheap, the crowd cheered and threw up their hats, and cried, "Dumpty shall be king! Dumpty shall be king!"

Immediately he had himself proclaimed as King Dedittodemizo; but nobody could pronounce such a name, so before his face they only said Your Majesty, but behind his back everybody called

him Diddledv Dumpty.

The queen was stunned with the terrible news, and before she could recover, there came a third rushing with terrified face into the very room,

"Fly, madam, fly! Diddledy Dumpty and all his men are marching into the town, and they are coming to take possession of the palace, and to drive out all the servants, and to kill you and the little prince, lest you should dispute the crown with him."

Then the lamentation rose louder than ever, and

one said:

"Harness the royal carriage, and put the queen and prince into them, and flee."

But another said, "No, for they would be known and stopped."

And a brave farmer who was in the town, brought his covered van to the door and offered to carry away the queen in it to his own farm. So they took her up, for she was half-swooning, to carry her into it.

"The prince, the prince!" she said; "fetch the

"Yes, yes, they are gone to fetch him," replied her ladies.

And then the sound of the drums and trumpets came down the street, and they put her into the van with all speed, and some of her attendants jumped in after her, and the rest ran away, some one way and some another, and the baby was left behind; for the first lady in waiting thought that the head nurse would be sure to look after him, so she took up the queen's jewel-case instead, and ran out with it.

The head nurse thought that the nursery-maid would take him, so she filled her arms with the queen's robes of state, and ran out with them.

And the nursery-maid was so frightened, that she thought of nothing but to run away—away through the fields until the sound of the trumpets and noise of the shouting were left behind in the

Purrerita perceived that there was something unusual going on that morning, so she went up on to the roof, which was a favorite haunt of hers, she had such a good view from it all over the town.

From this high post she saw the messengers arriving, and the band of men, with Diddledy Dumpty at their head, approaching in the dist-

The band of men came nearer, and entered the town, and then there was a great running to and fro in the palace, and Purrerita saw the queen carried out, and all the servants scattering hither and thither.

"Dear me! dear me!" she cried, jumping up; "there is something very wrong; it's time I should

And she came scampering down the stairs, looking in at all the rooms she passed to see if there was

anybody left.

And lo! in the nursery lay little Prince Silvestro asleep in his crib of ivory and gold, with no one to wait upon him.

"There must be something very wrong indeed," cried Purrerita, and, catching the little prince up

by the clothes, she ran on with him.

There was no time to lose; King Dumpty was coming in by the front entrance, and out dashed Purrerita by the garden-door, down the terrace, across the grass-plot, and up with one spring into the fork of a magnificent plum-tree that grew there, in whose thick, leafy screen she was soon hidden, baby and all, from any prying eyes.

Purrerita knew the tree well, for she had often

taken her midday sleep in this green arbor.

She knew of a spot where the branches interlaced so closely that she could lay the baby down without fear, and there she cradled him and watched beside him, until the baby, who had been startled, as well he might be, by such a strange and sudden journey, gave up staring about him, and went off to sleep again, rocked by the swaying of the branches.

"You are a wonderful baby for not crying," thought Purrerita, "and it is well that you are, for if you had cried just now I don't know what would have become of us. Now I will steal down and see if I can learn what is become of my mistress."

Very stealthily did she creep across the garden and into the palace. All was confusion there, all

the faces strange.

In the banqueting-hall there was a noisy feast going on, and on the throne at the head of the table there sat a little, fat man, who looked all body and no legs.

"Ah, there's a cat!" he screamed, as soon as he saw Purrerita. "Turn her out; I hate cats! Shsh-sh !-get out with you!"

And Purrerita disappeared only just in time to avoid a heavy silver cup that was sent flying after

She went toward the servants' offices, hoping to find somebody she knew there; but no, all were changed.

However, she perceived the dairy door ajar, and carried off a can of fresh milk with her to the plum-tree.

She fed the baby with it as soon as he woke. after which he slept quietly until morning.

Purrerita spent a very anxious night.

"What will become of us?" she thought. "It's worse, a great deal, than watching at a rat-hole. Suppose the prince should fall down. Suppose he should cry. Suppose I should not be able to find food for him. Really, if the queen does not come home to-morrow, I don't know what I shall do

After giving him the remainder of the milk next morning, and watching him until he slept again, Purrerita left the tree in search of food and news.

But she found neither, except, indeed, a few bones that served for her own breakfast; and getting at last terribly uneasy, she ran back to the plum-tree to see whether all was right.

She had not observed Diddledy Dumpty sitting in the queen's drawing room window, but he saw her, and immediately came fussing out into the

garden, crying:

"There's that cat again! I saw her—she ran up the plum-tree. Go and catch her, somebody. I won't have cats in my garden. Go and catch her, I say."

But the servants looked at one another, and no-

body stirred.

"What! are you afraid?" cried Dumpty—
"afraid of a cat? What cowards! Come, half-acrown to whoever will fetch her down. Who will
win it?"

One of the footmen swung himself cautiously

upon the first branch.

"Ssssssss!" hissed Purrerita, in a terrible fright, with her tail swelled nearly as big as her body, as she bounced on to another branch, so violently that several unripe plums came rattling down, one of them hitting the man on the nose.

"Come back! come back!" cried the others. "She's a witch-cat; she's pelting us with black

stones."

And they all ran away to a safe distance.

"You great cowards!" said Dumpty. "Fetch me a chair and I will catch her."

And he scrambled up on to it, and reached up his hand to lay hold of her.

But Purrerita gave him a scratch, and he came

rolling to the ground, bellowing:

"Oh, oh, oh! she has wounded me—she will come after me—help me away! the wound is poisoned; it's swelling up—I shall die of it—oh, oh, oh!"

As soon as he got on to his legs, he ran up and

down the terrace, repeating:

"Half-a-crown to fetch her down! I'll have her shot—l'll have the tree blown up! Fetch me a doctor, somebody! Half a-crown to fetch her down!"

And the boys peeped at him over the gardenwall, and made a song about it that was soon a favorite through all the town:

"Diddledy diddledy Dumpty,
The cat ran up the plum-tree
Half-a-crown
To fetch her down,
Diddledy diddledy Dumpty."

"It won't do to stay here, that's pretty plain," she said. "But where shall I take him to? If I had any one to leave with him while I went to look for a retreat—"

"Leave him with me," said a low, humming voice, and, looking round, Purrerita saw a bee

hovering near her.

"With you! How could you protect him?" replied she, looking with some scorn at a creature so much smaller than herself.

"I can sting—I can sting!" hummed the bee.
"I can soothe him to sleep if he frets. I can feed

him with bee bread and honey. Only let me fly home to my queen and get her leave to come and watch over him for the rest of the day. Or go yourself and ask our queen if I may be trusted."

"Nay, if you are an obedient subject, I can trust you to be an honest friend," said Purrerita. "Go quickly, good bee, for time presses."

The bee darted off, and presently returned, hum-

ming joyfully.

"Our queen has told off ten to watch and twenty to feed," she hummed. "And she bids me say that since our prince can be served, she will put off our going to wait on him."

"Why, where are you going to?" said Purre-

rita.

"The king is dead and the queen is fled," returned the bee. "We cannot stay with the new master; he is unpleasant—he is dirty. Therefore we were to swarm to-morrow, to fly to the forest a home to borrow—"

"The forest! That gives me an idea," interrupted Purrerita. "You and your companions keep watch here. I will be back as fast as I can."

The day passed without any one coming near the plum-tree again, for King Dumpty was gone to bed with his scratched hand, and spent his time in bathing it. The bees flew humming round the babyprince, feeding him with sweet honey and bee bread.

The sun set before Purrerita came back, but she found the sentinel bees resting on twigs round the sleeping prince, and waving their wings gently to

keep themselves awake.

"Go home to your queen," said Purrerita, "and tell her we go to the forest to-morrow, and that if she will arise betimes and follow, I have found a home for both her and for us."

Very early the next morning, before any one was stirring in palace or town, Purrerita stole cautiously down the plum-tree, carrying the

prince.

He was so accustomed to her now that he let her do what she liked with him, and laughed and pulled at her fur with his soft round hands, while Purrerita crept along by the most hidden paths, halting at every sound, and trembling when only a bird stirred in the hedge.

With the first ray of sunshine, forth came all the bees from their hive, and, with their queen at their head, they flew over the palace railings and away until they joined Purrerita at the edge of the

forest.

But the prince was heavy, very heavy, Purrerita began to think. And then he got tired and cried, and his clothes slipped round so that she could not hold him properly, and then he went to sleep and felt heavier than ever.

So it was quite evening before they reached the home that she had chosen. It was a large hollow tree, so large that several people might have sat in the trunk. There were several stories, as it were.

Purrerita and the prince took the ground floor; then came the swarm of bees; above them lived a family of squirrels; and two wood-pigeons had built their nest in the branches overhead.

The floor in the hollow of the trunk was dry and

soft enough to form a bed for the baby-prince, and all creatures in the forest joined to guard and serve him.

The bees flew humming in and out, laden with sweet food for him; the birds brought offerings of eggs, and the squirrels of nuts; the winds blew softly round the gray old tree, lest they should disturb the child's slumbers.

It was a strange home, and they were strange!

nurses for so young a child; but Prince Silvestro grew and prospered.

Soon the embroidered robes were all too small for him to wear, and Purrerita was forced to make him a rough garment from the skins of small animals. By and by he began to crawl, and then to walk; and by the time that Spring came round he was almost as merry and active as a real kitten.

The boy throve in that free, open-air life, and,

as time went on, he grew into a noble-looking little fellow, brown-skinned and straight-limbed, who could run like a cat, climb like a squirrel, and swim like a frog.

And Purrerita watched, and was not satisfied. A new thought had occurred to her, and made her anxious. Suppose the queen were to come home at last, and when she brought her boy to her, she were to take him on her knee and speak to him, as she surely would, what would he answer her?

"I will go once more to the palace, and see whether there is any news of the queen," said Purrerita; "it is more than a month since I was there. And I can at least take counsel with old Bigotado, the stable cat; he used to be reckoned a wise old fellow."

Before daybreak she was up and on her way. From her favorite perch in the plum-tree she saw Diddledy Dumpty sit-ting at breakfast with his lords. The windows were open on account of the heat, and she could hear how they were amusing themselves with a gray parrot that had lately been sent Dumpty.

As she listened to the parrot's ready speech and witty answers, she thought the parrot was the very helper she wanted! What if she could persuade him to come and teach Prince Silvestro to talk! She waited until Dumpty and his companions were talking loudly among



PRINCE SILVESTRO. -"HIS HOME WAS IN A SECLUDED PART OF THE FOREST."



PRINCE SILVESTRO.—" THE LITTLE BING'S FIRST ACT WAS TO PARDON A POOR HUNTER WHO HAD BEEN CAUGHT TRESPASSING IN THE ROYAL FOREST."

themselves, and then called softly, "Sir Bayardin! Sir Bavardin!" for she had observed that this was the name by which he was addressed.

"Who calls me?" said the parrot.

"A friend," replied Purrerita, "who asks you whether you would not like to be free to fly as you may please, and yet have a home to shelter you from all weather?"

"To be sure I should!" said Bavardin.

And he seated himself very upright on his pole. "I can offer you such a home," continued Purrerita, "on condition that you will become professor of language to a noble pupil."

"Ah! she has a son," said the parrot to himself, "whom she wishes to become as clever and accomplished as I am. Dear lady," he added, aloud, "I accept the condition."

"You promise to come, then?" said Purrerita. "If I can but get free of this chain," answered Bavardin, "I give you my word, as I am a parrot of honor."

"Then," said Purrerita, "meet me in the plumtree yonder as soon as possible. If you can but get there I will manage the rest."

And she stole away again to the tree.

"Amiable stranger, my life is at your disposal," said Bavardin.

Then he put on the most dejected air imaginable; and when the company turned to talk to him again, he would not answer a word.

"What is the matter with Bavardin?" said

Dumpty. "He is turned sulky."

"Oh, no, master," said Bavardin, "I am dying

for want of a little fresh air."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Dumpty. "Fresh air never did any one good yet. However, my lord high sheriff, you may as well undo his chain, and carry him out for a turn; but hold him fast,

My lord high sheriff looked as if he did not much fancy the job, and he held the parrot so daintily, that a single sharp peck from his hooked beak was enough, and Bavardin was free.

Away he flew to the plum-tree, where Purrerita

met him with open arms.

But when he saw what she was, Bayardin fell back with a screech.

"Treachery!" he cried. "Fair one who pro-

mised to meet me, where are you?"

"Here, to be sure," said Purrerita, clapping her paw on him, for he looked very much as if he was going to fly away again. "Why, what's the matter now? Don't you want to come?"
"Ye—ye—yes," stammered the parrot.

"Then what are you shaking like that for? If

you repent your promise, say so."

"Oh, no, I will come with the gr-greatest pleasure," replied Bavardin; which was not true, only he thought if he seemed unwilling to come

she would most likely bite his head off.
"Come on, then," said Purrerita. "Don't you hear what a fuss they are making under the tree

already?"

But Bavardin seemed too frightened to stir, whereupon Purrerita caught him up in her mouth, and making a dash for it, she scampered past king and courtiers, and all, and over the wall and away, before Dumpty had time to do more than cry, "Oh, the cat! the cat was up the plum-tree again! She's stolen my parrot! Oh, do kill her, somebody!"

Dumpty himself was too fat to run, so that Purrerita might have taken it easily enough if she had

When she reached the skirts of the forest, she set Bavardin down, and he shook his ruffled plumage and said, "You hurt me!"

"It was your own fault," said Purrerita; "what did you struggle so for? Remember another time that you may screech as much as you please, only

do not flap your wings about."

The parrot was a good-tempered fellow, and had a very good habit of making the best of things. So they traveled the rest of their journey side by

side, like good friends.

Bavardin found Prince Silvestro so apt a pupil that it was quite a pleasure to teach him, for the young prince, when he heard that this was the language of human beings like himself, never rested content until he had learnt all that Bavardin could teach him.

Then he began questioning him. Bavardin would tell him long stories, for hours together, of all that he had seen and heard. Purrerita, spreading her

claws out and drawing them in again, thought:
"Now my prince is perfect. Now he is fit to mix with other people, to govern his kingdom. If

only the queen would come for him !"

If she had known all that was going on in the prince's mind, perhaps Purrerita would not have rejoiced so greatly.

For Prince Silvestro was as one awakened from

sleep by Bavardin's stories of men.

Now he longed for something more, something

different, he scarcely knew what.

At this time Purrerita told Prince Silvestro who he was, and all that she knew of his mother and of what had happened in the palace.

Here was matter for more thought; and the prince, forgetting his climbing and his games, would wander away alone to dream undisturbed, for he tried to satisfy himself by endless daydreams, in which his mother figured as being something between Purrerita and the queen-bee, and the rest of his people were to match.

But what had become of the queen all this long

time?

When she fled that day from the palace, the farmer who had offered to hide the queen took her to his own farm.

It was not until they reached it that the terrible discovery was made that the prince had been left behind.

Then there was weeping and lamenting, and those of the queen's servants who still clung to her went from house to house through all the town.

looking for him.

They examined every baby; they even made their way into the palace to search for him. But nobody thought of looking up the plum-tree, so the little prince was not found, and one after another they came back sadly to the farm.

Then the queen said that it was all her own fault, for that she ought to have looked after him and not trusted to others. And she took it so to heart that for some time they feared she would

have died of grief.

Now the farmer had a little baby girl, of nearly the same age as the lost prince. They tried to keep her out of the way, thinking that the sight of her would distress the queen by reminding her of her own baby; but one day the queen heard her crying, and went to her, and it seemed as if the care and attention that were needed in tending the child did her good instead of harm.

From that day forth she always took charge of the child, and the little thing, as soon as she could speak, always called the queen her lady-

Little Alegria was the brightest, merriest little maid that ever gladdened a household. Her sweet temper made her a favorite with everybody, and her delight was to help and cheer all around her. But she could not cheer the queen, for the thought of her little lost son was always before

One day, as Alegria stood by the farmer's chair,

as he finished his breakfast, she said: "Father, why is my lady-mother always so

"Because she once had a little son, who was born about the same time that you were, and she has lost him," said the farmer "She was ill, and left him for somebody else to take who did not take him, and so she feels as if it were in a manner her own fault."

Alegria stood silent for a few minutes; then she

"Father, I will go and find her son."

"Ah, child, if you could do that," returned the farmer, stroking her hair, "it were a glad day for us all."

Little Alegria wrapped her little blue mantle about her, and set forth at once. Who could tell? -the little boy might be coming along the lane at that moment, crying for want of his mother. Or he might be kept a prisoner in some wicked man's house, and be dying because no one came to set

Full of these thoughts, she passed through the fields and down the road, looking right and left as she went, and inquiring at every house that she

She was not missed at home till the evening, for her father and mother thought she was with the queen, and the queen thought she was with them, so that she had a good start before the search for her began.

Her bright face and winning ways gained her a night's lodging at a distant farm, and the next

morning she was early on her way again.

She turned out of the road to call at the house of a woodman, and then took a way that led

through some woods.

But the trees grew thicker round her, and no cottage or sign of man was to be seen; and by-andby her path, or what she had taken for a path, ceased altogether.

Meantime, the sky grew dark overhead; there was a storm coming, and every leaf and twig was still, as if watching, breathless, for what would

happen.

A violent gust of wind came down, and the branches creaked and swayed; then came another, and a clap of thunder with it, and at the same time Alegria felt the matted bushes under her feet give way-she was slipping, falling into the torrent that foamed beneath.

Clinging fast to the bushes, she screamed aloud for help, with little hope indeed of being heard, when a voice answered her, a strong arm grasped her, and she found herself standing on firm land again, with a bright-eyed boy beside her, clad in rabbit skins, who pushed aside the brambles and led her forward, smiling and promising her shelter from the storm.

That was a Winter that was remembered in that country for many years; for after the thunder-storm came a change of weather; the snow fell thick and fast, a bitter frost set in, and weeks and months went by, and the snow remained unmelted. Never had such a Winter been known.

But in the old hollow tree all was lively and wakeful enough. The very thickness of the snow made it warm and snug within, and Prince Silvestro hollowed it out and heaped it up into another chamber at the entrance, lined with branches of pine and fir.

The floor was spread with a carpet of dried bracken, and a column of blue wood-smoke rose night and day from a fireplace of loose stones, before which Purrerita lay, purring for pleasure.

On a perch close beside her sat Bavardin; he was the only inhabitant of the hollow tree who was not quite contented, for he thought that since Alegria had come, Prince Silvestro had rather neglected his conversation for hers.

Prince Silvestro and Alegria had not been long together before she discovered that she had found her lady-mother's son, and he, that he had as good as found the mother who had for so long

been the subject of his dreams.

Alegria, who had been taught by the queen herself, was a wise little maiden, and enjoyed teaching the young prince all that she knew. So the time did not seem long to any of them, while they waited until the roads should be passable again.

With the first warm Spring days a strange procession was seen wending its way from the depths of the forest toward the town in which the royal

palace stood.

In the middle walked a princely boy, clad from head to foot in skins. On one side of him came a smiling little maiden in a blue mantle, and on the other a cat trotted soberly along, as befitted her age and dignity, but with her head and tail erect, and her whiskers well forward. Perched on the boy's shoulder was a gray parrot, who seemed almost beside himself with joy.

Above him, again, came a whole colony of bees flying like a cloud, each swarm headed by its separate queen. Along the hedgerows on either side of the road leaped and scampered little brown squirrels that kept pace with the party in the



A MONARCH'S DAUGHTER .- " THE PRINCE WAS STARTLED BY THE MELANCHOLY TOOT OF AN OWL."

middle, as did a company of little birds of all kinds that flew from tree to tree.

And as they passed, the people all came out of their houses and followed in the rear; but one, who recognized little Alegria, mounted his horse and rode to her home to carry the news with such speed that, by the time they reached the entrance of the town, the farmer and his wife and the queen came out to meet them. Then there was such a meeting as it would be hard to describe. The people round them shouted:

\*"Long live the queen! Long live the prince, our

little king!

And all the country rose up as one man and

ago found out that Diddledy Dumpty's promises were worth nothing, and worse than nothing, and they were longing for an opportunity to go back to the old state of things, as the little king had granted a general amnesty. One of his first acts was to pardon a poor hunter who had been forced to make his living by poaching. It was Diddledy Dumpty's turn to run away; and in spite of his short legs and fat body he did run away so fast and far, that nobody in the country heard of him again during all the long and prosperous reign of King Silvestro.

## A MONARCH'S DAUGHTER.

YOUNG prince was A once walking with a nobleman who was his constant companion, in a thick wood near his father's palace. Evening was coming on, and as they passed an old hollow oak-tree nearly hidden in the ivy that grew up round it, the prince was startled by the melancholy cry of an owl.

"Tu whoo, tu whoo!" it said.

"Hark!" said the prince; "did you hear what the owl was saying? How mournful it was! It has made me feel quite sad."

"What the owl was saying!" replied the

young nobleman who was with him; "your royal highness must be joking. I only heard the owl say 'Tu whoo,' like every other owl. But if it makes you sad, I will soon put a stop to it."

"How?" said the prince.

"By fetching my bow and arrow," answered his companion. "I am not a bad shot, as your royal highness knows, and a well-aimed arrow would soon stop that doleful hooting."

"Do not think of such a thing," said the prince. "I shall be very angry if you shoot the owl; it does no harm, poor creature. Come, it is getting chilly—let us go in."

All that night the prince could not get the owl's

brought them to the palace. For they had long | mournful "Hoo, hoo, noo," out of his head. So



A MONARCH'S DAUGHTER .- QUEEN LISONJA AT THE LAKE.

the next day he determined to find the owl, and went out to the wood again; but this time without his companion.

As he came near the hollow tree, he heard the

owl repeating the same melancholy song.
"Poor creature!" thought the prince; "perhaps

And climbing up through the ivy, he peeped into the hollow tree. There sat a large white owl. But instead of flying away, or hissing and pecking at him, as a common owl would have done, it sat still and stared at him with its great, sad eyes.

It looked so strange that the prince felt half in-

clined to slip down again.

However, he was ashamed to be afraid of an owl, so he said:

"Owl, why are you so sad?"

The owl replied:

"Once I was a monarch's daughter, Once I was a monarch's daughter,
And sat on a lady's knee;
Now I am a lonely wanderer,
Sitting in the ivy-tree,
Crying, Hoo hoo hoo, hoo hoo hoo,
Hoo hoo hoo, my feet are cold!
Pity me, for here you see me
Persecuted, poor and old."

"Poor old owl!" said the prince. "Tell me about it, and I will try to help you." And the owl said:

"Strange the tale, and hard the task; Will you do whate'er I ask?"

"Yes, if I can," said the prince. And the owl answered again:

> "When the moon is shining low, You must wander out alone:
> You must pluck the flowers that grow
> Round a mossy, carven stone.
> Steep in wine, and then divide it A third to drink, a third to keep,
> A third to give to me."

"That does not sound very difficult," said the prince. "And shall I drink my third as soon as I have steeped the flowers?"

> "He that sips With sullied lips, His doom has quaffed. Lip that's pure May endure The dangerous draught."

replied the owl.

"Mighty is the potion's power, Keep it for the fated hour.'

The prince began to consider whether his lips had ever been sullied by an untruthful or unjust word.

"Nay, then," said he, "I shall certainly bring it all to you. "But, owl, why do you always answer in this odd, mysterious way?"

"The owl, still looking sadly at him, replied :

"Fate, not choice, Guides my voice. Ask no more, go forth and do: Tu whit, tu whoo!"

So that night, when the crescent moon had sunk low in the west, the prince went forth to seek for the magic herb by that uncertain light.

And as he walked he suddenly entered a moonlit glen, and before him lay what had once been the statue of a nymph, but it was thrown down and broken and moss-covered.

Over the carved stone face there grew a plant whose small, starry flowers shone like silver in the moon beams.

The prince immediately gathered it, and as he walked home he thought he heard a rustle of wings, as though the owl were flying near him.

The next day, having poured his magic drink into three silver flasks, he went out to the ivy-

tree. There sat the owl as before.

The prince told her what he had done.

"And what shall I do next to serve you?" he

The owl said:

"Will you serve me? Come, then, where Reigns the lady false and fair.

But beware— Her softest smile Is full of guile:
If thou art firm 'gainst flattery,
Prince, arise and follow me.'

The prince felt very curious to see the end of this adventure, so he said:

"I am not afraid of being flattered, and if you will show me the way I am ready to go with you.' And the owl flew out of the tree and answered:

> "If thou wilt keep thy promise true, Mount and away-tu whit, tu whoo !"

Then the prince mounted his horse, and the owl flew by his side, and they traveled for three nights, sleeping by day and journeying by night.

Early in the morning after the third night's journey, they came to the end of the dominions of the prince's father. And across the border there rose to meet them a band of gayly-dressed horsemen, with fifes and trumpets.

The owl tried to speak, but her voice was lost in the sound of the music, and the prince spurred merrily on. When he came up to them they all

bowed low, and their captain said:

"The great Queen Lisonja, sovereign of this land, has sent us to greet your royal highness, and to entreat you to consider her palace yours, if you will deign to enter it.'

"She is very kind," said the prince, "but I am come on an errand which I wish to do with all speed, and to return home without delay.

"The great Queen Lisonja knows your errand, O prince, and she bids us say that if you will confide in her, she will rejoice to carry out your wishes."

As the captain spoke there was a blast of trumpets, and a queen in glittering robes rode up, followed by her court. She looked so fair and smiling that the prince thought, "Certainly this cannot be the false cousin who enchanted my owl." And as she was getting down to greet him, he ran forward and kissed her hand.

But she would scarcely let him do so, and she told him how much she had heard of him, of his beauty and valor and his wisdom; but that now she came to see him she perceived that people had

not praised him half enough."

And the young prince blushed for pleasure; and he went back with Queen Lisonja to her stately palace, listening to her sweet sayings, and forgot all about his poor owl, who had never said such fine things to him.

Lisonja prepared a splendid feast to his honor, and it was not till it was nearly over that the prince remembered his errand, and said that he

must be going.
"Ah," said Lisonja, "I see your kind, generous heart has been touched by that owl's story. But with your quick wit, you must have perceived that the poor thing is crazy; not half of her story is true. Besides, it was all her own fault, as such things mostly are. That enchanted wine that she gave you—your royal highness has not drunk any, I hope?"

"No, not yet," said the prince.

"Ah, I am glad of that," said Lisonja. poor foolish owl believes it to be poison. It is not quite so bad as that, but it might disagree with you very much; let me strongly advise you to fling

"I cannot think that she believes it to be poison," said the prince, "for she said some of it is for herself. At any rate, I undertook the ad-

venture, and I shall keep my promise."
"Spoken like your noble, valorous self!" cried Lisonja. "But not to-night; I cannot let my sweet prince go to-night. Your fair cheek is wan for lack of sleep; honor me by reposing this night in my poor palace."

So the prince staid; and he slept so soundly that he did not hear the melancholy "Hoo, hoo, hoo" of the owl, as she circled vainly round the

The next day Queen Lisonja must take the prince to see her gardens, and then she must have his portrait painted for her to keep, and so on, from day to day, until a week had slipped away, and

still the poor white owl was forgotten.

One morning the prince went into an arbor in the garden. This arbor was so placed that he could see into a drawing-room where Lisonja and some of her ladies were sitting, and for some time he amused himself with watching Lisonja playing with a little dog which she seemed to be very fond of. But presently he grew troublesome, as little dogs will when they are too much romped with, and when she tried to quiet him he would not be quiet.

One of the ladies tried to turn him out, but he would not go. Then the prince saw Lisonja get up and offer him a biscuit. Of course the little dog ran up to get it, and she led him to the door, still holding out the biscuit. Then, instead of the biscuit, she gave the little dog a kick that sent him whining out, and shut the door in his face. And she and all her ladies laughed, but the prince felt

very angry.
"I do not like her at all," thought he. "She is cruel and false. If she could cheat the poor dog like that, she may be cheating me; and if she is

unkind to him, she may have been unkind to my poor white owl."

And he went to his room, and began walking up and down in a very disturbed state of mind.

Before he had made up his mind what to do, they came to tell him that his horse was at the door, and that Queen Lisonja begged him to come out hunting with her.

Her soft speeches were disagreeable to him now, and he parted from her as soon as he could, and

rode away by himself.

As he rode along, he thought he heard a faint cry of an owl from a neighboring thicket. He went to it, and there, at the bottom of an old dry well, whose sides had fallen in and were covered with fern, he saw the white owl lying, almost too weak to move.

She turned her mournful eyes to his as he

stooped over her, and said:

"Oh, prince most faithless, most untrue, Who promised fair, but did not do— Tu whoo! tu whoo!"

The prince was so sorry that he did not know what to say, but he took the owl in his cloak and rode gently back with her to his room, and there recovered her with food and gentle words, until she was able to speak to him again.

"I will not fail you this time, dear owl," he said. "Only let me serve you again, and I will do

anything for you that you ask."

And the owl replied:

"Now is come the fated hour; Try the wondrous potion's power."

Meanwhile Lisonja and her attendants were riding up and down over the country, looking for the

prince.

At last they came home without him, and very soon afterward a page knocked at the prince's door with a message from Lisonja, begging him to come out and speak to her, that she might be sure he was not ill or hurt.

"I will come at once," said the prince, who had

agreed with the owl what he was to do.

"Oh, my sweet prince, my noble friend!" cried Lisonja, as he came into the room, "how terrified I have been for you! how my heart—"
"Flatterer!" interrupted the prince. "Where

is the Princess Verdadera, whom her dying father

intrusted to your care?"

Lisonja looked startled for a moment, but an-

swered:

"Oh, I see that crazy old owl has been with you again. Surely you do not believe her. I have told you the real state of the case, and how the wrongs she fancies are all her own fault. Your clear judgment, my prince---'

"If what you have told me is the truth, you will not hesitate to drink this," cried the prince, presenting her with one of the silver flasks.

At the same moment the white owl flew into the

Lisonja fell on her knees.

"Oh, send her away!" she cried. "She wants



A MONARCH'S DAUGHTER .- " HAVING HEARD THAT THEIR OWN PRINCESS WAS COME BACK AGAIN, THEY CROWDED TO WELCOME HER."

to take away my character—she is going to poison Oh, noble prince-

But the prince sprinkled on her a few drops from the flask, and so great was their magic power that Lisonja could no longer resist, but was forced to drink. The moment the enchanted draught touched her lips, sullied with falsehood and flattery, she sank down with a scream, and behold, instead of the richly robed queen, a hideous snake lay wriggling on the steps of the throne. And all her attendants turned into snakes, writhing and coiling around her.

Now it was the prince's turn to drink; but he, seeing the terrible effect it had had on the false Lisonja, shrank from putting the flask to his lips. Then the snakes rose up hissing to attack him, and the owl cried out:

> "Pause not to think-Drink, oh, drink!"

And he drank. There was no change in his appearance, except that his form grew more upright and his brow more open, and the snakes cowered

the prince stood covered with shame and dismay, for the magic draught seemed to have opened his eyes so that he saw what he really was; how silly and conceited in listening to Lisonja's flatteries, how thoughtlessly cruel to the owl, how idly he was spending his whole life in useless amusements, how careless of his people, whom he ought to be learning how to govern aright, how selfish in everything.

"Oh, owl!" he cried, "I have been behaving very badly. I am not fit—I do not deserve to help you any more!"

But where was the owl? The third silver flask lay empty on the table, and beside it stood, not the white owl, but a lovely, white-robed princess, with clear, beautiful eyes, and such a loving smile on her face that the prince knelt down and would have kissed the hem of her robe.

But she raised him up and said:

"Your white owl thanks you, prince, for having set her free from her enchanted shape, and her tongue from speaking in riddles. By your aid, I am the Princess Verdadera again, and queen of all and shrank, and fied away from before him. But I this land. Rise up and tell me what I can do to prove my gratitude. I must always regard you

as my deliverer."

"Alas!" said the prince, "I have done nothing to deserve it. I have behaved so ill to you that I cannot tell why the magic draught has not done the same to me as it did to Lisonja."

"Because," replied Verdadera, "although you have been thoughtless, you have not been false."

"What is the wonderful herb that it is made

from, then ?" asked the prince.

"That little plant with the white, starry flower is the herb of truth," said Princess Verdadera. "We will keep some always by us, and then we need fear neither self-deceit nor flattery."

"Ah, Verdadera," said the prince, "if I may

dare to hope that you will still trust me, I will try never to be vain and thoughtless again."

As he spoke, all the good old courtiers of the times of Verdadera's father, having heard that their own princess was come back again, crowded into the palace court to welcome her. And the princess allowed the prince to lead her forward, and presented him to her people as her deliverer. Then she turned to him and said:

"To-morrow we will ride to the court of the king, your father, and ask his blessing on our marriage. Then we will return and govern our people with the rule of love and truth."

So they rode over the hills and through the forests to the court of the prince's father. And all the city came out to meet them, with the young nobleman, the prince's old companion, among the first. He little thought, while he looked at the beautiful princess, that he had once very much wished to shoot her.

# HUSH-A-BY, BABY.

NCE upon a time there was a countess whose husband was killed in the wars, and her own house burned over her head by the enemy, so

that she had to run away by night with her baby in her arms.

She fled away, not knowing where she went, until she came to a deserted hut, hidden in some trees by the side of a stream; and here she determined to stay until the enemy should leave the country.

She had saved nothing from her burning house except her baby, and a little silver cross which she hung round the baby's neck. So she tried to get her living by weaving baskets of rushes and filling them with the wild strawberries that grew on the river-bank. These she sold in a town that was near her hiding-place.

She had made a cradle of rushes for her baby,



"HUSH-A-BY, BABY, ON THE TREE TOP."

and while she wove her baskets, or gathered her strawberries, she hung the baby in its cradle to the branch of a young ash-tree that grew near the stream. And the wind rocked it to and fro, and rocked the baby to sleep, while the mother sang to it:

Hush-a-by, baby
On the tree-top;
When the wind blows,
The cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks,
The cradle will fall
Down will come cradle and baby and all!"

But she never thought that this would really happen, for the branch was tough and strong, and waved gently over the child as though it liked its burden.

One day the countess had wandered further than usual in search of wild strawberries, when she heard in the distance a sound of drums beating and people shouting.

She called out to a woodman who was running

past :

"What is this noise of drums and shouting that

I hear ?"

"It is the Earl of Castello Marino's army," replied the woodman. "He has driven away the enemy who killed his sister, and is now marching home again."

"Oh, it is my brother!" cried the countess.

"Which way is he gone?"

"Out yonder," said the woodman; "but make haste, if you want to see him, for the army is already gone by."

And then he ran on.

The countess looked back. She was already some way from where her baby was sleeping. If she ran back to fetch it, she would never be able to catch her brother before he passed out of reach; and she must make the long journey to his castle on foot, and perhaps her baby might die of cold and hunger on the way.

The shouts were already dying away in the distance. She looked back once more, and cried:

"O waving trees, O rushing water, Guard from harm my little daughter!"

And then she ran as fast as she could after the army. But when she reached it they told her that the earl was being carried on in front in a litter, badly wounded. So she ran on again, but it was hard work, and it took a longer time than she had thought to get to him.

The wounded earl was very glad to see his sister, whom he had believed to be dead, and he made his army halt, and sent back ten of his body guard with the countess to fetch her little daugh-

ter.

But as they were going back the wind rose and a storm came on, and the mother was sadly alarmed for her baby. And when they got to the place where she had left it, behold, the bough was broken with the wind, and cradle and baby and all were gone!

Not a trace of it was left, only one of the sol-

diers, after searching down the stream, brought back a bit of the broken cradle, which he had found caught in the hanging branch of a willow. The poor mother sat down and wept, and wrung her hands, and said:

"O faithless trees, O cruel water,
To guard so ill my little daughter!"

And the trees sighed and tossed their arms, and the waters sobbed and murmured. But if the countess could have understood what they said, they would have told her that they had done all they could for the baby. For, when the strong wind came and broke the bough, the ash-tree tossed the cradle out toward the stream, which raised its white arms and caught the child, and carried it safely over rock and stone as it rushed foaming on.

But the baby must soon have been drowned, for the stream could hold it up no longer, if it had not chanced that a water-nymph wandered that morning up from the sea to gather some waterlilies that bloomed in a still, shady bend of the

stream

She saw the little baby just as it was sinking, and caught it gently in her arms and bore it down to the sea, and into a cave which no one knew of but herself.

She knew that the little human baby could not live under water as sea-nymphs can, so she made it a bed of cotton-rush, and brought it the daintiest food she could prepare, and nursed and tended it in the scret cave. And the little girl throve and grew until she could run about with her little bare feet on the white, sandy shore of the cave, and play with the crimson seaweed and many-colored shells which her kind foster-mother brought her.

The sea-nymph called her little charge Rivula, because she had found her in the river. Little Rivula could not remember her own mother, or the time when she rocked on the tree-top, and she lived very happily in the cave with the kind friend

who had saved her.

Often, on a fine moonlight night, the sea-nymph would take Rivula in her arms and float with her far out to sea, while she sang to her of shining gems and coral caves, far beneath the dark-blue waves. And the phosphorus-light parted round them and closed again, and the cliffs looked dim and dreamlike, and Rivula thought that there never was anything more beautiful or more enchanting.

When the tide was low, Rivula would come out and wander among the rocks or along the wooded banks of the stream, but she always went back to

her cave again before the tide came in.

As years went on a report was spread abroad that the coast was haunted, for now and then sailor boys wandering along the shore had caught sight of Rivula's white dress in the distance; or fishermen sailing home at night had heard snatches of the sea-nymph's song. So the country people did not like to go near the place, and Rivula wandered undisturbed.

Not far from Rivula's secret cave there stood a castle in which a young earl lived. When he was

quite a boy his father had died from a wound that he received in war, and his mother died of grief soon after. He was brought up by a widowed countess, who was his aunt; but though she was very kind, she was always sad. People said that she had never got over the death of her only child, whom she had lost in some sad way. And the young earl, having no other companion, felt lonely in his grand castle and splendid gardens, and he took to wandering for hours about the country. In one of his rambles he met an old fisherman, who warned him not to go any further along the coast, because it was haunted by an old witch, who was so much feared that nobody dared go near her.

The young earl immediately made up his mind to go and find the witch, and went straight to the haunted coast.

He looked for her all that day and for many other days, in vain. Once he thought he saw something flutter behind a rock, but when he reached the place it was gone.

At last, one springtide, he clambered round into a little bay that he had never been able to reach before, and there he beheld, not the wrinkled old witch that he expected to find, but a beautiful bare-footed maiden.

She was bending over a clear, rocky pool which she had made into a little ocean garden by planting it with bright-colored seaweeds and fernlike coralline. So busy was she with it that she did not see the young earl until he came quite close to her.

Rivula had never seen a man before, but he looked so kind and spoke so gently that she was not at all afraid, and before they parted she had shown him all her treasures—the sandpiper's nest with its five round eggs; the little silver-scaled fish that she had found nearly dead on the shore, and had nursed in her garden-pool until he was well and merry again; and the queer old hermit-crab who lived in a little cave of his own, and never came out except to mow the green, grass-like seaweed with his strong, hooked claw.

Rivula never was lonely, for she made friends with all the birds and fishes round her, and gave them names and fed them, until they were so tame they would come at her call.

The young earl was delighted with her, and promised to come again the next day, and bring her rare fruits and flowers from his hot-houses, which he accordingly did.

"Dear mother," said Rivula to the sea-nymph that evening, "you told me to beware of men because they were often rude and rough; but one came to me to-day, and he is so kind and beautiful I should like him to be always with me."

Some days after this, Rivula told the sea-nymph that the young earl had asked her to go and live with him in his castle.

"Did you say you would go?" asked the seanymph.

"And leave my dear ocean-mother?" said Rivula. "Oh, no! I told him that I could never leave you. And yet I did not like saying No, because it made him sorry." "You need not say No, my child," said the kind sea-nymph. "You know that all my kindred live far away in warm seas, where feathery palmtrees wave above their coral reefs. They have long wanted me home, and only yesterday a porpoise brought me a pressing message from them to come. So you shall marry the earl, and I will go back to my kindred, and every Summer I will come and visit my child in her grand castle by the sea."

The young earl was rejoiced when Rivula told him the next morning that she would come to him, and he hastened to make ready the castle for his bride.

When the wedding morning came he went down to the shore to meet her; but he would scarcely have known his barefooted damsel in the beautiful maiden who came toward him. She wore a wenderful lace vail, woven by the sea-fairies of the finest and whitest corallines; her shoes were of the most delicate mother-of-pearl; her robe was trimmed with petrified foam-flakes, and on her shining hair was placed a coronet of pearls. She wore no ornaments but pearls, except that beneath the splendid pearl necklace there hung the little silver cross that her mother had tied around her neck when she was a baby, cradled on the tree-top.

All the earl's vassals shouted for joy when he led in his lovely bride. The widowed countess was waiting on the steps to welcome her. But when she saw the little silver cross she threw her arms round Rivula's neck, crying:

"Oh, my child! my little daughter whom I lost!"

She was, indeed, Rivula's mother. After searching in vain for the baby that the wind had tossed from the broken tree-top, the soldiers who were with the countess had brought her to the castle of her brother, the wounded earl. When he died, she had staid to take care of his little boy, now the young earl who had married her daughter. So Rivula was comforted for the loss of her kind sea-nymph friend by the love of her own dear mother.

And every year, when Summer seas grew warm, there came a sound of sweet and wondrous singing across the starlit waves, and Rivula flew down the terrace steps to greet her ocean-mother once again.

In course of time the earl and his fair wife were blessed with several children. The widowed countess loved them so dearly that they were scarcely ever away from her. Every evening she lulled them to sleep with the song that she had sung to their mother years ago:

"Hush-a-by, baby,
On the tree-top;
When the wind blows
The cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks,
The cradle will fall—
Down will come cradle and baby and all!"

And thus it is that the countess's song became a nursery lullaby.

## THE FAIR WITH GOLDEN HAIR.

NCE upon a time there was a king's daughter, who was so handsome there was nothing in the world to be compared with her for beauty, and she was called the Fair with Golden Hair, because her locks were like the finest gold, marvelously bright, and falling all in ringlets to her feet. She always appeared with her hair flowing in curls about her, crowned with flowers, and her dress embroidered with diamonds and pearls. However it might be, it was impossible to see her without loving her.

There was a young king amongst her neighbors, who was unmarried, handsome, and very rich. When he heard all that was said about the Fair

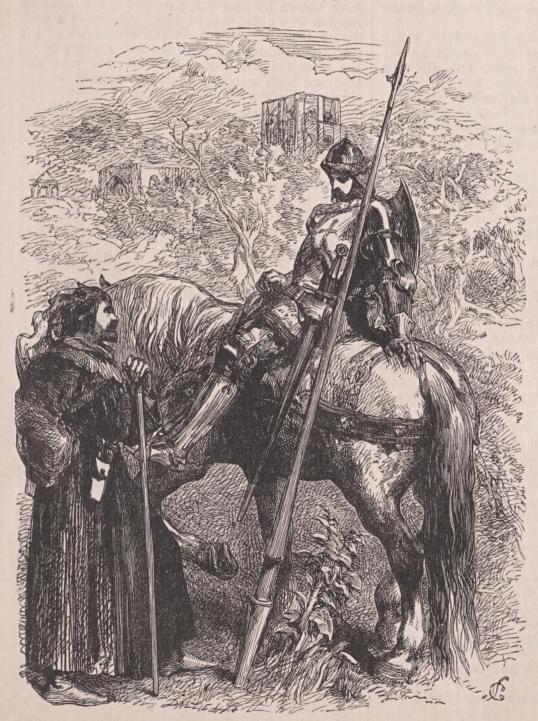
with Golden Hair, although he had never seen her, he felt so deeply in love with her, that he could neither eat nor drink, and therefore resolved to send an ambassador to ask her hand in marriage. He had a magnificent coach made for this ambassador, gave him upward of a hundred horses and as many servants, and charged him particularly not to return without the princess. From the moment that the envoy had taken leave of the king, the whole court talked of nothing else; and the king, who never doubted that the Fair with Golden Hair would consent to his proposal, ordered immediately fine dresses and splendid furniture to be prepared for her.

While the workmen were hard at work, the ambassador arrived at the fair one's court and delivered

his little message; but whether she was that day out of temper, or that the compliment was not agreeable to her, she answered the ambassador that she thanked the king, but had no inclination to marry. The ambassador quitted the court of the princess very low-spirited at not being able to bring her with him. He carried back all the presents he had been the bearer of from the king, for the princess was very prudent, and was perfectly aware that young ladies should never receive gifts from bachelors; so she declined accepting the beautiful diamonds and the other valuable articles, and only retained, in order not to affront the king, a quarter of a pound of English pins.

When the ambassador reached the capital city of the king, where he was so impatiently awaited, everybody was afflicted that he did not bring back with him the Fair with Golden Hair, and the king began to cry like a child. They endeavored to console him, but without the least success.

There was a youth at court who was as beautiful as the sun, and had the finest figure in the kingdom. On account of his graceful manners and his intelligence, he was called Avenant. Everybody loved him, except the envious, who were vexed that the



THE FAIR WITH GOLDEN HAIR.—" AT LENGTH HE ARRIVED IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF GALIFRON'S CASTLE."

king conferred favors on him, and confided to him his affairs.

Avenant was in company with some persons who were talking of the return of the ambassador, and saying he had done no good.

"If the king had sent me to the Fair with Golden Hair," said he to them, carelessly, "I am certain she would have returned with me."

These mischief-makers went immediately to the king, and said:

"Sire, you know not what Avenant asserts—that if you had sent him to the Fair with Golden Hair, he would have brought her back with him. Observe his malice! He pretends that he is handsomer than you, and that she would have been so fond of him that she would have followed him anywhere."

At this the king flew into a rage—a rage so terrible that he

was quite beside himself.

"Ha! ha!" he cried, "this pretty minion laughs at my misfortune, and values himself above me! Go!—fling him into the great tower, and let him starve to death!"

The royal guards hastened in search of Avenant, who had quite forgotten what he had said. They dragged him to prison, inflicting a thousand injuries upon him. The poor youth had only a little straw to lie upon, and would soon have perished but for a tiny spring that trickled through the foundations of the tower, and of which he drank a few drops to refresh himself, his mouth being parched with thirst. One day, when he was quite exhausted, he exclaimed, with a heavy sigh:

"What does the king complain of; he has not a subject more loyal than I am. I have never done

anything to offend him!"

The king by chance passed close to the tower, and hearing the voice of one he had loved so dearly, he stopped to listen, notwithstanding those who were with him, who hated Avenant, and said to the king:

"What interests you, sire? Do you not know

he is a rogue?"

The king replied:

"Leave me alone; I would hear what he has to

say."

Having listened to his complaints, the tears stood in his eyes. He opened the door of the tower and called to the prisoner. Avenant came, and knelt before him in deep sorrow, and kissed his feet.



THE FAIR WITH GOLDEN HAIR.—16 SHE SAW AVENANT ENTER BEARING THE GIANT'S HEAD."

"What have I done, sire, that I am thus severely treated?"

"Thou hast made game of me, and of my ambassador," answered the king. "Thou hast boasted that if I had sent thee to the Fair with Golden Hair, thou wouldst certainly have brought her back with thee."

"It is true, sire," rejoined Avenant, "that I should have so impressed her with the sense of your majesty's high qualities, that I feel persuaded she could not have refused you; and in saying that, sire, I uttered nothing that could be disagreeable to you."

The king saw clearly that Avenant was innocent. He cast an angry look upon the traducers of his favorite, and brought him away with him, sin-

cerely repenting the wrong he had done to him.

After giving him an excellent supper, he called

him into his cabinet, and said to him:

"Avenant, I still love the Fair with Golden Hair; her refusal has not discouraged me; but I know not what course to take to induce her to marry me. I am tempted to send thee to her to see if thou couldst succeed.'

Avenant replied that he was ready to obey him in everything, and that he would set out the next

day. "Hold," said the king; "I would give thee a

splendid equipage."

"It is unnecessary," answered Avenant: "I need only a good horse, and letters of credence from your majesty."

The king embraced him, for he was delighted to

find him prepared to start so quickly.

One morning that he had set out at the first peep of day, in passing through a large meadow, a charming idea came into his head. He dismounted, and seated himself beside some willows and poplars which were planted along the bank of a little river that ran by the edge of the meadow. After he had made his note, he looked about him, delighted to find himself in such a beautiful

He perceived on the grass a large carp, gasping and nearly exhausted, for, in trying to catch some flies, it had leaped out of the water on the grass, and was all but dead. Avenant took pity upon it, he picked it up and put it gently back into the

river.

As soon as the carp felt the freshness of the water she began to recover, and rising joyously to the bank of the stream, "Avenant," said she, "I thank you for the kindness you have done me; but for you I should have died. You have saved me; I will do as much for you."

After this little compliment she darted down again into the water, leaving Avenant much sur-

prised.

Another day, as he continued his journey, he saw a crow pursued by a large eagle, which had nearly caught it, if Avenant had not seized his bow and arrow, which he always carried with him, and taking a good aim at the eagle, "whizz!" he sent the shaft right through its body. It fell dead, and the crow, enraptured, came and perched

"Avenant," it cried to him, "it was very generous of you to thus succor me, I who am only a poor crow; but I will not be ungrateful; I will do

as much for you."

Avenant resumed his journey. Entering a great wood so early in the morning that there was scarcely light enough for him to see his road, he heard an owl screeching in despair.

"Hey-day!" said he, "here's an owl in great affliction. It has been caught, perhaps, in some

He at last discovered some nets, which had been spread by fowlers during the night to catch small birds.

He drew his knife and cut the cords. The owl took flight, but returning swiftly on the wing, "Avenant," it cried, "it is needless for me to make a long speech to enable you to comprehend the obligation I am under to you. I have a grate-

ful heart; I will do as much for you."

These were the three most important adventures which befell Avenant on his journey. He was so eager to reach the end of it, that he lost no time in repairing to the palace of the Fair with Golden

Avenant was so handsome, so amiable, and did everything with so much grace, that when he presented himself at the palace gate, the guards saluted him most respectfully, and they ran to inform the Fair with Golden Hair, that Avenant, ambassador from the king, her nearest neighbor, requested to be presented to her.

At the name of Avenant, the princess said:

"That betokens something agreeable to me. I would wager he is a pretty fellow, and pleases

everybody.

"Yes, in sooth, madame," exclaimed all her maids of honor; "we saw him from the loft in which we were dressing your flax, and as long as he remained under the windows we could do no work."

"Very pretty," replied the Fair with Golden Hair; "amusing yourselves with looking at young men! Here, give me my grand gown of blue embroidered satin, and arrange my fair hair very tastefully; get me some garlands of fresh flowers, my high-heeled shoes, and my fan. Let them sweep my presence-chamber, and dust my throne; for I would have him declare everywhere that I am truly the Fair One with Golden Hair."

Avenant was ushered into the hall of audience. He was so struck with admiration that he could scarcely speak; nevertheless, he took courage, and delivered his oration to perfection. He besought the princess that he might not have the mortifica-

tion of returning without her.

"Gentle Avenant," she replied, "the arguments you have adduced are all of them exceedingly good, and I assure you I should be very happy to favor you more than another, but you must know that about a month ago I was walking by the river side, with my ladies, and in pulling off my glove, I drew from my finger a ring, which, unfortunately, fell into the stream. I valued it more than my kingdom. I have made a vow never to listen to any offers of marriage, if the ambassador who proposes the husband, does not restore to me my ring. You now see, therefore, what you have to do in this matter, for though you should talk to me for a fortnight, night and day, you would never persuade me to change my mind."

Avenant was much surprised at this answer; he made the princess a low bow, and begged her to accept a charming little dog he had bought; but she replied that she would receive no presents. When he returned to his lodgings, he went to bed without eating any supper, and his little dog, whose name was Cabriolle, would take none himself, and went and lay down beside his master. All night long Avenant never ceased sighing.

"Where can I hope to find a ring that fell a month ago into a great river ?" said he; "it would be folly to attempt looking for it." And then he sighed again and was very sorrowful. Cabriolle,

who heard him, said:

"My dear master, I entreat you not to despair of your good fortune; you are too amiable not to be happy. Let us go to the river side as soon as it is daylight."

Avenant gave him two little pats without saying a word, and, worn out with grieving, fell asleep.

Cabriolle, as soon as he saw daybreak, frisked about so that he waked Avenant, and said to him: "Dress yourself, master, and let us go out."

Avenant was quite willing; he arose, strayed mechanically toward the river, on the banks of which he strolled with his hat pulled over his eyes, and his arms folded, thinking only of taking his departure, when suddenly he heard himself called by his name: "Avenant! Avenant!" He looked all around him, and could see nobody; he thought he was dreaming. He resumed his walk, when again the voice called, "Avenant! Avenant!"

"Who calls me?" he asked.

Cabriolle, who was very little and was looking close down into the water, replied: "Never trust me if it be not a golden carp that I see here."

Immediately the carp appeared on the surface,

and said to Avenant:

"You saved my life. I promised to do as much for you. Here, dear Avenant, is the ring of the Fair with Golden Hair. Avenant stooped and took the ring out of my friend the carp's mouth, whom he thanked a thousand times. Instead of returning to his lodgings he went directly to the palace, followed by little Cabriolle, who was very glad he had induced his master to talk a walk by the river side. The princess was informed that Avenant requested to see her.

"Alas! poor youth," said she, "he is come to take leave of me. He is about to return with these

tidings to his master."

Avenant was introduced, and presented her with

the ring, saying:

"Madame, I have obeyed your command. Will it please you to accept the king, my master, for your husband?"

When she saw her ring quite perfect she was astonished—so astonished, that sle was dream-

ing!

"Really," said she, "courteous Avenant, you must be favored by a fairy, for by natural means this is impossible."

"Madame," he answered, "I am not acquainted with any fairy, but I was anxious to oblige you."

"As you are so obliging," continued she, "you must do me another service, without which I never will be married. There is a prince not far from here, named Galifron, who has taken it into his head that he will make me his wife. I sent word to him that I did not wish to marry, and that he must excuse me, but he has never ceased to persecute me. He kills all my subjects, and before anything can be done you must fight him and bring me his head."

Avenant was a little astounded at this proposition; he mused for a few minutes upon it, and then

"Well, madame, I will fight Galifron; I believe

I shall be conquered, but I will die as becomes a brave man."

The princess was much surprised at his determination; she said a thousand things to prevent his undertaking the adventure. It was of no use. He withdrew to seek his weapons and everything else he might require. When he had made his preparations, he replaced little Cabriolle in his basket, mounted a fine horse, and rode off.

At length he arrived in the neighborhood of Galifron's castle. All the roads to it were strewn with the bones and bodies of men whom he had eaten or torn to pieces. He did not wait long before he saw the monster coming through a wood; his head was visible above the highest trees, and he sang in a terrible voice:

"Ho! bring me some babies, fat or lean,
That I may crunch 'em my teeth between!
I could eat so many! so many! so many!
That in the wide world there would not be left any!"

Upon which Avenant immediately sang to the same tune:

"Ho! here is Avenant to be seen,
Who comes to draw your teeth so keen;
He's not the greatest man to view,
But he's big enough to conquer you."

The rhymes were not quite adapted to the music. but he made them in a great hurry; and it is really a miracle they were not much worse, for he was in a desperate fright. When Galifron heard these words, he looked about him in every direction, and caught sight of Avenant, who, sword in hand. uttered several taunts to provoke him. They were needless, however. He was in a dreadful rage, and snatching up an iron mace, he would have crushed the gentle Avenant at one blow, had not a crow lighted at that instant on his head, and with its beak most adroitly picked out both his eyes. The blood ran down his face, and he laid about him on all sides like a madman. Avenant avoided his blows, and gave him such thrusts with his sword, running it up to the hilt in his body, that at last he fell, bleeding from a thousand wounds. Avenant quickly cut off his head, quite transported with joy at his good fortune; and the crow, who had perched itself on the nearest tree, said to him:

"I have not forgotten the service you rendered me in killing the eagle which pursued me. I promised you I would return the obligation. I

trust I have done so to-day.'

"I owe all to you, Monsieur Crow," replied Avenant, "and remain your obliged servant;" and forthwith mounted his horse, laden with the horrible head of Galifron. When he reached the city, all the people followed him, crying, "Behold the brave Avenant, who has slain the monster!" So that the princess, who heard a great uproar, and who trembled lest they should come and announce to her the death of Avenant, dared not inquire what had happened. But the next moment she saw Avenant enter, bearing the giant's head, which still impressed her with terror, although there was no longer any occasion for alarm.

"Madame," said Avenant to the princess, "your

enemy is dead; I trust you will no longer

refuse the king, my master."

"Ah! pardon me," said the Fair with Golden Hair; "but, indeed, I must refuse him, unless you can discover means, be-fore my departure, to bring me some water from the Gloomy Grotto. Hard by there is a deep cavern, full six leagues in extent. At the mouth of it are two dragons, who prevent any one from entering; flames issue from their jaws and eyes. Inside the cavern is a deep pit, into which you must descend; it is full of toads, adders, and serpents. At the bottom of this pit there is a small cavity, through which flows the fountain of Health and Beauty. Some of that water I must absolutely obtain. Whatever is washed with it becomes something marvelous. If persons are handsome, they remain so for ever; if ugly, they become beautiful; if young, they remain always young; if old, they become young again. You may well imagine, Avenant, that I would not quit my kingdom

without some of this wonderful water."
"Madam," he replied, "you are so beautiful already, that this water will be quite useless to you; but I am an unfortunate ambassador, whose death you desire. I go in search of that which you covet, with the certainty that I shall never

The Fair with Golden Hair was immovable, and Avenant set out with the little dog Cabriolle to seek in the Gloomy Grotto the water of beauty.

Having nearly got to the top of a mountain, he sat down to rest a little, allowing his horse to graze, and Cabriolle to run after the flies. He knew that the Gloomy Grotto was not far from that spot, and looked about to see if he could discover it. He perceived a horrible rock, as black as ink, out of which issued a thick smoke; and the next minute, one of the dragons, casting out fire



CHARLES AND THE GNOME. -THE GNOME THROWS THE WHEAT INTO THE CLEFT.



CHARLES AND THE GNOME. - SELF THE FIRST CONSIDERATION.

from his mouth and eyes. It had a green and yellow body, great claws, and a long tail coiled round in more than a hundred folds. Cabriolle saw all this, and was so frightened he did not know where to hide himself. Avenant, perfectly prepared to die, drew his sword, and descended toward the cavern, with a phial which the Fair with Golden Hair had given him to fill with the water of beauty. He said to his little dog Cabriolle, "It is all over with me; I shall never be able to obtain the water which is guarded by those dragons. When I am dead, fill the phial with my blood, and carry it to the princess, that she may see what she has cost me. Then go to the king, my master, and tell him my sad story."

As he uttered these words, he heard a voice call-

"Avenant! Avenant!" ing:

"Who calls me?" he replied; and he saw an owl in the hollow of an old tree, who said to him:

"You let me out of the fowler's net in which I was caught, and saved my life. I promised I would do you as good a turn, and now is the time. Give me your phial. I am familiar with all the windings of the Gloomy Grotto. I will fetch you some of the water of beauty."

Oh, I leave you to imagine who was delighted! Avenant quickly handed the phial to the owl, and saw it enter the grotto without the least difficulty. In less than a quarter of an hour the bird returned with the phial full of water. Avenant was in ecstasies! He thanked the owl heartily, and, re-ascending the mountain, joyfully took his way back to the city.

He went straight to the palace and presented the phial to the Fair with Golden Hair, who had no longer an excuse to make. She thanked Avenant, gave orders for everything to be got ready for her departure, and finally set out with him on their journey.

She found him an exceedingly agreeable companion, and said to him more than once, "If you had wished it, I would have made you king, and there would have been no occasion for us to quit my dominions."

But his answer was, always, "I would not be guilty of such treachery to my master for all the kingdoms on the face of the earth, although you are to me more beautiful than

At length they arrived at the king's capital city, and his majesty, hearing the Fair with Golden Hair was approaching, went to meet her, and made her the most superb

presents in the world!

The marriage was celebrated with such great rejoicings, that folks could talk of nothing else. But the Fair with Golden Hair, who secretly loved Avenant, was never happy when he was out of her sight, and was always praising him.

The courtiers seeing this, aroused the jealousy of the king, who cast Avenant into a dungeon. The queen fell into a deep

melancholy, and the king took it into his head that perhaps she did not think him handsome enough. He longed to wash his face with the water of beauty, in hopes that the queen would then feel more affection for him. The phial full of this water stood in the queen's chamber; she had placed it there for the pleasure of looking at it more frequently; but one of her chambermaids, trying to kill a spider with a broom, unfortunately threw down the phial, and all the water was lost.

She swept the fragments of glass away quickly; and not knowing what to do, it suddenly occurred to her that she had seen in the king's cabinet a phial precisely similar, full of water, as clear as the water of beauty; so, without a word to any one, she adroitly managed to get possession of it, and

placed it on the queen's chimney-piece.

The water which was in the king's cabinet was



CHARLES AND THE GNOME. - CHARLES'S ROUGH TRAVELING.



CHARLES AND THE GNOME. - CHARLES GETS FROZEN.

used for the execution of princes and great noblemen who were condemned to die for any crime. Instead of beheading or hanging them, their faces were rubbed with this water, which had the fatal property of throwing them into a deep sleep, from which they never awakened. So it happened one evening that the king took down the phial which he fancied contained the water of beauty, and rubbing the contents well over his face, he fell into a profound slumber, and expired.

The queen then went directly to the tower, where with her own hands she took the irons off the hands and feet of Avenant, and putting a crown of gold upon his head, and a royal mantle over his shoulders, said, "Come, charming Avenant, I make you king, and take you for my hus-

band.

He threw himself at her feet in joy and gratitude. In a few days after the wedding took place, and the people rejoiced to have so good a king.

## CHARLES AND THE GNOME: OR, SELFISHNESS CURED.

HARLES was rich. To him had descended his father's farm, his fields, his well-filled barn, and his herds and flocks. Yet Charles could not cast his eyes on anything that he did not covet. He toiled night and day to increase his store; nor did he spend a cent more than he could possibly spare. No servant or farm-hand would stay in his starved house. No one loved him or clung to him but his affectionate sister, Amelia, his little housekeeper, who sighed as she saw his selfishness increase. Her lover, William, Charles discouraged; he was too selfish to view favorably one who wished to deprive him of one who worked so well and for so little.

One morning, while counting up in his mind what his crops would bring him in, he felt the earth tremble and open, sending up such a pile of earth as to upset Charles, whose hair stood on end as he saw a gnome rise up, dressed in a fine crimson doublet, but with a face by no means encour-

"Who are you?" gasped Charles.

"I am a spirit of evil."

"Oh, please, don't do me any harm."

"Oh, not a bit; I only mean to reap all your wheat-fields to-night, as my horses eat a most tremendous lot, and I generally collect from those who can best afford to spare it."

"Oh, my dear sir!" exclaimed Charles, "I am the poorest farmer in the district, and I have a sister to support, and have also had some very

severe losses.

"Why, you are Charles Williamson, are you not?" said the gnome.

"Yes, sir," stammered Charles.

"Those large stacks of grain, standing like a little town, are yours-are they not?" said the

"Yes, sir," again replied Charles.

"That magnificent show of turnips, and that long sweep of arable land, and those thronging herds and flocks that cover the mountain's side, are yours also, I believe?"
"Yes, sir," said Charles, with a trembling

"You poor man! oh, fie!" said the gnome, shaking his finger reprovingly at the miserable Charles. "If you are not more careful not to tell lies, I shall, with one sweep, make your shocking stories come true. Fie! fie! fie!"
With the last "fie!" down he sank into the

earth.

As Charles wandered despondingly homeward, he observed William chatting over the garden-wall with Amelia. He rushed forward and seized William by the hand in the most friendly manner, and-wonder of wonders !- asked him in to din-

ner. Of course William accepted.

During the meal, Charles offered to exchange his large field of wheat for a small one of William's, pretending that the wheat was just a kind he needed for a particular order. William, of course, agreed, and Charles went to bed lighthearted, chuckling over his own cunning device. At the first break of day he hurried off to see his new field; but his blood froze in his veins as he saw the gnome pitching down a deep cleft in the earth the last sheaves of his wheat.

"What are you doing?" said Charles. "I thought you were going to reap the other field."

"I told you I would reap yours, and this is yours, I believe," said he, as he pitched the last sheaf in, and stood still, as if to rest.

"Oh, I am ruined !-ruined !-ruined !" cried

Charles.

But the gnome paid no attention to his grief; and saying merely, "Now I will go and give my horses a taste of this fresh fodder," jumped into the chasm, which closed over him.

Charles wandered about all day, too grieved to

care for anything or to feel hunger. At night he crawled to bed, but had scarcely laid his head on the pillow when he heard his own name called, and looking up, saw the gnome.

His anger burst out, but the gnome laughed,

and said:

"Meet me to-morrow evening, and I will show you a mine of gold. Give your mean old farm to that silly fellow, William, and let him take your sister off your hands. He will give you something; but that is like pebble-stones to what I will give you. Good-by."

The next day everybody thought Charles was mad, only his natural disposition made him particular to have even the last coin in the payment from William, who was too pleased to come into the arrangement with him; but he was very doubtful as to its reality, so much was he sur-

prised.

At last all was arranged, and the morrow was appointed for Amelia's wedding-as, of course, William took her, for better or worse, with the

Charles would not wait for the wedding, but, after kissing his sister, departed. He found the

gnome sitting on a stile.

"You are as punctual as the clock, Charles," "I am pleased to see it, for we must be said he. at the foot of yonder mountain ere the moon rises."

With that he jumped down from his perch, and they pursued their way until they came to the margin of a lake, when, to Charles's great surprise, the gnome trotted over the surface as if it had been frozen.

'Come on, my friend," said he to Charles, who

hesitated to follow him.

He, however, seeing no help for it, was soon up to his neck, and striking out for the opposite shore, which the gnome had long since reached. When he arrived his teeth chattered, and the water ran down from his clothes.

"Don't let us have any more of that sort of thing, if you please, Mr. Gnome," said he, "or I

must cut your acquaintance."

"Cut my acquaintance, will you?" said the gnome, with a grin. "My dear Charles, that is out of your power. You have dipped in the fairy lake, and follow me you must."

This Charles found was positively true; for, as the gnome moved on, he was forced, by some ir-

resistible power, to follow him.

Presently they came to the precipitous side of a mountain, down which the gnome slid with the most perfect self-possession and the most erect form; but poor Charles went down with such an impetus that the stones flew right and left in dire confusion, bounding with a noisy crash down the huge precipices which surrounded him on every

His clothes suffered shockingly, for he could not stop his progress to disengage himself from

the bushes that caught him as he flew by.

At last he rolled like a ball at the foot of the mountain, where he found the gnome coolly enjoying the fragrance of some beautiful wild flow-

ers. Charles sat still for some time, with his blood boiling, to recover his breath, when, with concentrated rage, he screamed out :

"Brutal gnome! I will not follow you a step further; I am bruised from head to foot. Look what a sorry figure you have made of me!"
"Ah! very good," said the gnome. "Now, I

don't feel the slightest inconvenience, and you will find, upon our further acquaintance, that I bear the misfortunes of others with a wonderful coolness. Come on, Charles, my dear friend."

As before, he was obliged to obey, and he went on and on, till his teeth chattered with the cold, and he perceived towering icebergs fast gathering

around him.

Almost frozen, he begged and implored to rest for a few moments. At last the gnome seated himself.

"I only stop to oblige you," said he; "but I think it dangerous not to keep moving."

So saying, he pulled out a pipe, which seemed much too large ever to have been in his pocket, and, striking a light, began to enjoy it with the most comfortable aspect, as if he had been sitting in Charles's snug chimney-corner, Poor Charles begged for just one warm whiff or two from the gnome's pipe.

"Daren't do it, Charles; it's gnome-tobacco, and much too strong for you. Warm your fingers if you can, in the smoke. What you want I can't imagine, for I am comfortable enough; but you have no fortitude."

Charles groaned, but said nothing. On they started again, and reached a scorched and desolate mountain, and the roar of a vast volcano struck upon his ear, and the falling stones pattered near his head and shoulders. From rock to rock he struggled on, in the agony of peril every moment, for his footing became insecure; the stifling smoke impeded his sight, whilst the call of the gnome sounded in his ears, "Come on, come on!" until his senses seemed to desert him, and he was only conscious that he was falling down the sides of the mountain.

A loud plash and the cold dash of water announced his arrival in the waves of the sea. He struck out, with the instinct of self-preservation, and as he rose from the water he saw just before him the gnome, safely seated on the trunk of a large tree, that was rising and falling with the

waves, almost within his reach.

"Stretch out your hand, good gnome," said he, in a faint voice—"I shall sink."

"Nonsense," said the gnome; "strike out, my friend-for you must save yourself. This trifling bit of tree is only enough to keep me from fatiguing myself; and self, you know, is the first consideration; so you, the second consideration, must swim-that is, if you like to take the trouble. Your contract is now up with me, until you willingly renew it by your actions or wishes. Adieu!"

The rolling waves soon bore the mocking gnome out of sight, and Charles remained battling with

the waves.

He floated on till he came within sight of land, when he luckily espied some old posts appearing

above the sea. These he clutched, and shouted out in hopes of aid from the shore.

Some fishermen's children, playing on the beach, were at last attracted by the cries of the half-drowned Charles, and, regardless of danger, pushed a boat off and paddled toward the apparently sinking man. After many attempts he was dragged into the boat by the efforts of the generous children.

"Thanks! thanks!" gasped he, as he looked to the almost infants who had ventured to his rescue.

"Don't thank us," said the boy; "you do not know how happy it has made us that Heaven has given us the opportunity of saving you; it is we who ought to be thankful when we can do a good action—so our good father teaches us."

"I wish mine had," thought Charles.
They soon reached the shore, which presented a strange aspect to Charles. He kissed the children with affection, for he had now nothing else to give them, for all his gold had been lost during his misadventures with the gnome.

Night overtook him on a wild and desolate waste; and, to add to his misery, the snow began to fall in blinding flakes. He buttoned his tattered coat about him and struggled against the freezing blast; but at last the snow-drifts clogged his benumbed feet, and his progress became slower and more labored at every step, till at last he sank down and soon became half-buried be-

neath the snow.

The tinkling of bells was heard above the storm, and a covered cart was coming over the deep snow, when the horse started at seeing a man almost beneath his feet. The driver pulled up, and placing the frozen stranger in the cart, drove on to the first cottage that showed a light. Here he was brought back to life, and the first face that met his view was that of his rescuer, his kind-hearted brother-in-law, William, who had not re-cognized in the ragged, forlorn, and dying stranger, his rich and selfish brother, Charles, who, after a few words of explanation, found that he had been away with the gnome more than a year, which to him was inconceivable; yet William assured him of the fact, as well as his readiness to receive him at his house and give him all that true affection and love were ever ready to grant, together with a total forgetfulness of the disagreeable past—which was a balm to the wounded and contrite feelings of the repentant Charles.

The next morning William returned to lead him to his former home. Scarcely had he reached the threshold when his sister flew into his arms. He

hid his face on her bosom and wept.

The gnome, who was the Demon of Selfishness. was there; but he scowled, for he saw that Charles had renounced him for ever, and, muttering low,

he gradually faded away.

Charles thanked Heaven for the severe but salutary lesson, and began anew a life of industry; but, as he accumulated wealth once more, he remembered that we are but stewards, and that kindness and charity to others is a duty—that selfishness is a crime which, sooner or later, will surely bring its own punishment.



CHARLES AND THE GNOME. - CHARLES BECOMES TOO HOT. SEE PAGE 281.

## YOUNG AND HANDSOME.

A FAIRY had a daughter. Her form was perfect symmetry. The fairy had named her Young and Handsome, and bestowed upon her the gift of ever remaining lovely. The fairy finally lost her husband, and, although he had been unfaithful to her, his death caused her such deep sorrow that she resolved to abandon the empire, and to retire to a castle which she had built in a country quite a desert, and surrounded by a great forest.

Young and Handsome did not wish to quit her mother; but the fairy peremptorily commanded her to remain; and before she returned to her wilderness, she assembled in the most beautiful palace in the world all the pleasures and sports she had

long banished, and composed from them a court for Young and Handsome, who, in this agreeable company, gradually consoled herself for the absence of the fairy.

One day Young and Handsome, content with the prosperity and popularity of her reign, wandered into a pleasant wood, followed only by some of her nymphs, the better to enjoy the charm of solitude.

A young shepherd, stretched on the grass beside a rivulet, was calmly sleeping; his crook was leaning against a tree, and a pretty dog, which appeared to be more a favorite of its master than the guardian of his flock, lay close to the shepherd.

Young and Handsome approached the brook, and stood gazing at the youth. She felt her heart agitated by an emotion to which it had hitherto been a stranger, and it was no longer in her power to stir from the spot.

She rendered herself invisible, to enjoy the astonishment she was about to cause him.

Immediately arose a strain of enchanting

music. The delicious sound awoke Alidor (such was the name of the handsome shepherd), who for some moments imagined he was in an agreeable dream; but what was his surprise when, on rising from the grass on which he had been lying, he found himself attired in the most tasteful and magnificent fashion.

Delighted and astonished at his new attire, he gazed at himself reflected in the neighboring stream. Everything around him beamed in splendor and magnificence. He returned home and found his hut a beautiful mansion.

Alidor seated himself at the table, and made a tolerable supper for the hero of such adventures.

He threw himself on his bed, but it was some time before he could sleep, agitated as he was by his curiosity.

The song of the birds awoke him at daybreak. He quitted his home, and led his pretty flock to the same spot where, the preceding day, his good fortune had begun.

Here the young fairy, who had till now been invisible, assumed, with six of her nymphs, the prettiest shepherdesses' dresses that had ever been seen. Alidor, the instant Young and Handsome appeared amongst them, flew toward her, and accosted her with:

"Come, beautiful shepherdess; come and occupy a place more worthy of you. So exquisite a person is too superior to all other beauties to remain mingled with them."

He offered his hand, and Young and Handsome, delighted with the sentiments which the sight of her had begun to awaken in the breast of her shepherd, allowed herself to be led by Alidor beneath the canopy which had been attached to the trees as soon as he had arrived at the spot that morning.



CHARLES AND THE GNOME. — CHARLES SAVED BY THE



CHARLES AND THE GNOME .- THE UNSELFISH CHILD.

On the following morning the fairy, with the nymphs who had followed her all the day concealed in a cloud, were transported to the hut of the handsome shepherd. Everything in his cottage was as charming as when he had left it; but as, in musing, he cast his eyes upon the floor of his little chamber, he perceived a change in it. In lieu of paintings from the stories of goddesses who had been in love with shepherds, he perceived the subjects were composed of terrible examples of unfortunate lovers who had proved unworthy the affection of those divinities.

"You are right," exclaimed the handsome shepherd, on observing these little pictures; "you are right, goddess. Wherefore did you permit so lovely a shepherdess to present herself to my sight? Alas! what divinity could defend a heart from the effects of such charms?"

This ecstasy delighted Young and Hand-

Convinced of the love of Alidor, she returned to her palace. There the young lady retired to rest as soon as she arrived. She had no other anxiety than the agreeable one arising from her impatience to see him again. As to Alidor, he thought only of returning to the meadow; he hoped to see his shepherdess there during the day. It seemed to him that he could not get there soon enough.

He led his charming flock to the fortunate spot where he had seen Young and Handsome; his pretty dog took good care of it. The comely shepherd could think of nothing but his shepherdess.

There to him Young and Handsome appeared, in the meadow, at a distance, with her nymphs all still attired as shepherdesses.

Alidor recognized her a long way off. He ran—he flew to Young and Handsome, who received him with a smile so charming, that it would have increased the felicity of the gods themselves.

He told his love to her with an ardor ca-

pable of persuading a heart less tenderly inclined toward him than that of the young fairy. He related to her all that happened to him the preceding evening, and offered a thousand times to follow her to the end of the world to fly from the love which a goddess or a fairy had unfortunately conceived for him.

"My loss would be too great should you fly from that fairy," replied Young and Handsome, in her sweetest manner. "It is no longer necessary for me to disguise my sentiments from you, as I am convinced of the sincerity of yours. It is I, Alidor!" continued the charming fairy—"it is I who have given you these proofs of an affection which, if you continue faithful to me, will insure your happiness and mine for ever!"

The handsome shepherd, transported with love and joy, flung himself at her feet; his silence appeared more eloquent to the young fairy than the most finished oration.

She bade him rise, and he found himself superbly attired. The fairy then touched the ground with her crook; there appeared a magnificent car, drawn by twelve white horses of surpassing beauty. They were harnessed four abreast.

Young and Handsome stepped into the car, and caused the comely shepherd to take his seat beside her. Her nymphs found room in it also, and as soon as they had all taken their places, the beautiful horses, who had no occasion for a driver to intimate to them the intentions of their mistress, swiftly conveyed the whole party to a favorite chateau belonging to the young fairy. She had adorned it with everything that her art could furnish her with in the way of wonders. It was called the Castle of Flowers, and was the most charming residence in the world.

She led the shepherd into the Myrtle Room. All the furniture was made of myrtles in continual



CHARLES AND THE GNOME.— CHARLES'S REPENTANCE.
SEE PAGE 281.

blossom, interlaced with an art that displayed the power and good taste of the young fairy, even in the most simple things. All the rooms in the castle were furnished in the same manner, with flowers only. The air breathed in them was always

fragrant and pure.

The apartment was of white and blue porphyry, exquisitely sculptured; the baths being of the most curious and agreeable forms. That in which Young and Handsome bathed was made out of a single topaz, and placed on a platform in an alcove of porcelain. Four columns, composed of amethysts of the most perfect beauty, supported a canopy of magnificent yellow and silver brocade, embroidered with pearls.

Alidor, absorbed by the happiness of beholding the charming fairy, and remarking her affection for

him, scarcely noticed all these marvels.

A delightful and tender conversation detained these happy lovers for a long time in the Myrtle Room. A splendid supper was served in the Jonquil Saloon. An elegant entertainment followed. The nymphs acted to music the loves of Diana and

Endymion.

Young and Handsome desired, that same evening, to return to her palace; but promised Alidor to come back to him the next day. Never has an absence of a few hours been honored by so many The handsome shepherd passionately desired to follow the young fairy, but she commanded him to remain in the Castle of Flowers.

Young and Handsome returned the next day, as she had promised, to her happy lover. What joy was theirs to behold each other again! All the power of the young fairy had never procured for

her so much felicity.

But could so sweet a happiness last long untroubled? Another fairy, besides Young and Handsome, had seen the beautiful shepherd, and

felt her heart also touched by his charms.

One evening that Young and Handsome had gone to show herself for a few moments to her court, Alidor, engrossed by his passion, sat deeply musing in the Jonquil Saloon, when his attention was awakened by a slight noise at one of the windows, and on looking toward it he perceived a brilliant light, and the next moment he saw on a table, near which he was seated, a little creature about half a yard high, very old, with hair whiter than snow, a standing collar, and an old-fashioned farthingale.

"I am the Fairy Mordicante," said she to the handsome shepherd; "and I come to announce to thee a much greater happiness than that of being

beloved by Young and Handsome.'

"What can that be?" inquired Alidor, with a contemptuous air. "The gods have none more perfect for themselves!"

"It is that of pleasing me," replied the old fairy, haughtily. "I love thee, and my power is far greater than that of Young and Handsome, and almost equals that of the gods. Abandon that young fairy for me. I will revenge thee on thine enemies, and on all whom thou wouldst injure."

"Thy favors are useless to me," answered the young shepherd, with a smile; "I have no enemies,

and I would injure no one; I am too well satisfied with my own lot; and if the charming fairy I adore were but a simple shepherdess, I could be as happy with her in a cottage as I am now in the loveliest palace in the world."

At these words the wicked fairy suddenly became as tall and as large as she had hitherto been diminutive, and disappeared, making a horrible

The next morning Young and Handsome re-

turned to the Castle of Flowers.

They both knew Alidor related his adventure. the Fairy Mordicante. She was very aged, had always been ugly, and exceedingly susceptible. Young and Handsome and her happy lover made a thousand jokes upon her passion, and never for a moment felt the least uneasiness as to the consequences of her fury.

A week afterward, Young and Handsome and the

lovely shepherd took an excursion in a fine barge, gilt all over, on the beautiful river which encircled the Castle of Flowers, followed by all their little

court in the prettiest boats in the world.

In the midst of their enjoyment they saw twelve Sirens rise out of the water, and a moment afterward twelve Tritons appeared, and, joining the Sirens, encircled with them the little bark of Young and Handsome. The Tritons played some extraordinary airs on their shells, and the Sirens sang some graceful melodies, which for a while entertained the young fairy and the beautiful shepherd.

Young and Handsome, who was accustomed to wonders, imagined that it was some pageant which had been prepared by those whose duty it was to contribute to her pleasure by inventing new entertainments; but all on a sudden these perfidious Tritons and Sirens, laying hold of the young fairy's boat, dragged it under water.

The only danger which Alidor feared was that which threatened the young fairy. He attempted to swim to her, but the Tritons carried him off, despite his resistance, and Young and Handsome, borne away by the Sirens in the meanwhile, was

transported into her palace.

One fairy having no power over another, the jealous Mordicante was compelled to limit her vengeance to the making Young and Handsome endure all the misery so cruel a bereavement would necessarily occasion. In the meanwhile, Alidor was conveyed by the Tritons to a terrible castle guarded by winged dragons. It was there that Mordicante had determined to make herself beloved by the beautiful shepherd, or to be revenged on him for his disdain.

He was placed in a very dark chamber. Mordicante, blazing with the most beautiful jewels in the world, appeared to him, and professed her affection for him. The shepherd, exasperated at being torn from Young and Handsome, treated the wicked fairy with all the contempt she deserved.

Mordicante trusted, however, that the absence of Young and Handsome, the continual round of pleasures provided for Alidor's amusement, and the presence of so many charming women, would at length overcome the fidelity of the shepherd; and her object in surrounding him with so many beautiful nymphs was but to take herself the figure of the one which might most attract his attention. With this view, she mingled amongst them in disguise, sometimes appearing as the most charming brunette, and at others as the fairest beauty in the universe.

One day, without being seen, she was watching him in a beautiful gallery, the windows of which opened upon the sea; Alidor, leaning over a balustrade, mused in silence for a considerable time. But, at length, after a heavy sigh, he uttered such tender and touching lamentations, depicting so vividly his passion for the young fairy, that Mordicante, transported with fury, appeared to him in her natural shape; and, after baving loaded him with reproaches, caused him to be carried back to a dark cave in an immense rock ou the shore of a distant sea, and announced to him that in three days he should be sacrified to her hatred, and that the most cruel tortures should avenge her slighted affection.

Alidor regretted not the loss of a life which had become insupportable to him, deprived of Young and Handsome; and satisfied that he had nothing to fear on her account from the wrath of Mordicante, the power of the young Fairy being equal to hers, he calmly awaited the death he had been doomed to.

In the meanwhile, Young and Handsome, as faithful as her shepherd, mourned over his loss. The Sirens who had wafted her back to her palace had disappeared as soon as their task was accomplished, and the young fairy was convinced that it was the cruel Mordicante who had bereft her of Alidor. The excess of her grief proclaimed, at the same time, to all her court, her love for the young

shepherd, and her loss of him.

One day she was walking in her beautiful gardens when she heard the murmur of a gentle breeze that, agitating the flowers of this beautiful garden, arranged them instantaneously in various First, they represented the initials of Young and Handsome; then those of another name, which she was not acquainted with; and a moment afterward, they formed distinctly entire words; and Young and Handsome, astonished at this novelty, read these verses, written in so singular a fashion:

> " Bid fond Zephyr tend thy bowers, At his breath awake the flowers, Thus for Flora, every morn,
> Doth he mead and grove adorn.
> How much more his pride 'twould be,
> Fairer nymph, to sigh for thee!'

Young and Handsome was pondering on these verses when she saw the deity named in them appear in the air, and hasten to declare his passion to her. He was in a little car of roses, drawn by a hundred white canary-birds, harnessed ten and ten, with strings of pearl. The car approached the earth, and Zephyr descended from it close to the young fairy. He addressed her with all the eloquence of a very charming and very gallant divinity; but the young fairy, in lieu of feeling flattered by so brilliant a conquest, replied to him like a faithful lover. Zephyr was not disheartened by the coldness of Young and Handsome. He hoped to soften her by his attentions. He paid his court to her most assiduously, and neglected nothing that he thought could please her.

The glory of Alidor was now complete. He had a god for his rival, and was preferred to him by

Young and Handsome.

Nevertheless, this fortunate mortal was on the point of being destroyed by the fury of Mordicante. A year had nearly elapsed since the young fairy and the beautiful shepherd had been torn from each other, when Zephyr, who had given up all hopes of shaking the constancy of Young and Handsome, and was moved by the tears which he saw her unceasingly shed for the loss of Alidor, exclaimed one day, on finding her more depressed than usual:

"Since it is no longer possible for me to flatter myself, charming fairy, that I shall ever have the good fortune to gain your affections, I am desirous

of contributing at least to your felicity. What can I do to make you happy?"

"To make me happy," replied Young and Handsome, with a look so full of tenderness that it was enough to revive all the love of Zephyr, "you must restore to me my Alidor. I am powerless against another fairy, but you, Zephyr, you are a god, and can destroy all the spells of my cruel rival!"

"I will endeavor," rejoined Zephyr, "to subdue the tender sentiments you have inspired me with sufficiently to enable me to render you an agree-

able service."

He flew to the horrible prison where the beautiful shepherd awaited nothing less than death. An impetuous wind, swelled by six northern breezes, that had accompanied Zephyr, blew open in an instant the gates of the dungeon, and the beautiful shepherd, enveloped in a very brilliant cloud, was wafted to the Castle of Flowers.

Zephyr, after he had seen Alidor, was less surprised at the constancy of Young and Handsome; but he did not make himself visible to the shepherd until he had restored him to the charming

Who could describe the perfect joy of Alidor and Young and Handsome at seeing each other once more? How lovely each appeared, and how fondly was each beloved! What thanks did not these fortunate lovers render to the deity who had secured their happiness! He left them shortly afterward to return to Flora.

Young and Handsome was very anxious that all her court should share in her felicity. They celebrated it by a thousand festivities throughout her empire, despite the vexation of the princes, her less fortunate lovers, who were the spectators of

the triumphs of the beautiful shepherd.

In order to have nothing more to fear for Alidor from the wrath of Mordicante, Young and Handsome taught him the fairy art, and presented him with the gift of continual youth. Having thus provided for his happiness, she next considered his glory. She gave him the Castle of Flowers, and caused him to be acknowledged king of that beautiful country, over which his ancestors had

formerly reigned. Alidor became the greatest monarch in the universe, on the same spot where he had been the most charming shepherd. He loaded all his old friends with favors; and, retaining for ever his charms, as well as Young and Handsome, we are assured that they loved each other eternally, and that Hymen would not disturb a passion which formed the happiness of their existence.

#### SKIRNIR'S ERRAND TO THE DWARFS.

FENRIR, the son of Loki, caused great trouble in Asgard, and Odin tried in vain to find some chain strong enough to bind him. At last Frey

YOUNG AND HANDSOME.—"THE ZEPHYR ADDRESSES HER WITH ALL THE ELOQUENCE OF A GALLANT."—SEE PAGE 284.

said, "Let me send Skirnir, my messenger, to the dwarfs who work in the gloom of Svartheim, and perhaps he may find what you want." Odin gladly assented, and Skirnir, having received from Frey a little golden key which would unlock the massive gate of Svartheim, set out on his long journey.

In time he rode up to the gate, which stands at the entrance of a dim mountain cave. He unlocked this and entered the dark passage. At length a confused sound fell upon his ear. Following the sound, he came upon groups of dwarfs busily at work. Some were digging ore from the sides of the cave; some were wheeling the ore to the furnaces; some were at work at the blazing furnaces; some were pounding away with tiny hammers upon

tiny anvils. Onward went Skirnir, until he came to the very centre of the mountain, where the rocky roof rose into a lofty dome. This was the reception-hall of the King of the Dwarfs. The monarch, a little taller and much uglier than any of his subjects, sat on a golden throne studded with diamonds. He leered maliciously at Skirnir, as he delivered the message of Odin; the first word which he had received from him since the day when he and his fellows had been banished into this abode, which would have been dark had it not been illuminated by will-o'-thewisps, which were continually gliding about. But the Dwarf King had a wholesome dread of the power of the mighty Odin; and promised that in two days' time a chain should be forged which even Fenrir could never break.

After two days spent in wandering about the subterranean roads and alleys of Svartheim, Skirnir returned to the hall of audience.

"Here is the chain," said the Dwarf King, poising it lightly upon his forefinger before placing it in the hands of Skirnir, to whom it seemed scarcely heavier than a bunch of thistledown.

The ugly little monarch laughed heartily as he saw the blank look of disappointment upon the face of the messenger of Odin.

"You think it a little thing," he said; "but, I assure you, no such chain was ever made before, and such a one will never be made again; for, in making it, we have used up all the materials in the world. It is composed of six substances, all of them indispensable, and none of which



will ever be found again. These are: the noise of a cat's footstep, the beard of a woman, the root of a stone, the breath of a fish, the sinews of a serpent, and the spittle of a bird. Bind Fenrir with this, and, strong as he is, it will hold him to the end of the world."

Skirnir was satisfied, and took his departure, promising that Odin would not forget the service which the Dwarf King had rendered him. He reached Valhalla in good time, and gladdened the hearts of the assembled Æsir with the tidings of

his success.

#### DAPPLE-GRAY.

"I had a little pony, they called him Dapple-gray; I lent him to a lady to ride a mile away,
She whipped him, she slashed him, she rode him
through the mire: I would not lend my horse again for all the lady's hire."

THERE was once a boy named Philip, who lived in a little cottage in the middle of a wood. He had lived there for many years with his father, but the old man died at last; and on his deathbed he told his son that if he had not been cruelly wronged he might have left him a large house and wide lands, but that now he had nothing to leave him except the cottage and his little pony. And he begged him to be kind to the pony for his sake.

After his father's death, Philip had no companion but the pony, and very fond of one another they were. The pony was white, spotted and dappled all over with gray, and therefore he was called

Dapple-gray.

Now, Dapple-gray was very useful to his young master, for Philip used to pick up dry sticks in the wood and tie them into fagots, and carry them into the nearest town on Dapple-gray's back, where the people bought them to light their fires with. Or sometimes he and Dapple-gray would take a long trip to the moor, and bring back heather for making brooms, or dry fern for making beds for the cattle. With the money that they earned in this way, Philip would buy bread and clothes for himself, and corn for Dapple-gray. So they lived very happily together, although they had to work very hard in order to earn enough to live on.

One day, when Philip had sold all his pony-load of fagots, and he and Dapple-gray were just going to leave the town and go home to their cottage, a grandly-dressed lady came up to him, and said:

"Is this your pony?"

"Yes, he is mine," said Philip, patting Dapple-

gray's sleek shoulder.

"He does not look a bad pony," said the lady. "I will give you a shilling if you will lend him to me for half an hour. I have to go a mile away to see one of my fields, and I am afraid of dirtying my boots"-for she had very smart red boots on, with gilt laces.

Philip had never parted with his pony before, and he hesitated for some time. But a shilling was more than he could earn in a whole week, and he certainly did very much want some money to buy a new jacket before the cold weather came. So he said to the lady:

"Will you be very kind to my pony if I let you have him? And will you ride him gently, and not whip him? for he never was whipped in his life.

"Oh, of course!" said the lady; and up she got,

and away she rode.

"Who is that lady?" said Philip to the woman

who had bought his last fagot.

"Don't you know?" replied the woman. "She is Mrs. Hippoharpy. She lives in the grand house up there, and she is the richest and most powerful person in the country."

"I hope she will be kind to Dapple-gray," said

Philip.

He waited very anxiously until he saw the lady coming back on Dapple-gray. She jumped off and flung him the shilling, and went away in such a hurry that he had not even time to thank her. But I do not think he would have done so if he could; for when he came to look at Dapple-gray, he was panting and hot and tired, and splashed with mud from head to foot, and there were marks of cuts and slashes from a whip all over his pretty dappled sides and legs.

Philip patted and comforted poor Dapple-gray as well as he could, and he walked home with his

arm over his pony's neck, singing:

"I had a little pony, they called him Dapple-gray;
I lent him to a lady to ride a mile away.
She whipped him, she slashed him, she rode him through the mire: I would not lend my horse again for all the lady's hire."

The next time that Philip came to the town to sell fagots, the lady met him again.

"Oh, here you are!" said she. "Now, give me your pony quickly, for I want him again."

"I cannot let you have my pony," said Philip.
"Why not?" said Mrs. Hippoharpy. "I will give you a shilling."

"I will not lend him you for all your hire," said

Philip, "because you whipped him."
"Oh, nonsense!" said the lady. "Do not be so

foolish. I will give you two shillings."

"I will not lend him for all the money you have got," said Philip; and he walked away. And Dapple-gray rubbed his nose against Philip's arm as they went.

When the lady saw that Philip would not lend her the pony, she stamped in her fine red boots.

and called out after him:

"You will repent it!"

And before Philip could reach the wood, five servants in Mrs. Hippoharpy's livery rushed upon him, tied his hands behind him, and led him and Dapple-gray prisoners to the great house. Dapplegray was put into Mrs. Hippoharpy's stable, and Philip was set to break stones to mend the road through the park.

Poor Philip was nearly heart-broken when he saw Mrs. Hippoharpy riding by the next morning on Lapple-gray, and the pony neighed and struggled to come to him, until the lady whipped him so that he was obliged to go on. But there was no one to help them, for Mrs. Hippoharpy was so rich that nobody dared to say a word against anything that she did. So Philip went on breaking stones.

One day, when Philip was going knock, knock, knock, with his heavy hammer upon the stones,

he began to keep time to it by singing:

"I had a little pony, they called him Dapple-gray; I lent him to a lady to ride a mile away.

She whipped him, she slashed him, she rode him through the mire:

I would not lend my horse again for all the lady's

hire.

"But when I told the lady, 'I won't lend Dapple-gray,'
Oh, then she was so angry, she took him quite away.
She whipped him, she slashed him, she rode him
through the mire.

She set me to break stones here, and gave me naught for hire."

"Mr. Philip, I am very sorry for you," said a small, piping voice, as soon as he had finished.

"Why, what was that?" said Philip. And he looked up and down, to and fro; but no one could he see, far or near. "Perhaps it was only my fancy," thought Philip; and he began to sing again:

"I had a little pony."

But scarcely had he done his song, when—

"Mr. Philip, indeed I am very sorry for you,"

said the small, piping voice again.

Philip looked up and down, and to and fro; until, on a bramble-branch just over his heap of stones, he saw a little robin sitting watching him, with its head on one side.

"Halloo! was that you?" said Philip.
"Yes, that is me," said the robin, bowing and bobbing and jerking his tail, until he nearly jerked himself off the bramble-branch. "What can I do to help you?" he added, in his small, piping voice.

"I am much obliged to you," said Philip, "but

I don't think you can do anything for me.

"Can't I, though," said the robin, jerking his il very hard. "Come, what do you want tail very hard. done?"

"Why, I want to get my dear Dapple-gray back

"Very well," said the robin; "and if I get him back for you, will you do whatever I ask you?'

"Yes, that I will," said Philip.
"Very well," piped the robin again. "Then, when the dinner-bell rings to-day, do not you go in to dinner with the other servants, but hide yourself under the bushes outside the stable-yard,

and you shall see what will happen."

Philip promised, and the robin immediately flew away to the stable where Dapple-gray was kept. The door happened to be open, for the groom was sweeping out the stable. The robin busily fetched a quantity of little sticks and straws, which he laid on the top of the door near the hinge, and then went and waited inside the stable. But the groom never observed him; so when he had done his job he went out and pulled the door after him, and turned the key and put it into his pocket. This his mistress had told him always to do, for fear Dapple-gray should be stolen away. But he did not see that the robin's bits of stick prevented the door from shutting close, so that when he turned the key the bolt stuck harmlessly out, without fastening anything at all.

When the robin saw that this part of his plan had succeeded, he jerked his tail for pleasure, and flying to Dapple-gray, began to peck and claw at the knot which fastened his halter. Dapple-gray watched him as if he understood it all. But the knot would not come undone, and the robin was nearly tired out, when a little, squeaky voice close

to him said:

"Shall I help you, Robin?"

The robin looked round, and saw a little brown mouse running along the edge of the manger.

"Oh, yes, good Mousey; bite this knot in two for me," he said.
"And if I do you this service, will you do me a

service in return ?" said the mouse.

"To be sure I will," replied the robin; "only

be quick."

Tuen the mouse ran along the halter, and very soon gnawed it through. As soon as Dapple-gray saw that he was loose, he ran to the door and pawed it open with his hoof, and trotted out, with

the robin flying after.

"Stop, stop!" cried the mouse, who could not go so fast. "You promised to do me a service

now."

But the robin was so busy trying to keep up with Dapple-gray that he did not hear the mouse's little, squeaky voice, and so, on they went. And Philip sprang out from the bushes and jumped joyfully upon his pony's back, and Dapple-gray neighed as they galloped away.
"Stop, stop!" cried the robin, "we have not

half finished. You promised to do whatever I

asked."

But Philip was so busy running away from Mrs. Hippoharpy that he did not hear the robin's small, piping voice. So, on they went, and never stopped until they reached the cottage in the middle of the wood. Then Philip jumped down, and he and his pony rubbed noses together for nearly ten minutes without stopping.

"There, now," piped the robin, flying up quite out of breath; "why did you not stop when I ' piped the robin, flying up quite called you? Now we shall have to go all the way back again."

"What for ?" said Philip.

"Why, would you not like to punish Mrs. Hippoharpy, and to prevent her ever getting Dapple-gray back again?"

"Yes, very much," said Philip.

"Then please to pull out the longest feather in my tail," said the robin.

"What an odd thing to ask !" said Philip. "No, indeed, I will not; I should hurt you if I did." "But, please do," persisted the robin. "You

promised to do whatever I asked."

Then Philip took hold of the longest feather in the robin's tail, and pulled it out. And, behold!



SKIRNIR'S ERRAND TO THE DWARFS .- SEE PAGE 298.

instead of a feather, he held in his hand a small, beautiful, bright steel sword, with a golden hilt. And instead of a robin, there stood before him a tall serving-man in a red velvet waistcoat, who bowed to him, and said:

"Thank you, Mr. Philip. Now I am Robin the man, and no longer Robin the bird; and I will serve you as faithfully as I served your father be-

fore you."

As they walked back to the great house, Philip still riding on Dapple-gray, Robin—for that really was his name—told Philip that his father had once been lord of the country, and owner of that great house, until Mrs. Hippoharpy came and wickedly turned him out by means of an enchanted willow wand which she had. "I was your father's own serving-man," continued Robin. "The other servants all ran away except the groom and myself. We fought to the last; and she turned me into a bird with her wand, but what became of the groom I cannot tell."

"But when I go and claim my rights, perhaps she will turn me into a frog or a spider,' said Philip.

"You need not fear," replied Robin; "for round the wand there is written:

"Wand of willow shall not quail, Save at sword from robin's tail."

This is why she never dares to bring the wand out of doors with her, or she would have turned you into something before now. When you meet her, wave the sword that you drew from my tail over her head, and her wand will have no power to hurt you."

So they came boldly up to the door, and Philip

said to the porter:

"I want to see your mistress."

"She does not see beggar-boys," said the porter.

"But she must see me," said Philip.

"What are you doing here? Go and break

stones," said the porter, "or I will have you flogged."

Then Robin stepped forward in his red velvet waistcoat, and held the porter fast by his collar, while Philip marched straight into the hall where Mrs. Hippoharpy was sitting at dinner. As soon as she saw him, she cried:

"Get along with you, or I will turn you into a horse-fly!" And she brandished the willow wand.

Philip waved his sword, and answered:

"Wand of willow, fear and fail, Here is sword from robin's tail."

And the willow wand blackened and shriveled, and fell in little pieces at her feet. Then Mrs. Hippoharpy screamed, and ran to the window and jumped

out, and fled away through the park and across the fields, and away, away, far

out of sight.

The same moment that the wand shriveled, Robin found that he was no longer holding the porter by the throat, but a big bumble-bee. And all the other servants turned back into flies and wasps and ants; for Mrs. Hippoharpy had turned them into servants for herself by the power of her wand. So there was no one to dispute Philip's right to his father's house. He was just going in to take possession, when he felt something running on his foot, and on looking down he saw that it was a little brown mouse.

"Oh, I had forgotten him," said Robin. "That is the mouse that gnawed Dapple-gray's halter in two, and I promised to do him

a service."

"What do you want done for you, Mousey?" said

Philip.

"Please to cut off my tail with your sword," replied the mouse's little squeaky

"Certainly, if you wish it," said Philip. "I wonder what you will turn into?"

And, behold! as soon as his tail was cut off, the mouse turned into a tidy little groom in a brown fustian suit, and his tail turned into a stable-broom.

"That is capital!" cried Philip. "Now you shall take care of Dapple-gray."

All the other old servants who had run away, when they heard that their old master's son was come back, came and begged to be taken into his service.

So Philip became the richest and most powerful person in all the country. Never had there been a better master than he, or better servants than Robin and Mousev; and never was pony better groomed and fed and tended than Dapple-gray was from that time forth. His master had a spacious and well-appointed stable built in the centre of a large greensward, and there Dapple-Gray lived, occasionally carrying his master to state ceremonies and receptions.

And the robin's tail sword hangs in a glass case

over the hall chimney-piece to this day.



DAPPLE-GRAY .- " I HIRED HIM TO A LADY TO RIDE A MILE AWAY."

# A HUNCHBACK STORY.

NCE upon a time, in the merry old days, there dwelt in the town of Lille, in France, a hunchbacked tailor, very little, very deformed, very bad-tempered, and very jealous. His wife was a complete slave to his whims and caprices, and, between his bad temper and his jealousy, her life was a burden to her.

They lived in a little, narrow, and steep street, near the river, and the poor wife knew neither

peace nor happiness.

Now it happened one holiday, when her lord had gone out to carouse with a party of friends, that she sat disconsolate in the doorway, sighing and thinking of her happy youth-time, when, with the other village maidens, caroling through the meadows, or at the rustic festivals, she sang almost from morn till eve; and, groaning in spirit as she compared it with her present weary existence, it happened that the sounds of singing came to her ears, and, looking downward, she saw on the bridge that crossed the river three little hunchbacks, fantastically dressed, and very much resembling each other, singing away as merrily as if there was not an unhappy wife in the world.

They were evidently wandering minstrels, who sang for their livelihood; and their songs pleased her, for it reminded her of the joyous days of her youth, when she, herself, with light heart and

cheery voice, sang gleeful songs.

Should she call them in to sing to her, and join her voice with theirs? Her husband would not be back for some hours, she thought. She hesitated and longed, and at last she made signals to the hunchbacks to come up to the house.

They promptly and gladly came. The tailor's wife set a good pasty before them, gave them a stoup of wine, and then, for an hour, they had such a merry bout of singing, and such a happy time together, as that tailor's dwelling had never

Then—for the hunchbacks were hearty topers she set out to go to the hostelry for another measure of wine.

She had scarcely left the house before she saw her husband at the foot of the long and hilly street, making for home, and she could see by his gait

that he was the worse for liquor.

She fled hurriedly back, in the greatest dismay; for this little hunchback was so furiously jealous, and of so savage a temper, that she trembled for her life if he should find a man in the house. And to discover them there! "Saints protect me!" she cried.

She quickly informed the three hunchbacks of her difficulty; and they, being fearful and timid

little fellows, shared her alarm.

What was to be done? To go out of the house by the front door was now too late; and, alas!

there was no back door.

There was, however, a large cupboard in the room, with three compartments, each big enough to hold one of the little men; and they, willingly enough, were crammed in by the frightened wife,

and hidden by the cloths and garments of the tailoring trade which were kept in the cupboard; she promising to release them as soon as her husband had left the house again.

They were scarcely concealed, and the doors closed, when the husband entered.

"What's the matter with you? What are you frightened about ?" he cried, in a high, shrill, angry voice.
"Nothing, my love," said she, still trembling.

"There's a reason for you to look red, then!" said he, giving her a smart cuff on the ear, and laughing hoarsely at his rough wit.

You may be sure the three hunchbacks were heartily glad they were out of this cruel man's way, and they all three quaked, timorous souls as they were, lest he should discover them.

The bewildered and frightened wife vainly tried several little feminine devices to induce her lord to return to his fellow-carousers; but he stopped and stopped, and supped and supped, and scolded and scolded, and sneered and sneered, and jangled and jangled, till darkness set in, and the poor wife was almost beside herself; while, as to the hunchbacks, shut up in that stifling little prison all the time, one trembles to think of them.

At last, after Vespers, Master Tailor struts out again, and, when he was fairly out of sight, the distracted little woman ran to the cupboard, and with shaking fingers opened the first compart-

ment.

"Come out quickly!" she cried; "my husband is gone."

No answer.

"Quick, quick!" she cried; "are you asleep?" No answer.

She tore away the cloths and garments, and the poor little Hunchback Number One fell dead in her arms!

Like a woman in a dream, she feverishly opened the other compartments, and, in another moment, knew that she was alone in the house with three dead men, of whose murder she might be

"Good Virgin! Holy Virgin! Blessed Virgin!" she screamed, and fell on her knees in terror and supplication. "What a misfortune to fall upon me, only because I wished to hear a little music! What will become of me! The Lord deliver me from hunchbacks! If this is discovered, the Provost, who hangs men and brains women as if they were beasts of the field, will not spare me! Holy Virgin, how unhappy I am !"

And as she lamented, she went to the door, and found, sitting upon the step, a stout water-carrier of the town, who, having nothing to do, and nothing to drink, sat stupidly staring at the

moon.

A sudden idea struck the luckless woman.

"Ho! my friend," said she; "will you do me a service?"

"Yea! an' if you pay me," said the honest

"I'll give you a silver crown."

"What must I do?"

"I'll tell you. There has come into my house a villainous little hunchback, to rob and perhaps murder me in the night. He hid himself in the cupboard, and there he has died like a poisoned rat. Now, all I want is to get rid of the body."

"Is that all?" said the sturdy but simple watercarrier. "I'll soon do that for you. Give me a

sack."

The sack was found, the dead man packed and hoisted on to the strong shoulders of the water-carrier, and in a very short time the poor hunchback was again on the bridge where, a few hours previously, he had been singing so merrily; a heavy plunge, and—— Good-by, doomed hunchback!

Meanwhile the good dame, inspired by necessity, the mother of invention, had placed Hunchback Number Two in the compartment just vacated by Number One; and, when the simple-minded carrier came back for his crown—"Oh, no!" she cried; "you have let him escape, and he is back, through the help of evil spirits, doubtless, in his cupboard, again!"

"What!" said he, scratching his thick head. "Look!" said she, opening the cupboard.

"There he is, sure enough! Well, to be sure, that's odd. I surely threw him into the river, and it's deep enough by the bridge there. He must have hopped out again when I turned away. Well, I'll drown him this time!" and taking up Number Two he marched off again, not at all pleased with his double trouble.

And now for Number Three.

The dame dragged the dead body into the kitchen, and placed it in a sitting posture near the fire; and she had scarcely achieved her task, before the carrier returned with his empty sack, and demanded his pay.

"I will give it thee willingly," she cried; "but, first, wilt thou not drink a measure of cider?"

"That will I!" cried the water-carrier, who was athirst with his labors.

"Prithee, go into the kitchen, and draw for thyself."

Promptly he went, and promptly enough he shouted with wonder, to see that slippery hunchback back again before him, and warming his obstinate toes, that would not be drowned, at the glowing fire.

"Tail of the devil!" he cried; and the dame, with well-feigned fear, ran into the kitchen, and

presently added her cries of alarm to his.

At last, recovering his fright, the honest carrier

cried out :

"Never fear! It shall never be said that Jean Tresmouillart has been overcome by an accursed hunchback! I'll drown you, my friend, this time, be sure on't; and I warrant me you shall lie at the bottom of the river like a dead dog!" and, angrily seizing him, he strode off to the bridge, and for the third time cast his enchanted burden into the flood, watching the water to see if he reappeared.

As may be readily credited, he did not come up again, and our water-carrier returned to the house,

growling but contented.

"There is your crown, good man," said the dame; "and well have you earned it."

And, indeed, 'twas with a thankful heart she paid him, glad to be freed from her perilous

plight.

The water-carrier went lumbering down the street, musing, as far as in him lay, on the strange adventure that had befallen him, and crossing himself repeatedly, as he thought of the impish hunchbacks.

He had just reached the foot of the long street, when, whom should he spy, coming jauntily toward him, in the best of humor, and singing lustily, but the tailor husband of the good dame on

the hill!

"Horns and nails of the devil!" suddenly stopping to stare at the apparition. "Three times, hunchback of hell, have I thrown thee into the river, and three times hast thou come up again! Thinkest thou to flout and defeat me like this? If I do not finish thee this time, call me not Jean. I'll break thy villainous arms and legs, and we'll see then if thou wilt swim!"

And, leaping upon the astounded little tailor, he did belabor and maltreat him with so much fury and vigor, that, very soon, there was no life left in him, and so quickly was he dispatched by the angry Jean, that he had not even time to cry for

help.

Up he went on the sturdy shoulders of the watercarrier, and in a moment more he splashed thto

the dark and rolling waters.

"For the fourth time, thou accursed goblin!" cried Jean, who had never in his life so wrestled with the Evil One, as he thought.

Again he wended his way to the house.

"What dost thou want?" said the dame; "did I not pay thee thy crown?"

"That didst thou; but he came back again!"

"Who ?"

"The demon hunchback! I met him at the foot of the street, coming here, as it seemed; and I knew then that he was an imp, and that if I did not vanquish him, he would destroy me; so I fell upon him, tooth and nail, and beat him, and broke him, and strangled him, and drowned him—drowned him over again; and I swear by my patron saint that this time he is done for, and that he will never trouble thee again!"

Then the dame comprehended that it was her cruel little husband who was thus disposed of, and in her heart she grieved not, as indeed why should

she?

"My friend," said she to Jean, "I gave thee one crown for thy trouble with the first three hunchbacks; I give thee three crowns for thy trouble with the last one!"

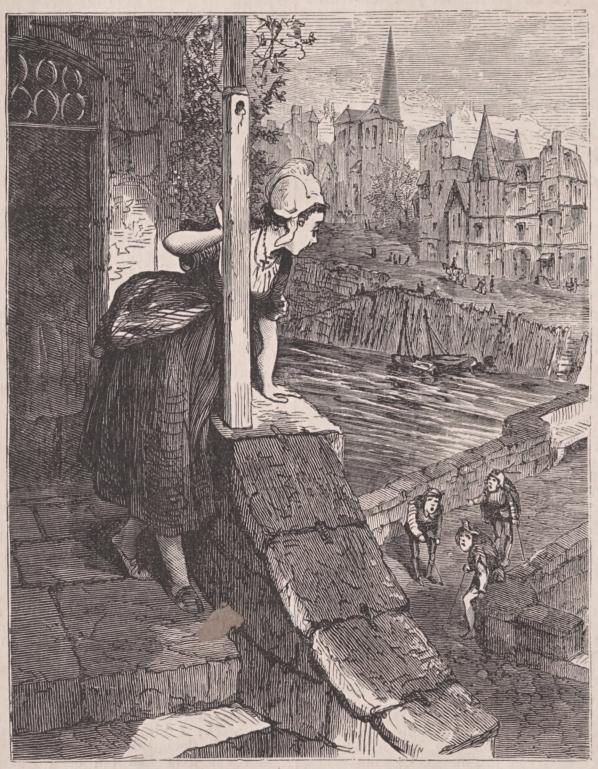
And she gave him the money, which well contented him, and very well contented was the

dame

In three days after that time, she was happy again in her own village, and in another year she had no villainous, bad-tempered hunchback for a husband, but a good-looking, straight-limbed peasant; and they bought a hide of land and a cottage with the tailor's savings, and lived happy

ever afterward; though the new husband always wondered why his wife never would cross a certain bridge, when they sometimes journeyed to and from the ancient town of Lille. And the chronicler testifieth that this is a true story.

her. The pigeons flew down from their little house to coo round her; the fowls fed from her hand; the cat rolled over her feet, and purred out her fondness. They all knew how good she was, although they could not say so.



A HUNCHBACK STORY .- " LOOKING DOWNWARD, SHE SAW ON THE BRIDGE THREE LITTLE HUNCHBACKS."

#### PATTY AND HER PITCHER; OR, KINDNESS OF HEART.

PATTY was a most charming little girl, for she loved everybody and everything; and, in return, she was rewarded by the love of all who knew

She was very industrious; for when quite a child, she used to bustle about and do little things in the handiest manner; and, as for sewing, she was the pattern child at the school, where her sampler was hung up in state.

On one of her journeys to the spring to fill her



PATTY AND HER PITCHER. THE ALARM AT THE PITCHER.

pitcher with clear cold water happened the great event of her life. It will show very clearly that we should always be ready to do a kind action to

any one.

Patty had filled her pitcher at the spring, and was carrying it home (and it was no trifle to carry when full), when almost in sight of her cottage she saw a poor old woman sitting weary upon the trunk of a fallen tree. Her face was covered with wrinkles, and her eyes dull and sunken. On her back was a bundle, heavy enough for a strong man to carry.

"Dear child," said she, "let me cool my lips with a drink from your pitcher, for I am very old,

and faint, and weary."

"To be sure, mother, and welcome," said Patty, lifting it up so that the old woman might quench her thirst.

Eagerly did the poor creature drink: so long, indeed, that Patty was really quite surprised.

"Thank you, darling. Heaven will reward you,"

said the old woman.

"Oh! you're quite welcome, mother,"

replied Patty.

Soon after she met a dog panting with heat, as he looked up at her pitcher. She poured out some in a hollow rock, which he lapped up, and after fawning on her, trotted off.

Soon after she met little children gathering flowers. As they were tired and thirsty, Patty told them to put their hands together, and make cups of them; then she filled these

"handy cups" from her pitcher.

As she saw some harebells growing by the dusty road-side, drooping for want of water, she gave them what was left in her pitcher, and returned to the spring, when she saw a sweet little face looking up to her, and presently one of the most beautiful fairies stood upon the water with the same ease as Patty stood on the land, and she was not really higher than the pitcher.

"So, Patty," said she-you see she knew Patty—"so you have come back again, my dear!"

"Yes, madam," replied Patty, rather alarmed; "yes, madam, because I——"
"I know all about it," said the fairy,

stopping her; "and because I know is the reason that you see me; for I am a friend only to the good and kind; and I come now to make you a very useful present."

"A present!" said Patty, surprised and

pleased.

"Yes! and such a one as will be a lasting reward for your goodness of heart. You blush because you do not remember the many kind things that you have done, and I am the more pleased to see that you think I am giving you too much praise. To reward you I will place a spell upon your pitcher, which shall always be full of water, or of milk, as you may wish. It shall also be able to walk and to speak, and shall always be your firm friend in trouble. Trust to it, and

never despair. If it should be parted from you it will easily find you. So put your pitcher down by your side, Patty."

Patty did as she was desired.

"Now look into it."

Patty did so, and, to her astonishment, beheld the bright water rising until it was full to the brim. She was then going to raise it, but found it too heavy for her.

"You need not trouble yourself to carry it," said the fairy, smiling; "it will save you all further

trouble.

With that the pitcher raised itself upon two very well-shaped legs, made out of the same stone as the brown pitcher. As soon as it was firm on its feet it made a very polite bow to Patty.
"Now, Patty," said the fairy, "follow your

pitcher."

As she finished speaking she broke into a thousand sparkling drops, and mixed with the bubbling stream, which seemed to bear her away.



PATTY AND HER PITCHER .- THE FAIRY AT THE SPRING.

Patty rubbed her eyes, in hopes that she should wake from what appeared a dream. She coughed then pinched herself, then ran up and down the lane, and at last she was convinced she was awake. But more than all, there stood the brown pitcher on his funny brown legs, waiting for orders what to do.

"Quite ready to start, mistress," said a voice

from the pitcher.

"Come on, then, pitcher," said Patty.

And did not the pitcher follow her in good earnest? Indeed it passed her, and kept ahead all the way home. But although it bounded along over the roughest places in the lanes, it did not spill one single drop of water.

At last they came to a very high stile.
"Shall I help you over?" said Patty.
"Oh, dear, no!" said the pitcher, as he skipped

"Oh, dear, no!" said the pitcher, as he skipped over the stile in the most graceful manner. A dog that was passing popped his tail between his legs, and after two or three very weak barks, ran

away in a dreadful fright.

The squire of the village, perceiving the strange pitcher clear the stile in that manner, was overcome with wonder; but when he saw the little legs speeding along toward him, he uttered one loud cry and fled. His hat flew one way, his gold-headed cane another, and his cloak flew up into the air like wings.

He had not proceeded far before his legs failed him, and he lay kicking in a bush, roaring for

help.

Patty could not help laughing; but the pitcher, trotting on with the greatest unconcern, soon reached the cottage door, where he rather astonished Patty's poor parents. When he entered he

sat himself quietly down in the corner.

Patty was awakened next morning by hearing a noise below, as if some one were busy with the furniture. She heard the chairs pushed about, and presently the handle of a pail clink down as plain as plain could be. So she put on her clothes and crept down. The noise still continuing, she peeped through the curtains, and there she saw, not any thieves, but the pitcher; and what do you think it was doing? Why, mopping the floor, and very well did he handle the mop; and there was the pail full of water by his side, as if he had been a servant all his life; and, more wonderful still, there was the fire burning! He had lighted the fire and put the kettle on, which was just singing a most delightful song about the breakfast being nearly ready.

"Good morning, mistress," said the pitcher, in no way put out; "you need not trouble yourself to do anything but grow and improve yourself, for you will have very little labor to do, as I am your

very humble servant."

Was not Patty pleased? for she was growing a tall girl, and felt a great desire to improve herself with her books, which she had had very little time to do, as she had been so much occupied with her household duties.

When Patty was left alone in the evening with the pitcher in the corner, she said how much she was obliged to him, and how much she wished to learn, but wanted to know what she was to do for books, as she had read the few she possessed a hundred times.

"Oh! that's soon remedied," said the pitcher, "for you have only to wish and I will yield as much milk as you please. Then you can make butter and cheese, and go and sell it at the market town, and buy as many books as you like, and have

plenty of money to spare."

No sooner said than done. Patty set out all the pans she had and could borrow from her kind neighbors, and, as fast as they came, the pitcher ran about and filled them, so that she soon had plenty of cream for her butter and cheese. She had only to ask, and a good old neighbor lent her a churn, with which the pitcher set to work, and such butter was produced as had not been seen in the village for many a day.

So went on Patty's success until she grew into a pretty young woman, with her old parents living in comfort in one of the best cottages in the village, everybody saying that she deserved her good fortune, and not one single soul envying her; you

may guess she was happy, indeed.

One evening she was standing in the garden, feeding some of her pigeons, when a handsomely dressed stranger approached the gate, who, after admiring her for a short time, took off his plumed hat in the most graceful manner, and begged her to inform him the nearest way to the next town. When she spoke, the music of her voice and her charming modesty seemed to increase the admiration of the stranger. He bowed, and after a slight hesitation, went on his way.

But that young stranger came again and again, although he knew his way very well to and from the neighboring city. At last he told her parents that he was rich, and wished to have a wife whom everybody spoke well of, since his own wealth left

him at liberty to choose for himself.

The parents smiled as they looked upon the handsome suitor, whom they did not think one bit too good for their dear Patty, and so in the course of a short time they were married.

of a short time they were married.

Great joy was in the village on the day of the wedding. But the stranger who had married Patty took her home to a noble palace, and the humble little Patty found that her dear husband had made her a princess, and surrounded her with all luxuries

and splendors.

In the splendid state in which Patty now lived the pitcher was as much her servant and benefactor as when he first assisted her in the humble cottage. When the poor came to the palace gates he stood there and poured into their pitchers soup to support them and their families, and they did not for-

get to bless the good princess.

But even the very best of us cannot escape from envious hearts and evil tongues, and so it fell out to Princess Patty. Many of the wicked courtiers, who envied her being loved by the people, whispered slanders into the ears of the prince, her husband, who at last was weak enough to listen to them, for they made him afraid by telling him that she was trying to bribe the people, by her charities, to rebel against the rightful prince, and

to place herself on the throne alone; and also, that evil spirits helped her, and that the friendly pitcher

The prince at last, convinced by their arguments, commanded her to be put into a dungeon, and left her there to mourn. She did not mourn long, for, as night came on, the pitcher opened her prison

doors and aided her in her flight.

"Come," said he, "return to your peaceful home, and show your husband that it is his heart, and not his kingdom, that you covet. He will be sorry for what he has done when he finds that he has lost you."

She followed the pitcher; but they had not proceeded far when Patty saw that they were pursued

by a party of soldiers.

"Be not alarmed, dearest mistress," said the

pitcher, "I will stop these pursuers."

So saying, he bent over the side of the rock and poured out a river into the valley through which they were coming. The soldiers swam to the

nearest land, glad to save their lives.

That night she slept beneath the roof of her parents. Early in the morning she was in her own garden, and she tried to be happy and forget the past by being always at work, and by making others happy; but her thoughts would wander to the home of her husband, and she grieved over his unkindness to her, in return for her love to him. The pitcher was always by her side, and gave her comfort in her sorrow.

One fine morning she had risen earlier than usual, for she could not sleep. She walked into the pure air, and her fevered brow was refreshed by the cool breeze. Looking round, she beheld her dear old friend, the pitcher, trimming the

flowers like an old gardener.

"Good-morning," said he; "you are up betimes; but I am glad to see you so early afoot, as you perceive that I am taking extra care with the garden, for I expect visitors to-day.'

"Visitors?" exclaimed Patty.

"Yes, visitors," said the pitcher, with a low, chuckling laugh; "I can hear, distinctly, a footstep in the distance; it comes this way. Listen." Presently the figure of a pilgrim appeared at the gate. He entered; but when he beheld before him his long-lost Patty, he suddenly stopped, and stood quite still, like a statue of surprise. It was indeed

her husband, the prince!

"That is the visitor I expected," said the pitcher; "he has believed you dead, and has wandered to many places to assuage his grief. At last he has dared to venture to this humble cottage, that he might again see the spot where he first had the good fortune to meet you. Your being alive is the reward for his sincere repentance. He finds you in your first humble sphere, grieving for nothing but the loss of him, hoping for nothing but the return of his love."

The prince rushed forward with a cry of delight, and knelt at Patty's feet. The pitcher, like a discreet friend, placed her hand in his, and then went on with his gardening, leaving the long-separated

couple to effect a reconciliation.

Patty's parents rejoiced in her newly found hap-

piness, yet felt a pang of regret when, some days after the happy meeting, the prince proposed that they should return to his kingdom, and that he would send a message that his wife should make her entry in triumph.

The pitcher walked out of the cottage and joined

"Prince," said he, "spare yourself the trouble. I am here to give my last service to my mistress. I have rewarded her for her virtues, and the fairy now recalls me to her water palace: behold!"

Jets of water then rose high from his mouth, until a broad lake spread over the valley, upon which was borne a gilded barge, rowed by stout boatmen in the prince's livery. It glided to their feet, and they both stepped in. The fountain played from the pitcher's mouth until the stream was swollen into a mighty river, down which they floated until they came in sight of their own castle, standing high upon the rocks. Flags floated from the turrets, and booming cannon sent forth their noisy welcome. Crowds of rejoicing vassals stood to receive their much-loved princess, whose happy tears spoke for her to the hearts that knew so well how good she was. The magic pitcher was seen no more; but its history teaches all who read it that kindness to others brings happiness to our-

# OWEN-BABY BUNTING.

ABY BUNTING was the youngest child of D Captain Bunting, a brave old sailor. Soon after Baby Bunting was born, Captain Bunting went on a trading trip, in which he was very successful.

He was coming home well laden, and with heaps of presents for his wife and children, when he saw one poor vessel attacked by two great pirate ships.

"Hulloh! that's not fair!" said Captain Bunting, and up he sailed with all speed, and helped the vessel.

A hard fight they had of it; however, they beat them at last, and made the pirates prisoners.

Now, the ship that Captain Bunting had saved was a royal ship, although not of his own country, and it had the king himself on board. As soon as the fight was over, the king sent for Captain Bunting into his own cabin, and thanked him for his help.

"Keep close to my vessel," said the king, "and sail home with me to my own land, and I will reward you richly for saving me and my crew."

So Captain Bunting sailed alongside of the king's vessel. But the wind rose higher and higher, and tossed the curling waves until they dashed right over the decks of the ships.

The king's ship had enough to do to look after the pirate ships that it had in tow; and in that stormy night Captain Bunting lost his rudder, and was driven by the gale far, far away from the other

ships.

His ship had been a good deal battered in the fight with the pirates, and she sprang a leak and



PATTY AND HER PITCHER .- THE PITCHER A GOOD HOUSEWIFE.

mind, we will do the best we can."

The king had not forgotten him, however.
As soon as he reached land, he made inquiry for him among the captains of all the ships that he could hear of, but of course Captain Bunting was not among them. And his letter never reached the king. It was putlinton

if his head were full of other things. Never

ter never reached the king. It was put into the king's postbag all right enough, but the king's postbag, being a royal one, was not only made of leather like a common postbag, but it was lined with purple silk.

It would have been much better for Captain Bunting if they had not lined it so smartly, for the lining came unstitched, and his letter slipped down between the lining and the leather, and was not found again for ten years.

Captain Bunting had no money to buy a new ship, so he made up his mind to look about for employment. Hearing there was

filled so fast with water, that when morning came she was all but sinking, and they gave themselves up for lost. But when they looked round, behold, there were the cliffs of their own shore. They had only just time to scramble on board a cutter which happened to be near, when down went the ship like a stone, and all the rich merchandise in her. Poor Captain Bunting and his crew were put on shore with scarcely so much as a whole suit of clothes between them. As for the captain's presents, they had gone to the young oysters and starfishes; but his wife and children did not care for that, when they got him safe home.

He wrote a letter to the king, whose life he had saved, telling him all that had happened. And he waited day after day, and week after week, but no answer came.

At last he said to his wife, "I see the king has forgotten me. He was a very young man, and he looked anxious, and as



PATTY AND HER PITCHER.—PRINCESS PATTY IN PRISON. SEE PAGE 296.

plenty of work to be got in the next kingdom, he proposed to his wife to go there.

After they had paid wages and everything else that was owing, there was just one hundred dollars left for Captain Bunting and his family to travel with to a new country and begin life again.

Captain Bunting's family consisted of Mrs. Bunting, his wife, a girl of fourteen, named Nelly, John, a sharp boy of twelve, and Baby Bunting himself, who was only a few months old. Very glad Mrs. Bunting was to get her baby safely to the end of his journey, and into the little inn, where they must wait till they could get a house.

But though there was plenty of work to be had, not a house could they find. Captain Bunting walked all over the place till he could walk no more, and not one empty house did he hear of.

"What is that little house under the hill?"



PATTY AND HER PITCHER .- THE PRINCE ADMIRES PATTY.

said Captain Bunting to their landlady; "it looks empty."

"Oh, yes, it's empty," said the landlady, "but no one will ever go there, for it is haunted."

"It will do, then," said Captain Bunting. "When people complain of being haunted, it is their own bad consciences."

And in they went. It was a nice little house, and they put up Baby Bunting's cradle in the snuggest corner, and made themselves very comfortable.

The next day, all the people in the place turned out to see what had happened to the family who had dared to sleep in the house under the hill. But nothing had happened, at which the people were very much disappointed.

Captain Bunting soon got a place as undergamekeeper. John hired himself out as grocer's errand-boy, and Nelly found work at



PATTY AND HER PITCHER.— THE PRINCE DISCOVERS HIS LOST PATTY.



PATTY AND HER PITCHER.— THE PITCHER STOPS THE PURSUERS. SEE PAGE 296.

But the squire had a great shooting-party that day, and Captain Bunting was wanted to hunt up the game. So when milking-time came, Captain Bunting was out hunting, John was gone to buy the skin, Nelly was at the silk-factory, and Baby Bunting must be left alone.

His mother rocked him in the cradle, and sang to him:

"By, Baby Bunting,
Father's gone a-hunting,
Mother's gone a-milking,
Sister's gone a-silking,
Brother's gone to buy a skin,
To wrap the Baby Bunting in."

And the moment Baby Bunting shut his eyes his mother ran out at the door and away to her milking. It seemed to her to take a very long time, and she heartily wished she had never left the baby. She fancied all sorts of things that might have

a silk factory in the town. To be sure, they had never expected to have to work like this, but they did not grumble. They were earning their bread, and that was a great satisfaction.

Before long, Mrs. Bunting had an offer to go and milk the squire's cows. She very much wished to do it, for they not only promised to pay her money, but to give her a jug of milk every day for Baby Bunting.

"Even if he sleeps quietly in his cradle, I am afraid he will get so cold in the Winter weather," she observed.

"Look here, mother," said John, "I have got to take a parcel of tea to the furrier's this afternoon; suppose I see whether I cannot buy a nice warm rabbit-skin to wrap baby in while you are out milking?"

"Yes, do, John," said his mother. "And I daresay your father will be home in time to take baby for me this afternoon."



PATTY AND HER PITCHER. - PATTY RETURNS IN TRIUMPH.

happened to him; but when she unlocked the door and came rushing in, there he lay wide awake in his cradle, as warm and contented as could be. The room, too, she fancied looked particularly clean and tidy, the fire had kept in wonderfully well, and had she really finished that frock that she was making for baby before she went out? she could not remember doing so; but, anyhow, it was

The next day, and the next, the same thing happened. It seemed as if Baby Bunting particularly liked being left alone; and it seemed, too, that he was in the habit of getting out of his cradle, and amusing himself by doing all the odd jobs that he could find to do.

It was a great puzzle. Captain Bunting and his wife talked it over, and agreed that, as long as they were good and honest, nothing could hurt them; so they would just be thankful for the help they got, without trying to understand how it came.

Did Baby Bunting really trot about on those little round, soft feet of his, and sweep, and wash,

and sew? I will tell you what happened:

The moment that his mother shut the door after her, the first time that she went out to milk, Baby Bunting opened his eyes again. He waited for a minute, thinking she would come back; but when he found that she did not, he made his merry round mouth into a most doleful face, and drew in his breath for a roar. Then from the darkest side of the room there glided forward a strange little

The body was bent and humped like a dwarf's, but the face was that of a kind and beautiful lady. As soon as little Baby Bunting saw her sweet face bending over him, he forgot the great roar he was going to make, and held out his little hands to his new friend. And she folded him warmly in her

arms, and sang to him:

" By, Baby Bunting, Father's gone a-hunting, Mother's gone a-milking, Sister's gone a-silking, Brother's gone to buy a skin, To wrap the Baby Bunting in."

And she added:

"But, Baby Bunting, do not cry, Your Frenhina watches nigh."

He crowed and laughed, while Frenhina, with him in one arm, swept the floor and dusted the room. Then she took up the little and sewed away lying, half made, on the table, and sewed away Then she took up the little frock that was with her white, delicate fingers, still singing, "By, Baby Bunting." Her hands went fast enough, but when she walked it seemed to be with difficulty, and almost as though her feet were tied. Her dress was very strange; it seemed to be made of finely-spun and woven silver.

This strange visitor remained with Baby Bunting until a step was heard outside, and then she

popped him back into his cradle and glided away. The next day, Baby Bunting kicked with joy as soon as Frenhina appeared, and he would be content to lie for an hour together on her knee while she sewed, and listen to her sweet, sad singing. She came regularly every day, as soon as everybody else had gone out of the house; and Mrs. Bunting, finding that her baby was so well cared for, and her work so well done, would sometimes spend half the day out at her marketing, or anything else that she had to do. And Baby Bunting throve and grew, until he could run about, holding by the skirt of the tarnished silver dress, chattering merrily to his strange companion.

One day, when Baby Bunting was nearly three years old, he was putting a wooden spoon to bed in the cradle, and he began rocking it and sing-

ing:

" By, Baby Bunting, Father's gone a-hunting, Mother's gone a-milking, Brother's gone a-silking, Brother's gone to buy a skin, To wrap the Baby Bunting in."

"Dear me!" cried his mother, "just listen to little Owen! I do believe he is singing the very song that I sang to him the first day I went milking, two years ago. How can he have remembered

it? I don't think I have ever sung it since?"
"Owen," said Captain Bunting, "who sings that song to you?"
"Lady," said Baby Bunting, taking up his spoon, and kissing it, as Frenhina always did to

"Come here, my little boy, and tell me about her," said the captain. "What is she like?"

Baby thought for a little time, and then said: "Like mother." And he was right, too, for he meant she was kind to him like his mother.

"Does she come to see you?"

"Course she does," said little Owen, who thought that his father was very stupid to ask such a ques-

"And what does she do?"

But Baby Bunting would not tell.

"Does she sing any other songs to you?" said

the captain.

And Baby Bunting began a string of wild scraps of songs, about gold that gleams from rocky seams and treasure-heaps of ore that fill the mighty caverns of the hill, and of dark vaults, the dismal home of the metal-making gnome, of all which they could make neither head nor tail.

And John laughed, and called him a little romancer, whereupon Baby Bunting was so indignant, that when they went on to ask the name of his lady, he replied, "S'ant tell. Nor could they

get from him a word more about her.

But Frenhina had heard this conversation, and feared lest they should question little Owen further, and from that day she was much less with Baby

Bunting.

When she did come, she no longer sang to him, but put her finger on her lip, and glided softly away again as soon as her work was done. Her fairy hands still worked for them every day, though she often now came only when even the baby himself was out of the house. And the boy still throve and grew, until he was no longer Baby Bunting, but schoolboy Owen, a fine, manly little fellow.

The family of the Buntings had grown so accustomed to the services of their unknown visitor, that they forgot to be curious as to who it could be. Nothing happened to disturb their quiet life in the house under the hill until Owen was ten years old. Then a fever broke out, and little Owen was one of the boys who caught it.

They nursed him, and doctored him, and did all they could for him, but he grew worse and worse, and at last the doctor said that he could do no more, and that little Owen would not recover.

The Buntings were in despair. They watched beside him the night after the doctor had given him up, not knowing but that it might be the last that they could do so.

But when morning came, all were so worn out with grief and watching that they fell asleep, and Mrs. Bunting remained sitting by his bedside alone.

The sun had just risen, when there glided suddenly to the other side of the bed a dwarf lady, in tarnished silver, who held in her hand what looked like a rough nugget of gold, scooped out into a

cup. "Let him drink, let him drink," whispered the

And the mother, raising her boy's head, poured into his mouth a few drops of sparkling liquid. It seemed to relieve the pain in his head at once, and Owen, after giving a grateful glance to his wellknown friend, as she laid a cool, wet cloth on his forehead, presently closed his eyes and fell fast asleep.

Then the dwarf lady, who had stood watching him anxiously, clasped her hands together and

whispered, "He will live!"

And Mrs. Bunting threw her arms round her

neck, and thanked her again and again.

"Oh, do not go away," she said, when her visitor

moved to go.

But the stranger pointed to Captain Bunting, who was beginning to stir, and whispering, "I will come back when you are alone," she disap-

peared.

When Captain Bunting, and Nelly, and John, saw the change that had come over Owen, they nearly awoke him in their delight. But Mrs. Bunting soon sent them all out, saying that Owen must be kept very quiet.

Then the stranger came gliding back again, and persuaded Mrs. Bunting to sleep a little, too, while

she sat and watched by Owen.

Under Frenhina's care and medicine, little Owen got better very quickly, and soon only required feeding up to make him strong.

"Yours is wonderful medicine," said Mrs. Bunt-

"What is it?"

"It is a mineral that I get in the hill," replied Frenhina; "I knew it had wonderful powers, but as long as the doctor was attending Owen, I thought he would know what was best to give him.

"But after he had given him up, why did you not come to us all that long night?" said Mrs. Bunting; "though now I think of it, you never do come in the night."

"I cannot," said the dwarf; "from sunset to sunrise I must be at my work in the caverns of the hill."

"In the hill!" exclaimed Mrs. Bunting; "what

do you work at there?"

"I serve the King of the Mines-the metalmaker. He lives in the heart of the mountain. and there he is making great treasures under the earth, of gold and silver, and lead and copper, and all manner of metals. And he has made ne his slave, so that I must work for him as long as I

"You do not look as though you had been born

a slave," said Mrs. Bunting.

Frenhina smiled.

"I was born a queen," she said, "and when I was quite a girl I met the king of this country, and we loved one another, and agreed to marry. But I was an orphan, and my guardians wished me to marry another king whom I did not like at all. I knew that I could have my own way if I only waited until I was of age, but I was impatient and would not wait. I sought for secret ways to get away without my guardian's knowledge, and the King of the Mines heard of it, and he came and offered to bring me safely into this country if I would in return grant him one request. I promised, and he brought me here; but his request was that I would be his queen, and reign here in the mine with him. I refused indignantly, and he thereupon made me his slave. He would have had no power over me if I had not been doing wrong; but as it was, I had no means to stand against him, and here I have been ever since, repenting of my hasty journey and still more hasty promise."
"Why cannot you escape from the mine?" she

asked; "our door is open, what is there to stop you?"

Frenhina lifted her long skirt of tarnished silver, and pointed to a chain of the finest possible wire

that was bound round her ankles.

"This is as far as my chain will let me go," she said. "And I have been so careful to keep my visits secret, because if the King of the Mines should hear that I come here, I know he would block up my passage, and then I should never breathe the outer air or see a human face again."

"But that chain is a mere nothing," said Mrs.

"Let me cut it."

"You cannot—no one can cut it," replied Frenhina. "Nothing can unrivet it except the enchanted quartz hammer with which it was fastened on; and that the King of the Mines keeps in his own cavern, and he must be a bold man who should try to take it from thence."

"But the king would try, I am sure," said Owen's mother. "Let us send him a message. My husband would go."
"Please do not," exclaimed Frenhina. "Do

you think that I have not considered all this, and turned over every plan? So, you see, there is no hope for me," concluded Frenhina. "And if I could but know that the king is happy and contented without me, I should be resigned to live and die the hump-backed slave that I am.'

The two women sat silent until Owen's voice,

asking for a little water, roused them from their thoughts.

Owen had always been a thoughtful boy and fond of his studies, but now he would sit for hours pondering over his books.

Owen had heard his mother's conversation with Frenhina, and ever since he had been thinking, thinking how to set Frenhina free.

One evening, just after sunset, Owen and his mother were sitting alone, when he said:

"Mother, don't you think I am quite strong again?"

"Yes, my boy, and very much grown, too. But why do you ask?" said his mother.

"Because," said Owen, and there he paused. "Mother," he resumed, gently, "it is because I

heard you talk with the Lady Frenhina that day—you know?"

"I know," said his mother. "And you want to set her free."

"That's it!" cried Owen, much relieved. "May I try? I think I could keep my temper, and not let the King of the Mines have power over me."

"I think you could, my son; and I have been considering whether or not to propose the adventure to you."

"Oh, thank you, mother! Then I will go tonight. Father will be out with the keepers, and John and Nelly need not know where I am."

"But you have neither sword nor shield."
"I don't suppose arms would be of any t

"I don't suppose arms would be of any use against magic," replied Owen. "I shall be as

careful and steady as I can, and the sooner I go the better; so good-by, mother."

Owen went into the coal hole, from whence Frenhina always seemed to come, and found a little passage, so narrow that he had to drag himself along on his face. Gradually it grew larger, so that he could crawl, and at last walk along upright. By-and-by he saw a glimmering light, and as he approached it he found that it proceeded from an enormous furnace, round which strange, misshapen imps were busily working. Some were pouring liquid gold into rock-caldrons with enormous ladles, others blowing the furnace, others beating out or pouring off the glowing metals, and none of them seemed to heed the heat which Owen could hardly bear even at the entrance of the cave. As one of them passed near him with a mass of glowing iron in his tongs, Owen called out to him: "I say, where is the King of the Mines?"

The dwarf looked up at

him with a grin.

"Ha, ha! look here, comrades; here's another slave of the above-ground creatures come in to join us."

"Ho, ho," replied the rest. "He looks strong; we will set him to blow the bellows. Won't he like it—ha!"



OWEN-BABY BUNTING.-" BY, BABY, BUNTING, FATHER'S GONE A-HUNTING !"

"Where's your master?" said Owen.

"You'll see him soon enough," replied the first dwarf, grinning again. "Better go back the way you came—if you can find it!"

Owen looked round, and saw that he was, indeed, in a perfect network of dark vaulted passages. Black water oozed from the roof and trickled down the rocky sides, and there a vein of precious ore sparkled in the firelight.

He thought he saw a gleam, as from the mouth of another cavern, and was just going toward it, when his eye fell on an unfortunate bat which lay a prisoner near him, with its wing caught under a great stone.

Owen could never pass by a creature in distress, and he labored at the stone, amid shouts of mockery from the imps, until he had succeeded, and the bat flew joyfully up and wheeled round his head as he walked on.

The light that he had noticed came from a cave, and in it he saw Frenhina herself, with heaps of pure silver about her, her delicate fingers at work on some fairy-like frost-work.

She did not perceive Owen, for her back was toward him, and he was hesitating whether

to speak to her, when a gleaming light made him look round. It was a dwarfish figure, but from the golden crown on its head, Owen judged that it must be the King of the Mines himself, and he hastened toward him.

The figure retreated, but Owen tracked him into a cavern, so vast and dark that Owen could see neither the roof nor the end.

The only light seemed to come from the King of the Mines himself. His face glowed as though it were made of a mass of red-hot copper, from which his eyes gleamed like two small flames. His dress seemed to be made of half-melted gold, and his hands had the same hideous red-hot glow as his face. His hair and beard were like red-hot copper wire. In his belt Owen saw the enchanted quartz-hammer that could set Frenhina free.

Owen stood gazing at him until the king, turn-

ing his flaming eyes upon him, said:
"What are you doing here, little boy?"

"If you are the King of the Mines, I came to look for you," replied Owen.

"You," said the metal-king, contemptuously; "what can such as you want with me?"

"Well, I want your quartz-hammer."



THE STORY OF THREE BEARS.—GREAT, HUGE BEAR, MIDDLE BEAR, AND LITTLE SMALL WEE BEAR.—SEE PAGE 307.

Then the king flew into a rage, and called him all manner of names, and threatened him with the severest punishments if he did not go away at once, and never venture there again.

Owen stood quiet, knowing that as long as he kept his temper the king had no power over him. As soon as he had a chance to be heard he told him that he should not go unless the Lady Frenhina went with him.

The king raged more than ever. Then, suddenly

changing his tone, he said:

"You are a fine fellow. Not many would have stood so fearlessly; I only spoke like this to try you. Come, I want such a lad as you. Stay with me and you shall be my heir. I will clothe you in cloth of gold, and all my servants shall be at your beck and call, and all the wealth of the world shall be yours. Only look what I will give you."

And the king, leading him aside, showed him such heaped-up treasures of gold and precious stones that it seemed as if the whole mountain must be made of them. But Owen's thoughts were full of the captive Frenhina, and none of the metal-king's offers could tempt him.

"It is of no use your trying to turn me from my

purpose," he said; "I want nothing but the Lady Frenhina, and I will not leave off trying until I have freed her."

Then the King of the Mines went into such a furious passion that his face and beard glowed until Owen felt his hair lifted by the heat from

Not a step would he draw back, however, although the metal-king glowed hotter and hotter, until his whole body was a transparent ball of fire, with blue flames flickering up round it, and the quartz-hammer in the midst. With a sudden impulse, Owen plunged his hand into the molten mass, and grasping the quartz-hammer, drew it out unscratched. And with a report like a hundred cannon, the King of the Mines blew up, and the explosion rolled in thunder from chamber to chamber of his cavern home, shaking the solid mountain to the roots, and bringing down huge masses of rock all round the astonished boy.

He stood uncrushed, for the quartz-hammer was in his hand; but there arose around him so great a dust and sulphurous smell that he was all but suf-Then there was a rush of wings, and a flight of bats led by the one he had set free came wheeling round his head and fanned him with out-

spread wings, until all was quiet again.

Then Owen perceived that the nail which riveted the hammer was a blazing diamond, whose light showed him that masses of rock were piled all round him, and his path quite lost. He tried to climb over them, but could not. Then it struck him that he would try the hammer's power; and at the first tap the rocks fell apart, and Owen passed on without difficulty.

He made straight for Frenhina's cave. Running in, he stooped down, and with one stroke of the hammer the chain shriveled away like a scorching hair, and greatly to Owen's delight and wonder,

Frenhina was free.

But was it Frenhina? for when he looked up, a beautiful lady in shining robes, tall and stately as a white lily, stooped to embrace him, calling him kind, brave boy. Yes, it was his own lady's face, and her own sweet voice.

"But how beautiful you are!" cried Owen; "oh, how glad mother will be! make haste, and

let us come to her.'

And they passed hand-in-hand from the heart of the hill, led by the diamond light.

There was joy in the little house under the hill that night; but in the royal palace not far off there

was sorrow and dismay.

Servants and noblemen jostled one another in the halls, and grave doctors whispered together and shook their heads. For the king had long been languishing, and now he was dying, all for love of a lady who was either dead or false to him. In the midst of this confusion, a tall, vailed figure entered the palace gates, led by a boy in a common schoolboy dress, and with a small hammer in his

"You cannot come here to-night," said one of the servants, as he passed; "the king, our master, is dying."

"Never mind," said the boy, drawing his com-

panion on, "but come to him. You saved my life, and I am sure you can save his."

So they made their way to the royal bedcham-

"He is dying," said one of the doctors; "he no

longer takes notice of anything.'

The veiled lady pushed him aside, and throwing back the mantle that hid her shining robes,

"Look up, my king, my betrothed, for your

Frenhina is come to you at last."

And the light returned to the king's eyes, and the color to his cheeks, for Frenhina's presence was the only medicine that he had needed. instead of sorrow and dismay, the palace was full

of joyful preparations for the wedding.

You may be sure that the Buntings were not forgotten. Captain Bunting was made Lord Chief Ranger of the Woods and Forests, which was a post that exactly suited him. Mrs. Bunting was Housekeeper in Ordinary to her Majesty, and Superintendent of the Royal Dairy. Nelly was appointed one of the maids of honor, but before long she married a young nobleman, and went to live with him on his estate.

On her marriage she made a holiday and merrymaking for all the silk-weavers in the kingdom.

John, who had shown a strong turn for business, became a great merchant, and his ships traded to all lands.

The little house under the hill was not quite forsaken. For when the royal wedding took place, the postmaster-general determined to put a new purple silk lining to the king's post-bag in honor of the occasion; and when the old one was ripped out, there lay Captain Bunting's missing letter, limp and yellow, with its ten years' solitary con-

And the king and council voted the hill that had been inhabited by the King of the Mines to Captain Bunting for his gallant services; and he sank a mine there, and dug from it treasure enough to make his family a prosperous one for many genera-

But Owen, the author of all this good fortune,

what was to be done for him?

"Come and live with us and be our son, and reign after us," said Frenhina to him, "for it is to you we owe our lives and all our happiness. Besides, have you not belonged to me ever since you were Baby Bunting, and I used to come and sing

to you while your mother was out milking?"
"I should like to live with you," said Owen, "but I will not be your heir, for that would not be fair or just. What I should really like is, that you should give me a good education to fit me for it, and then make me one of your ministers, to help to rule the land, and to make the people as good and happy as possible."
"Owen," said the king, "you have chosen nobly, and your wish shall be fulfilled."

So Baby Bunting grew up to be a wise and a learned statesman. And I cannot tell which was the happiest; the nation whom he governed, or the king and queen whom he served, or Owen himself, the respected and beloved Prime Minister.

# THE STORY OF THREE BEARS.

LONG time ago there were three bears, who lived together in a house of their own in a wood. One of them was a little, small, wee bear, and one was a middle-sized bear, and the other was a great, huge bear. They had each a pot for their porridge; a little pot for the little, small, wee bear, and a middle-sized pot for the middle bear, and a great pot for the great, huge bear. And they had each a chair to sit in; a little chair for the little, small, wee bear, and a middle-sized chair for the middle bear, and a great chair for the great, huge bear. And they had each a bed to sleep in; a little bed for the little, small, wee bear, a middlesized bed for the middle bear, and a great bed for the great, huge bear.

One day, after they had made the porridge for their breakfast and poured it into their porridgepots, they walked out into the wood while the porridge was cooling, that they might not burn their mouths by beginning too soon to eat it. And while they were walking, a little girl named Silver-

hair came to the house.

First she looked in at the window, and then she peeped in at the keyhole, and seeing nobody in the house, she lifted the latch. The door was not fastened, because the bears were good bears, who did nobody any harm, and never suspected that

anybody would harm them.

So little Silver-hair opened the door and went in, and well pleased she was when she saw the porridge on the table. If she had been a good little girl she would have waited till the bears came home, and then, perhaps, they would have asked her to breakfast; for they were good bears—a little rough or so, as the manner of bears is, but for all that very good-natured and hospitable.

So first she tasted the porridge of the great, huge bear, and that was too hot for her; and then she tasted the porridge of the middle bear, and that was too cold for her; and then she went to the porridge of the little, small, wee bear and tasted it, and that was neither too hot nor too cold, but just right, and she liked it so well that she ate it

all up.

Then little Silver-hair sat down in the chair of the great, huge bear, and that was too hard for her; and then she sat down in the chair of the middle bear, and that was too soft for her; and then she sat down in the chair of the little, small, wee bear, and that was neither too hard nor too soft, but just right. So she seated herself in it, and there she sat till the bottom of the chair came out, and down she came plump upon the ground.

Then little Silver-hair went up-stairs into the bedchamber in which the three bears slept; and first she lay down upon the bed of the great, huge bear, but that was too high at the head for her; and next she lay down upon the bed of the middle bear, and that was too high at the foot for her; and then she lay down upon the bed of the little, small, wee bear, and that was neither too high at the head nor at the foot, so she lay there till she fell fast

By this time the three bears thought their por-

ridge would be cool enough, so they came home to breakfast.

Now, little Silver-hair had left the spoon of the great, huge bear standing in his porridge.

"Somebody has been at my porridge!" said the great, huge bear, in his great, rough, gruff voice.

And when the middle bear looked at his he saw that the spoon was standing in it, too.

"Somebody has been at my porridge!" said the middle bear, in his middle voice.

Then the little, small, wee bear looked at his, and there was the spoon in the porridge-pot, but the porridge was all gone.

"Somebody has been at my porridge and has eaten it all up!" said the little, small, wee bear, in his little, small, wee voice.

Upon this the three bears, seeing that some one had entered their house and eaten up the little, small, wee bear's breakfast, began to lock about

Now, little Silver hair had not put the hard cushion straight when she rose from the chair of

the great, huge bear.

"Somebody has been sitting in my chair!" said the great huge bear, in his great, rough, gruff

And little Silver-hair had squatted down the soft

cushion of the middle bear.

"Somebody has been sitting in my chair!" said the middle bear, in his middle voice.

And you know what little Silver-hair had done

to the third chair.

"Somebody has been sitting in my chair, and has sat the bottom out of it!" said the little, small, wee bear, in his little, small, wee voice.

Then the three bears thought it necessary that they should make further search; so they went upstairs into their bedchamber. Now, little Silverhair had pulled the pillow of the great, huge bear out of its place.

"Somebody has been lying in my bed!" said the great, huge bear, in his great, rough, gruff

And little Silver-hair had pulled the bolster of the middle bear out of its place.

"Somebody has been lying in my bed!" said

the middle bear, in his middle voice.

And when the little, small, wee bear came to look at his bed, there was the bolster in its place, and the pillow in its place upon the bolster, and upon the pillow was little Silver-hair's pretty head, which was not in its place, for she had no business

"Somebody has been lying in my bed—and here she is!" said the little, small, wee bear, in his little,

small, wee voice.

Little Silver-hair had heard in her sleep the great, rough, gruff voice of the great, huge bear, but she was so fast asleep that it was no more to her than the roaring of wind or the rumbling of thunder. And she had heard the middle voice of the middle bear, but it was only as if she had heard some one speaking in a dream. But when she heard the little, small, wee voice of the little, small, wee bear, it was so sharp and so shrill that it awakened her at once.

Up she started, and when she saw the three bears on one side of the bed, she tumbled out at the other and ran to the window. Now, the window was open, because the bears, like good, tidy bears as they were, always opened their bedchamber window when they got up in the morning.

Out little Silver-hair jumped, and away she ran into the wood, and the three bears never saw any-

thing more of her.

#### THE RUBY RAINBOW-CUP.

EVERY one knows, at least every one who knows anything worth knowing, that at the end of the rainbow hangs a golden cup, and that whoever is fortunate enough and quick enough to reach the end of the rainbow and snatch the cup before it disappears, shall find it filled with whatever in life is most desirous, and shall for ever after be accounted a lucky boy or girl, man or woman—that is to say, so long as he keeps the cup

and keeps the secret of it, for the rainbow-cup, like several other charming things, loses half its value when shown and talked of to every chance comer. Carl knew about this rainbow-cup right well, for his mother had often pointed to the beautiful arch shining out from the black thunder-clouds, and said:

"Now, if it were not for the wet shoes and stockings, and the little tired legs, we might scamper through the meadow and up the mountain to the great hemlock-wood and find the rain-

bow-cup hiding in the shadows there."

Then Carl would sometimes beg to strip off the shoes and stockings, and promise earnestly not to be tired, even if they should run a mile; but his mother would only laugh, and hugging her little boy in her arms, would dance about the room with him, saying that they two needed no rainbow-cup to give them joy so long as they had each other.

But at last came a day, when Carl had grown to be a tall lad, and began to know how dearly he loved this beautiful mother of his, that the good

Lord called to her out of heaven, and stopping only to kiss her boy on cheek, and brow, and lips, she bade him never forget her, and with a sweet smile on her pale lips, went where she was called.

Carl found himself very lonely after this, for there was no one left to love him as he was used to being loved, although every one was kind and good to him, and the uncle and aunt who came to live in his mother's house did all that they knew how to do by way of comforting him. But better than the books. and the horse, and the boat, and the young companions they were constantly offering him, Carl loved to go away by himself, and in the woods, or by the river, or on the strong "terrible mountain," to think about his mother and all she had ever said to him, and how happy they had been together; and sometimes, when the sky was very blue and deep at midday, or when it was soft and pearly with the little, fleecy clouds of dawn, or splendid with the rosy and golden islands that float about the sunset, Carl would fancy that the sweet face and golden hair he remembered so well peeped down at him, or that the little, soft hand that had used to smooth his curls, or lie so cool and soothingly upon his heated forehead, beckoned to him out of some



THE STORY OF THREE BEARS .- "THE BOTTOM OF THE CHAIR CAME OUT."

cloudy palace, or waved a greeting from one of the rosy islands.

So Carl grew happy again and loved his wandering life almost as well as the old quiet one, although the uncle and aunt shook their heads and said they wished he were more like other lads, and would shout, and run, and ride, and row, as he used to be so fond of doing.

"By-and-by, dear uncle and aunt," said Carl, when they talked in this way to him. "That old life was pleasant, and when I am done thinking so much perhaps it will be pleasant again, but just now I have no time for the things you speak of," and then he would wander away to the woods, or the fields, or the mountain.

At last, one day when he was far from home, there came up a sudden thunder-storm, and when it was over, a great rainbow spanned the sky with its double arch, dipping with one end into the far country beyond the river, while the other rested somewhere among the hemlock-trees at the top of the mountain.

When Carl, sheltering himself under the old bridge, saw the rainbow, and noticed how

it stood, he remembered his mother's story of the rainbow-cup, although she had not told it to him for some time before she went away; and he remembered, too, that she had always said that whoever found this cup should also find it filled

with whatever would most content him.

So poor Carl, needing nothing so much as the dear mother he had lost, fancied that if he could chance upon this wonderful cup he might with it find some means either of calling his mother back to him, or of going to join her in the beautiful

blue sky.

Filled with this idea, Carl leaped from under the old arch, and ran with all his might across the meadows, hoping to climb the mountain and reach the hemlock wood before the rainbow had quite disappeared. But although he bounded like a young stag, and made no more of walls and ditches than a bird would have done, he had not entered the hemlock wood before the beautiful bow had quite faded away, leaving only the thunder-clouds, breaking into great islands with little channels of clear blue sky between, and a broad belt of gold at the horizon.

Carl stopped when he saw that he was too late, and threw himself panting upon a great rock, partly to regain his breath, partly to watch the



THE STORY OF THREE BEARS .- " SOMEBODY'S BEEN LYING ON MY BED, AND HERE SHE IS."-SEE PAGE 307.

beautiful sunset. He had scarcely sat there a moment when light steps were heard in the wood, and, turning quickly, Carl saw a young man several years older than himself coming toward him.

Upon his head he wore a wreath of laurel leaves, and in one hand he carried some of their beautiful flowers, but the other hand was buried in his bosom, as if he hid something there too precious to be shown even to the birds and squirrels. His face was pale, but his eyes were very bright, and his mouth almost as sweet and tender as the one that had kissed Carl good-by when his mother went to heaven.

As the young man came on he sung softly to himself, and Carl caught the words:

"And departing, leave behind me Foot-prints on the sands of time."

Then seeing the lad who sat looking so earnestly at him, the laurel-crowned singer smiled pleasantly, and said:

"A glorious sunset, and a fine place to see it from!"

"Have you been looking for the rainbow-cup?" asked Carl, eagerly.

The other smiled.

"Did you ever look for it?" asked he, in turn.

"No. but I am going to. I was too late this

"Did you find it?"

"And what would you like to find with it, if you chanced upon it ?" asked the youth, still smiling, but never answering Carl's eager questions.

"I would like to find the love my mother used

to give me," said the boy, softly.
"Love? Yes, but the love of all the world is better even than a mother's love, and that is what a poet would find in the rainbow-cup," said the other, bending his head as if to peep at the treasure in his breast, and then went singing down the mountain, while now the music that floated back to Carl was strange and sweet:

> " For he sung of what the world will be When the years have passed away."

"He must have found the rainbow-cup," said Carl, to himself. "But the next one shall be

As the sun was setting, a great red moon rose out of the ocean, and soon threw such a bright light over the world, that one scarcely missed the sun and the birds in the hemlock wood did not know when it was time to go to bed, and were all too sleepy next morning to sing more than half their usual matins.

The wood looked very pleasant, with the yellow light dropping down through the black branches of the hemlocks, and lying like a golden floor beneath them; and presently Carl got up and wan-

dered into it.

The restless birds were gossiping, the crickets and locusts chirping and buzzing, the tree-toads complaining, a great owl was hooting in the distance, and some little field mice close at hand were squealing in terror of his approach. Down in the valley a whip-poor-will was calling to his mate, and from the village came the distant bay of a watch-dog, trying to tell how well he liked the beautiful moon.

All these sounds were pleasant to Carl, for they were all well-known and friendly voices, and as he passed on through the wood, he called to one and another of the musicians by name, and exchanged

friendly greetings with them,

All was so pleasant and so bright that Carl straved on and on, until he found himself in a part of the wood where he had never been before, and nearer the summit of the mountain than most people cared to venture, especially at night, for the great crags were piled up so loosely and stood frowning so darkly upon the climber, that one might fancy they were all ready to topple down on his head so soon as he should put it in their reach. Besides, the little wood sprites and gnomes that live on desolate mountain-summits are not very much known, and people are afraid of them, when really they are some of the pleasantest little creatures in the world. People are so apt to be afraid of what they don't understand.

But Carl loved the woods and mountains too well to be afraid of anything they held, and so he strayed on and on, until, as he stopped to rest a moment, he heard a curious little tinkling sound,

like a hundred tiny hammers ringing on some hollow metal.

Carl looked all about, and at last observed, a little above him, a very narrow cleft in the rocks, with a bright light shining out of it, much ruddier

and warmer than the moonlight.

He lost no time in scrambling up the rocks until he found himself upon a ledge wide enough to kneel down and put his face to the cleft, which was about as wide as his hand and a foot or two long. But after looking down for a moment Carl sat upright, rubbed his eyes, stared at the moon, at the rocks, the trees, and at last sharply bit his own finger; but when he looked down again, there it all was, just as he had seen it at first, and a very wonderful sight, too, as we must all confess.

The cleft was evidently an accidental one in the roof of a great cave, with no visible outlet except

In the floor of this cave was a deep hollow glowing with a red heat from the subterranean fire beneath it, and over this hollow swung an iron crane, with long hooks at the end of it, and from these hooks hung a great golden cup, glowing and sparkling with the fierce heat that searched it through

and through.

Inside the cup, and clinging to the flowers and vines embossed upon the outside of it, a whole army of salamanders were at work, each with his little hammer, pounding it into shape, and bringing out more clearly the forms of the foliage and flowers ornamenting it. After the salamanders had worked away in their fashion for a while, those inside the cup swarmed up and dropped over the edge into the glowing oven beneath, and their comrades, the embossers, following them, the cup was deserted; but at this moment an army of swarthy little gnomes, who had been lying at rest in the crevices of the rocks, started up, and all seizing a long lin. fastened to the crane, swung it off the fire to a platform of smooth stones close by, where the cup rested, still supported by the hooks.

At a signal from the chief of the gnomes, a second train now approached, each gnome bearing upon his back a little basket filled with gold, and ladders being raised against the sides, each climbed up and emptied his basket into the great cup. Then it was swung back into the heat of the furnace, and the salamanders, glowing through and through with their refreshing heat-bath, clambered

up and fell to work again.

But there was something in this wonderful cave more curious even than the gnomes and salamanders, more beautiful than the great cup, more bril-

liant than the glowing furnace.

Upon a throne built of rubies, sapphires and topaz, with one great diamond at the back, which gleamed with the hue of each in turn, or combined them all into a stream of pure light, sat a beautiful maiden watching intently the progress of the workmen with the cup.

She was dressed in a mantle of bright blue velvet. with a scarlet bodice, and a petticoat of cloth-ofgold; but when she moved, were it ever so slightly, the colors of these garments blended together, and interfused so strangely that Carl, at one moment, was positive that he clearly saw every tint of the rainbow, and the next moment laughed at his own stupidity, for the regal robes had changed to purest white, and before the laugh was over showed, for a moment, in the simple red, blue and yellow they had first appeared.

While Carl yet gazed, and wondered, and admired, the chief of the gnomes, approaching the radiant queen, took off his cap and bowed until the long cock-feathers swept the ground as he in-

quired:

"Which gems will your majesty have the new rainbow-cup decorated with? The last were dia-

monds."

"Yes, because that was for a poet," said Queen Iris, musingly. "But this one must be set with rubies, and have a myrtle vine around the edge. This is for—"

Just then the gnomes, seizing the long line, swung the cup off the fire for the last time, and raised such a shout in doing it as to quite drown the queen's last words, which were of all the most im-

portant to Carl.

The master-gnome frowned and raised his golden staff, menacingly, as he turned to the noisy crew; but the queen laughed and waved her hand in farewell to the salamanders, whose work being done, stood a moment upon the edge of the glowing furnace, and then one after the other turned a somersault into its depths.

The hooks were now detached from the edge of the cup, and the gnomes, surrounding it on every side, set to work to put on the finishing touches.

Some elaborated the tracery of the vine and brought out the delicate myrtle flowers with a startling distinctness. Some burnished the inner surface until it shone like a mirror; some received from their brother gnomes the rubies, each one a burden for the broadest shoulders of the little fellows, and set them in a fanciful pattern about the foot and upon the handle of the cup. The ring of the thousand little hammers, and the laughter and shouts of the gnomes, mingled in a pleasant sound, so harmonious with the song of the nightwind among the hemlocks, that Carl could not tell when one began and the other ended, and at last raised his head and closed his eyes, listening to the wind and trying to separate its well-known voice from that silvery jargon which seemed to have become enwrought with it.

When he opened his eyes and looked down again, all was still and dark; no ruddy light, no wide cavern, no golden cup, no radiant queen, no gnomes, no salamanders, were to be seen; only a dark cleft in the rocks, where the moonlight fell and was swallowed up without revealing anything; and for sound only the hoot of the great white owl that swooped close above his head, and rising, fanned her way heavily to the depths of the rust-

ling wood.

Startled and perplexed, Carl arose, and plunging into the dense shadow of the forest, made his way down the mountain homeward, his mind so filled with the wonders of the cave that he saw not, though the shadows crowded close and thick about him; heard not, though the whispers that filled the

air were not those of the night-wind only, nor the tender voices of the birds and insects who had

greeted his upward progress.

All the bright Summer morning that followed this night, Carl watched and waited, and when his good aunt carelessly said, "We shall have another thunder-storm this afternoon," his heart danced with joy, for after the thunder-storm there was almost always a rainbow, and the next rainbow Carl had determined should find him on the mountain, and all ready to seize the precious cup, which, he nothing doubted, would be the myrtle-wreathed and ruby-gemmed one whose manufacture he had watched upon the previous night.

As the great clouds came rolling up out of the south, and spread themselves, black and threatening, over the sky, Carl left the house and was soon rapidly climbing the mountain. The black clouds had now covered the whole sky, and the vivid lightning began to shoot through them, while the crashing thunder made the very mountain tremble beneath the feet of the bold boy. But Carl's mother had taught him that the Lord of the thunder and the lightning is more powerful than they, and that He never forgets, never ceases to care for the welfare of His children, and so Carl was no more afraid of the storms than of the calms, and sat on the rock where he had rested the previous day, watching the wild play of the elements with admiring awe, but no terror.

When at last the great drops of rain began to patter about him, each one large and round as the tears that gather in the eyes and slowly roll down the cheeks of a little, grieved child, Carl retreated to a cave in the mountain-side, where he had dreamed away many a Summer noon, and there

waited for the storm to subside.

It was as brief as it was furious, and in an hour both thunder and lightning had ceased, and the dense black of the sky broke into great clouds, each edged with dazzling white, while the sun, peering from between two of the largest, laughed down at the earth, asking her how she liked her sudden shower-bath.

Then Carl leaped to his feet, and, looking to the east, where the clouds still lay heavy and dark, watched for a moment with intense anxiety.

At last it came! Springing into existence even beneath his eyes, the glorious arch spanned the heavens, drooping with one curve toward the sea, while the other stooped to the mountain crest just

above the boy's head.

With a wild shout Carl sprang up the mountain, up and through the dripping wood, and crags and ravines, till at the head of a deep valley he stopped suddenly, dazzled and overpowered with delight and joy. The end of the rainbow stood before him, filling the narrow valley with its ever-changing splendor, illuminating the old gray rocks and sombre hemlocks with the hues of fairy-land, softening and glorifying not their dull tints alone, but their very forms, until one would have fancied himself in that fabled land where everything has a soul, and speaks and moves, and shows the joy of its being, even as men do.

But the rainbow-was it a rainbow, or was it a

bright mist through which sparkled and changed the wonderful robes of the lovely Iris, and was not that her sweet face, or was it but a knot of wild flowers drooping from the cliff behind? and were those two white arms, or were they but a play of the vivid light that, diamond-like, shot and sparkled through the mist? But that, ah, that was something real! The cup, the glorious cup, with its burnished gold and glowing rubies, and the droop-

ing myrtle wreath about its lip, that, at least, was real; and as it glanced through the wonderful disthrough tant cloud that might be a rainbow, and might be the changing splendor of that fair queen's robes, Carl rushed forward, and, holding up both his hands, cried:

"Ah, give it to me, dear Iris. give me the rainbow-cup!"

A little tinkling laugh, like the fall of a tiny fountain, seemed to answer him, and a dash of spray upon his face made him start back a little and close his eyes. As he did so a light kiss fell upon his forehead, and his fingers clasped, not the golden handle of the rainbow - cup, but a little soft, warm hand, which closed upon his own.

Carl opened his eyes, and

then opened them still wider, mute with astonishment. The rainbow and the rainbow-queen were gone, although the shifting splendor yet lingered upon hoary rock and sombre hemlock, and danced brightly over the golden hair, and soft blue eyes, and rose-tinted cheeks of the maiden who stood before him, smiling and blushing, while in the hand not clasped in his she held up the Ruby Rainbow-Cup, filled to the brim with the sparkling dew-drops which had, for a moment, blinded Carl. | cup, nor did they ever distinctly tell any one that

"Iris gives it to you and me, dear Carl," said the little maid, "and we both must drink. I was here just before you, and she waited for you."

Without speaking, Carl, still holding the little hand in his own, raised the cup to his lips and drank half the contents. Then he put it to the mouth of the little maid, and when she had done, he drew her to him, and tenderly laid upon those smiling lips the kiss his mother had laid upon his

when she said

good-by. "She did well to give it to us both," said he, softly, "for neither alone could have properly cared for it. Now you will come home and live with me. and I shall never be lonely again. What is your name, dear child?"

"Love," said the little maid, smiling up at him out of her clear eyes.

"And did mymothersend you out of heaven?" asked Carl, seriously.

"Heaven is Love's home," said the maiden, and then with a little puzzled look, asked: "But is your home heaven?—for your home is mine now."

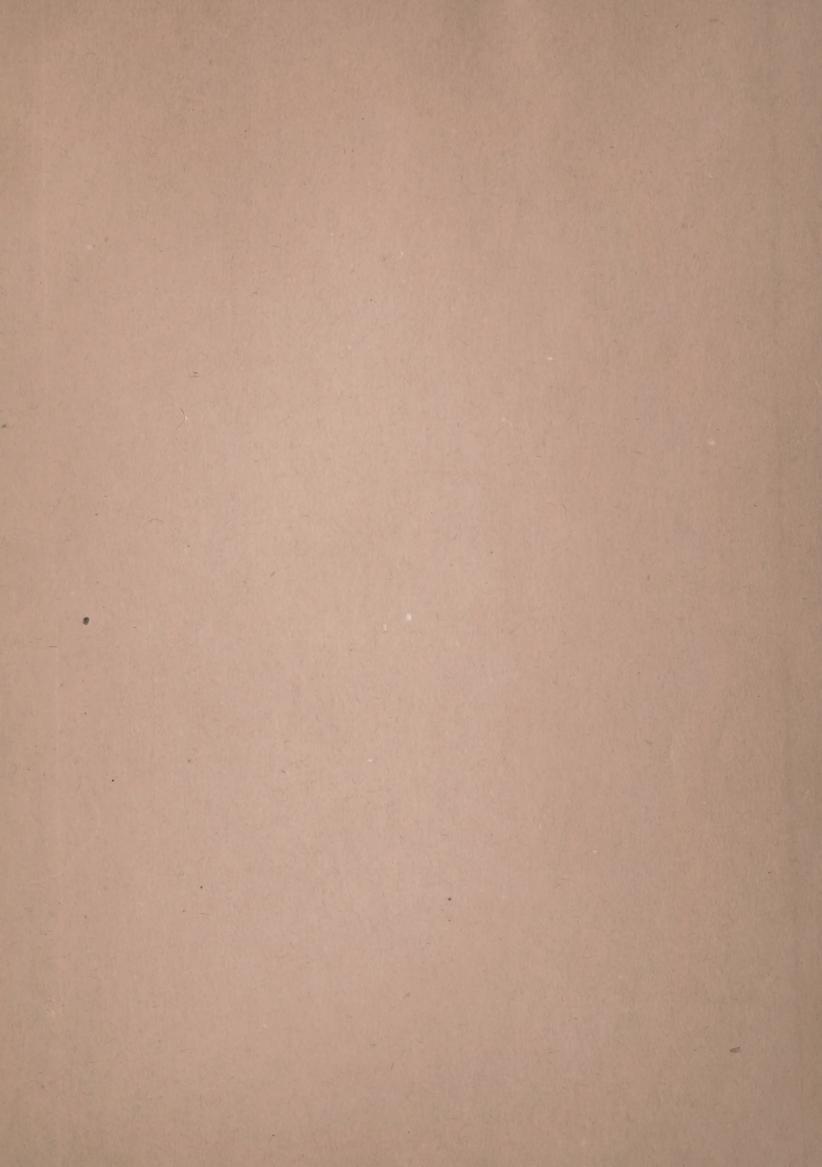
"Where Love is, there will be heaven," said Carl, as he put his arm about her, and led her, still holding the ruby

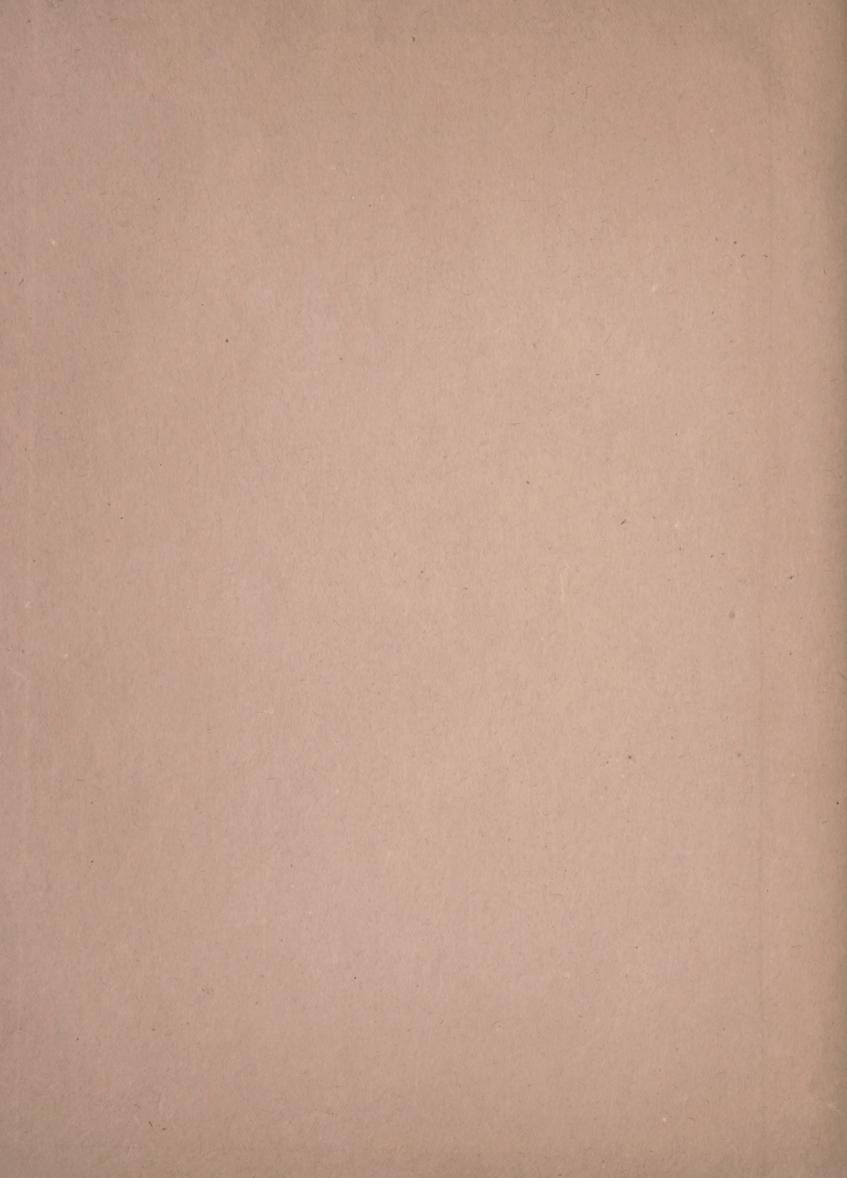
cup, out of the dark wood and down from the lovely mountain to the fair fields, and beside the pleasant river, where stood his home, and as Love entered within its doors 'the very walls seemed to glow and soften with their joyous welcome, and all within the house opened their arms and purified their hearts to greet and retain

No one but Carl and Love ever saw the rainbow-



THE STORY OF THREE BEARS .--66 OUT JUMPED LITTLE SILVER HAIR AND AWAY SHE WENT." - SEE PAGE 307.





THE F



GIFT.

One day a Fairy came to earth;
She was the queen of smiles and mirth,
And just and joy. She came, I wen,
Whe all the platfous woods were green,
What was is was full of balm and flowers,
And Supply realised through all the hours.

She came—and liked the earth so well That (as I've heard the poets tell) The grateful Fairy left behind A gloricus gift for human kind; A boon which was a pure delight, Which make the teeth of mortals whiteWhich made the breath of mortals sweet,
A gift which was the gift most meet.
For he to give, for man to take;
We bless the Feiry for its sake.
Forget, neglect it, mostals won't,
Lor'tis th' hemortal SOZODONT.

